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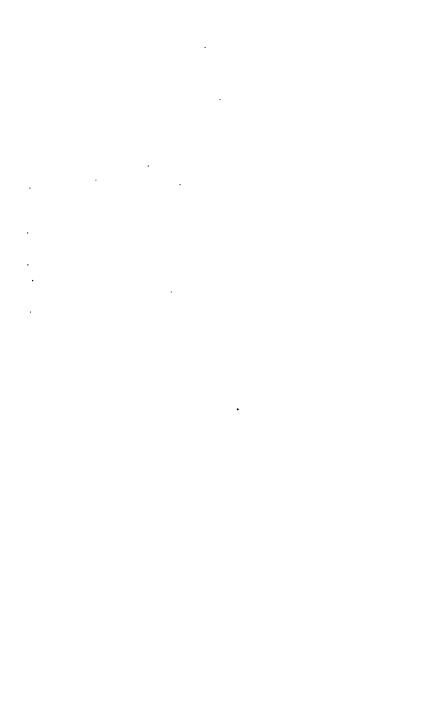
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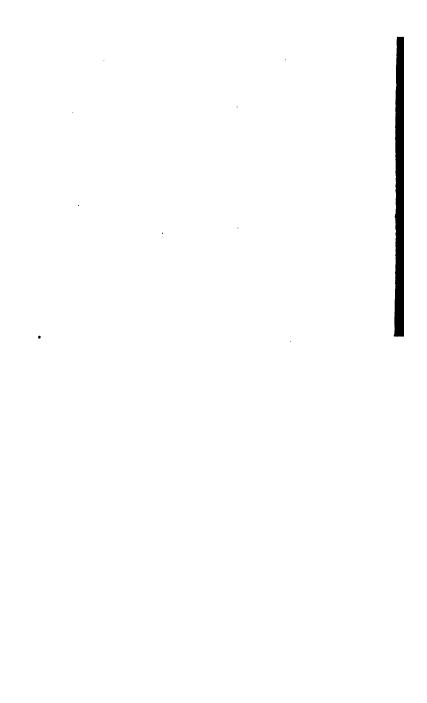




George Bancol









# GREEK ÁNTHOLOGY,

AS SELECTED FOR THE USE OF

WESTMINSTER, ETON, AND OTHER PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

Titerally Cranslated into English Bruse,

CHIEFLY BY

GEORGE BURGES, A. M.

TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

' 10 WHICH ARE ADDED

METRICAL VERSIONS BY BLAND, MERRIVALE, AND OTHERS,

AND AN

INDEX OF REFERENCE TO THE ORIGINALS.

#### LONDON:

HENRY G. BOHN, YORK STREET, COVENT GARDEN.

MDCCCLII.



JOHN CHILDS AND SON, BUNGAY.

#### PREFACE

Or all the remains of Greek literature, the most remarkable is that which passes under the name of the Anthology. It not only ranges over a longer period of time than can be assigned to any other, but it likewise exhibits the productions of poets, philosophers, and historians in their lighter hours; while the names even of princes are found in the company of those who have left no memorials of themselves except as the writers of Epigrams.

For the preservation of different portions of the fugitive poetry of Greece we are indebted to a variety of authors, mentioned by Jacobs in the Prolegomena to his edition of the Anthologia, p. 34—90. But the principal labourer in "Flower Collecting"—for such is the literal meaning of Anthology—was Meleager, a poot of Gadara, who flourished under the last of the Seleucidæ, about 96 g. c., and culled his "Garland" from the works of forty-six of, his predecessors, and from not a few of his contemporaries; to these he added many of his own, which are at least equal, if not superior, to any in the collection.

To Meleager succeeded Philip of Thessalonica, who gave a supplement of Epigrams, obtained from thirteen writers not mentioned by Meleager. The next collector was Strato of Sardis, who directed his chief attention to poems of an amatory cast, and those too not the most delicate. From this, Constantine Cephalas, a friend and relation of the emperor Leo, made a selection, containing one hundred and sixty-five Epigrams. After an interval of some four or five centuries appeared the collection made by Agathias of Myriné, entitled
"A Circle of Epigrams;" which he arranged under seven
different heads, instead of retaining the previous alphabetical
order.

Of all these collections not one has come down to us in an entire state; and even the fragments still extant would in all probability have perished, had not Constantine Cephalas collected and united them. From his MS. a transcript was made, which is supposed to be the one formerly at Heidelberg, and which, after being carried to Rome in 1623, and subsequently to Paris, has at length found its way back to its original depository.

The last collector was Maximus Planudes, a monk of Constantinople; who, in the early part of the 14th century, abridged the collection made by Constantine Cephalas, and rejected the indelicate Epigrams; but as he has, on the other hand, preserved many relating to matters of Art, which are wanting in the Heidelberg MS, it is evident that he had met with a transcript of the collection of Cephalas more complete than any known to us at present.

Of the metrical translations into English, the first was published by the Rev. Robert Blands, who, after trying his hand at some versions from the Minor Ports of Greece, in the Monthly Magazine for 1805 and 1806, and shortly afterwards in Dr. Aikin's Athenœum, collected them into a volume, published in 1806, under the title of "Translations from the Greek Anthology, with Tales and Miscellaneous Poems." Of the translations many were the contributions of the author's friends, the late J. H. Merivale, the present Lord Denman, and 1)r. Hodgson, the Provost of Eton College. Prefixed to the vo-

PREFACE.

Inne is a Preface on the lighter literature of Greece, and the principal collectors of the Greek Anthology; from which an extract will enable the reader to see what he is to expect in such a garden of the poetry of Greece.

"By the word Epigram, we are not to understand what is generally meant by that term in modern times; but we must bear in mind that it is literally an Inscription merely; and was originally appropriated to the short sentences inscribed on offerings made to the gods; but was subsequently transferred to inscriptions on statues, either of gods, heroes, or of men even, whether living or dead, and on public buildings; that it was adopted by the lawgiver to convey a moral precept, and by a lover to express a tender sentiment, but most of all by those who wished to perpetuate the affection felt by the living for the dead; while the chief merit of a Greek Epigram consists in the justness of a single and natural thought conveyed in harmonious and unaffected language; and that, as very little can be done in the compass of a few couplets, the principal aim of each writer seems to have been to do that little with grace."

As regards the intrinsic value of such fugitive pieces, Bland has correctly observed that—" from the histories and orations and nobler poems which have come down to us, we know how to appreciate the bold and masterly characters of the heroes and statesmen of Greece and Italy; but for private events and domestic occurrences, we must look to fugitive pieces; for there we meet with records beneath the dignity of history, and catch a glimpse of the characters and customs of an otherwise little-known age; there we follow individuals into their retirements; there we are present at their births, nuptials, and deaths, and become the companions of their merriment at table, and the spectators at their games."

Of the preceding extract, the greater portion is taken from the second edition, published in 1813, of which there appeared rather favourable notices in the Quarterly, Edinburgh, and Monthly Reviews, and the Museum Criticum. After the death of Mr. Bland in 1825, Mr. Merivale gave, in 1833, a new edition, freed, as he says, from former blemishes. But though this last edition is enriched with many new translations, it comprises only a portion of those already contained in its predecessors; and hence it has been necessary, for the purposes of the present volume, to consult both. To these have been added those contributed by Mr. Hay and others to the series of articles written by Professor Wilson, in Blackwood's Magazine for 1833 and 1835.

The last work of the kind which has appeared in England, is the "Anthologia Polyglotta," of the Rev. Dr. H. Wellesley, Principal of New Inn Hall, Oxford; who, with the assistance of some University friends, has given a very beautiful volume of versions from the Greek Anthology; where fidelity and clegance are happily combined.

In addition to the translations collected from these sources, I have availed myself of a few to be found elsewhere, such as the one by T. C., in Notes and Queries, vol. iii. p. 92, and one from the Gentleman's Magazine. For those marked M. A. S. I am indebted to a lady, who is desirous of concealing her name; and for those with the initials G. B. I am myself responsible. The first 96 pages had been already printed, before the work was put into my hands; and not only the translation, but nearly all the notes in that portion, are from the pen of an accomplished gentleman, educated at Westminster School.

With regard to the selection of the Epigrams, the present volume contains all that are to be found in the Collections made for the use respectively of the schools at Westminster and Eton; to which is added the fuller selection edited, in 1825, by the Rev. John Edwards, formerly Head Master of King Edward's School at Bury St. Edmund's, and at present Greek Professor in the University of Durham; and lastly, those Epigrams which have been versified by Bland and Merivale, and are not contained in the preceding Selections. Where the same Epigrams are repeated in one or other of the Collections, it has been deemed advisable to give them only in the place where they first occur, and to make a reference to them afterwards.

G. B.

P. S.—The Epigram attributed to Porson in p. 371, should be thus read, as I have been informed by a learned friend, a Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, who is in possession of Porson's autograph of it, sent originally to the late Rev. G. A. Browne, formerly a Fellow of the same College.

The Germans at Greek
Are sadly to seek,
Not five in five-score,
But ninety-five more;
All—save only Hermann;
And Hermann's a German.

### INDEX TO THE INITIALS

#### ATTACHED

#### TO THE METRICAL TRANSLATIONS.

George Burges, M. A. Trin. Coll. Camb. Rev. George Booth, late Fellow of Magdalene College,

Rev. John Besly, D. C. L., late Fellow of Baliol Col-

Sir Alexander Croke.

A. Cr. G. B.

G. Bo. J.B.

o. p.	lege, Oxford.
J. E. B.	Rev. J. Ernest Bode, late Student of Christ Church,
0, 2, 2,	Oxford.
J. W. B.	Rev. John William Burgon, Fellow of Oriel College,
	Oxford.
Br.	Rev. Robert Bland.
R. Bl. Jr.	Son of the preceding.
H. N. C.	Henry Nelson Coleridge.
R. C. C.	Rev. Charles Coxe, Honorary Canon of Durham, late
	Fellow of Worcester College, Oxford.
<b>W</b> . C.	William Cowper.
T. D.	Lord Thomas Denman, late Chief Justice.
T. F.	Rev. Thomas Farley, B. D., late Fellow of Magdalene College, Oxford.
W. F.	Rev. William Farley.
F. H.	Rev. Dr. Francis Hodgson, Provost of Eton College.
K.	Benjamin Keen.
J. H. M.	John Hermann Merivale.
C. M.	Rev. C. Merivale, son of the preceding, late Fellow
	of St. John's College, Cambridge.
T. P. R.	Rev. Thomas Percival Rogers, Student of Christ Church, Oxford.
G. S.	Goldwin Smith, Stowell Fellow of University College,
	Oxford.
G. C. S.	Rev. George Carless Swayne, Fellow of Corpus Christi College, Oxford.
E. S.	Rev. Edward Stokes, Student of Christ Church,
a a a a	Oxford.
G. F. D. T.	Rev. George Frederick De Tessier, Fellow of Corpus Christi College, Oxford.
H. W.	Rev. Dr. H. Wellesley, Principal of New Inn Hall,

## GREEK ANTHOLOGY.

#### BOOK I.

#### I. EVENUS.

#### THE VINE TO THE HE-GOAT.

Although you may eat me down to the root, O hegoat, yet I shall still bear fruit, as much as may be poured on you when sacrificed.

Though thou should'st gnaw me to the root,
Destructive goat, enough of fruit
I bear, betwixt thy horns to shed,
When to the altar thou art led.

J. H. M.

Though to the root thou eat'st me, goat,
Still shall I yield, from fruit of vine,
Enough to pour upon thy head,
When sacrificed, of holy wine.
G. B.

#### II. UNCERTAIN.

Jupiter [said] to Love—I will take away all thine arrows; and the winged one [answered], Thunder away; again thou wilt be a swan.<sup>2</sup>

 $<sup>^1</sup>$  έπι-σπεϊσαι, 1 aor. act. from έπι-σπένδω. κὴν for καὶ ἡν. φαγεῖν, aor. 2, it has no pres. tense.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> As thou wert, when in love with Leda. ἀφελοῦμαι, fut. mid. of ἀφαιρέω.

Thy bow and arrows all, said Jove To Love, away I'll take. Thunder away; again thou 'lt be, Said Love, a swan-form'd rake.

G. B.

#### III. PLATO THE YOUNGER.

A blind man carried on his back a lame one, having lent feet [and] borrowed eyes.

Said the lame to the blind—On your back let me rise: So the eyes were the legs, and the legs were the eyes. W. F.

A blind man bore upon his back
One lame, of nought afraid;
For lending feet and borrowing eyes,
They did each other aid.
G. B.

#### IV. THE SAME.

A man on finding money, left a rope; but he, who had hidden the gold, not finding what he had left, tied to himself the rope, which he found.

A man found a treasure; and, what 's very strange, Running off with the cash, left a rope in exchange: The poor owner, at missing his gold, full of grief, Hung himself with the rope, which was left by the thief.

4. Cr

#### V. NICARCHUS.

Pheidon, the miser, weeps not because he dies, but because he bought the coffin for five minæ.

#### VI. POLLIANUS.

Possessing copper money, how is it that you possess nothing? Learn [the reason]. Thou lendest all. Thus thou possessest nothing thyself, in order that another may possess it.

¹ The "mina" of Athens has been calculated to be about £3. 3s. English. But as this seems an extravagant sum for a coffin, perhaps by  $\sigma o \rho \dot{\sigma}_0$  here is meant, what Plato, in Epist. 13, calls  $\dot{\eta}$  oiko $\dot{\sigma}$ o $\dot{\nu}$   $\dot{\tau}$   $\dot{\sigma}$   $\dot{\rho}$   $\dot{\sigma}$  $\dot{\rho}$   $\dot{\sigma}$  $\dot{\rho}$   $\dot{\sigma}$  $\dot{\rho}$   $\dot{\sigma}$  $\dot{\rho}$   $\dot{\sigma}$  $\dot{\sigma}$ 

#### VII. LUCILAIUS.

Thou hast the wealth of a rich man, but the soul of a poor one, O thou, rich for thine heirs, but poor for thyself.<sup>1</sup>

A rich man's purse, a poor man's soul is thine, Starving thy body, that thy heirs may dine.

J. H. M.

A miser's mind thou hast,
Thou hast a prince's pelf;
Which makes thee wealthy for thine heir,
A beggar to thyself.
TURBERVILLE.

#### VIII. PALLADAS.

O gold, the father of flatterers, the son of pain and care; to have thee is a fear; not to have thee, a sorrow.

Father of flatterers, and son
Of care, O gold, thou art:
To have thee fear begets; but not
To have thee, sorrow's smart.

G. B.

#### IX. LUCIAN.

The wealth of the soul is the only true wealth: the rest of things have more of pain than pleasure.

The mind's wealth only is the wealth not vain; All else brings less of pleasure than of pain. G. B.

#### X. JULIAN.

Seek, robbers, other houses, that bring gain; for to these poverty is a sure guard.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> So Horace—"Hæc libertus ut ebibat hæres, Dîs inimice senex, custodis?"

Seek a more profitable job, Good house-breakers, elsewhere; These premises you cannot rob; Want guards them with such care.

H. W.

More closely-

Seek, robbers, for yourselves a job, That brings more gain, elsewhere; This dwelling you can never rob; "Tis watch'd by want and care.

G. B.

#### XI. MENECRATES.

When old age is absent, every one prays for it; but if at any time it comes, every one finds fault with it. It is always better, when it is a debt [not paid].

All pray to reach old age; when come, how few But blame it, as a thing that's better due! H. W.

#### XII. LUCILLIUS.

If any one, having grown old, prays to live, he is worthy to live through many decades of years.

When for long life the old man pours his prayers, Grant, Jove, a lengthen'd life of growing years.

J. H. M. He who, advanced in years, for life still prays, Should, as an old man, live through lengthen'd days.
G. B.

#### XIII. LUCIAN.

Thou wilt perhaps lie hid from men, when doing any thing wrong; but thou wilt not lie hid from the gods, not even although thinking [to do so].

> Man may not see thee do an impious deed; But god thy very inmost thought can read.

J. W. B.

Doing a wrong, thou may'st lie hid from man; But to lie hid from god thou hast no plan. G. B.

#### XIV. THE SAME.

A bad man is a cask with holes in it, on whom while pouring all kinds of favours, you pour on what is still empty.

A cask with holes the bad man call;
Exhaust upon him favours all,
You'll find, you pour with labour vain
On what will nothing e'er contain.
G. B.

#### XV. UNCERTAIN.

#### UPON AN UNWORTHY LEADER.

Fortune led you on unwillingly; but [she did it] that she might show she is able to do all things even in your case.

Fortune advanced you, merely to display, In doing it to you, her boundless sway. H. W.

#### XVI. AUTOMEDON.

In the evening, when we are drinking, we are human beings; but when the morning dawns, we rise against each other [as] wild beasts.

At evening, when we drain the bowl, We bear of men the form and soul; But when the morning dawns, our feasts Are changed to feuds, ourselves to beasts. G. B.

#### XVII. SIMONIDES.

At the Isthmian and Pythian games Diophon, the son of Philo, conquered in leaping, swiftness of foot, [throwing] the quoit [and] javelin, [and] in wrestling.<sup>3</sup>

¹ To avoid the incongruity in the words Οὐκ ἐθέλουσα, Jacobs suggested θύχὶ φιλοῦσα, " not loving."

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> The phrase, Ἰσθμια—ἐνίκα is adopted by Ennius, "Vicit Olympia."

These five exercises were called πένταθλον.

#### XVIII. UNCERTAIN.

Seven stars [are] wandering along the Olympian threshold, the Moon, Jupiter, Mars, Venus, Saturn, the Sun, Mercury.

#### XIX. UNCERTAIN.

Seven cities contend for the root [origin] of Homer, Cymé, Smyrna, Chios, Colophon, Pylos, Argos, Athens.

#### XX. ZELOTES.

I a pine was broken to the ground by the wind. Why do you send me on the sea a branch, wrecked before the sailing?

#### XXI. LUCIAN.

A fool bitten by many fleas, put out the light, saying -You no longer see me.

#### XXII. THEOGNIS.

I neither wish nor pray to be rich; but be it my [lot] to live upon a little, having no evil.

I neither wish nor pray for wealth; my prayer Is for a small subsistence, free from care. H. W.

#### XXIII. LUCIAN.

Why do you fruitlessly wash the body of an Indian?<sup>2</sup> forbear your art; you cannot bring the sun upon a dark night.3

#### XXIV. UNCERTAIN.

The thin Diophantus, once wishing to hang himself, laid hold of a spider's web, and strangled himself [with it].

<sup>1</sup> A. Gellius, in Nott. Attic. iii. 11, has Σμύρνα, 'Ρόδος, Κολοφών, Σαλαμὶν, Ἰος, ᾿Αργος, ᾿Αθῆναι. ² Here is an allusion to Æsop, Fab. 75,

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>3</sup> You cannot make a dark night bright with the sun.

#### XXV. UNCERTAIN.

Envy is a very bad thing, but it has some good in it, for it wastes away the eyes and heart of the envious.

Envy's detestable; but has this good;
The envious waste their eye-sight and heart's blood.
H. W.

#### XXVI. APOLLINARIUS.

If you speak evil of me, when I am away, you do me no injury; but if well, when I am present, know, that you speak evil [of me].

You harm me not, whom absent you traduce; Praise in my presence is the true abuse.

E. S.

#### XXVII. NICARCHUS.

Pheidon neither drenched me nor touched me; but being ill of a fever, I remembered his name and died.<sup>3</sup>

No—blame not the Doctor—no clyster he gave me, He ne'er felt my pulse, never reach'd my bed-side; But, as I lay sick, my friends, anxious to save me, In my hearing just mention'd his name—and I died. J. H. M.

The physician, who kill'd me,
Neither bled, purged, nor pill'd me,
Nor counted my pulse; but it comes to the same;
In the height of my fever I died of his name.

H. W.

#### XXVIII. CALLICTERUS.

#### TO A PHYSICIAN WHO WAS A THIEF.

Rhodon takes away leprosy, and scrofula, with his

The mere recollection of his name killed me.

<sup>1</sup> Instead of κάκιστος, Stobæus offers κάκιστον, which gives a better sense.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Compare Horace, "Invidus alterius marcescit rebus opimis."

medicines; but he takes away every thing else without medicine.

With med'cines Rhodon carries off the gout; But every other kind of thing without.

H. W.

#### XXIX. UNCERTAIN.

The gods did not breathe sense into a flute-player; but with his puffing even his sense flies off. 1

#### XXX. NICARCHUS.

The night-owl sings a death-song; but when Demophilus shall sing, even the night-owl himself dies.

'Tis said that certain death awaits
The raven's nightly cry:
But at the sound of Cymon's voice,
The very ravens die.

J. H. M

The screech-owl sings; death follows at her cries: Demophilus strikes up; the screech-owl dies.

H. W.

More closely-

The screech-owl sings its death-foreboding cries; When sings Demophilus, the screech-owl dies.

G. B.

#### XXXI. LUCILLIUS.

The lazy Marcus having been once cast into prison, did, of his own accord, not wishing to come out, confess to a murder.

Lazy Mark, snug in prison, in prison to stay Thought confessing a murder the easiest way. H. W.

 $<sup>^{1}</sup>$  χ $\dot{\omega}$  is for  $\kappa a i$   $\dot{o}$ .  $\ddot{a}\mu a$  is followed by a dat., perhaps dependent on  $\sigma \dot{v}\nu$ :  $\tau \ddot{\omega}$  is the article to  $\phi v \sigma \ddot{a} \nu$  ( $\phi v \sigma \dot{a} \epsilon \nu \nu$ ), the infinitive being used abstractedly as a noun.  $^{2}$  έκοντί is here used adverbially.

#### XXXII. LUCIAN.

If you suppose that the nourishing a beard gives a claim to wisdom, then a well-bearded goat is a skilful Plato.

If beards long and bushy true wisdom denote, Then Plato must bow to a hairy he-goat.

T. D.

#### XXXIII. PALLADAS.

To speak always well of every body is well; but [to speak] shameful things is horrible, even though they are deserving of what we say.<sup>1</sup>

#### XXXIV. UNCERTAIN.

The white cows to Marcus Cæsar, hail! If you conquer, we are destroyed.2

#### XXXV. UNCERTAIN.

ON A VINE GROWING UPON AN OLIVE TREE.

I am the plant of Pallas; why, branches of Bacchus, do you squeeze me? Take away your clusters. I, a virgin, do not get drunk.

¹ τούτων ἄξιοι ὧν λέγομεν—ὧν is in the case of the antecedent by attraction.

<sup>2</sup> al βόες al λευκαί. The adjective following its noun requires the article of the noun to be repeated. This is the emphatic position of the adjective. Its common place is between the article and noun; as al λευκαί

βόες-άμμες, Æolic for ημεῖς.

The meaning of this epigram, omitted by Jacobs, is rather obscure; unless it be said that it expresses a fear on the part of some white cows, that if Marcus is victorious they will be sacrificed. But in that case xaipeen must be rendered "farewell," or rather like the Latin—"abi in malam rem." By "white cows," in Greek  $\lambda \epsilon \nu \kappa ai \beta \delta \epsilon \epsilon$ , a learned friend has suggested that the writer intended "elephants," which were formerly found of that colour in Africa, and were carried from thence to Italy by the Carthaginians, as shown by Lucretius, v. 1301, "Inde boves lucas turrito corpore tetros Anguimanos belli docuerunt vulnera Pæni Sufferre;" and by Emnius, quoted by Varro de L. L. vi., "Atque prius pariet locusta bovem lucam." For "bos" in Latin is applied to any large and little known quadruped.

I am Minerva's sacred plant:
Press me no more, intruding vine;
Unwreathe your wanton arms; avaunt!
A modest maiden loves not wine.
J. H. M.

#### XXXVI. AMMIANUS.

May the dust be light on you under the earth, O miserable Nearchus, in order that the dogs may the more easily tear you out.

Light lie the earth, Nearchus, on thy clay, That so the dogs may easier find their prey. J. H. M.

#### XXXVII. MELEAGER.

Hail, Earth, mother of all! Upon Æsigenes, who was formerly not heavy upon thee, do thou now keep¹ thyself without a weight.

Hail, universal Mother! Lightly rest
On that dead form,
Which, when with life invested, ne'er oppress'd
Its fellow worm.
J. H. M.

Earth, lightly press Æsigenes; for he, Mother, ne'er set a heavy foot on thee. J. B.

#### XXXVIII. MENANDER.

#### ON THEMISTOCLES AND EPICURUS.

Hail, two-fold race of Neocleides!<sup>2</sup> of whom one delivered his country from slavery, the other from folly.

#### XXXIX. ADDÆUS.

Should any one hymn the tomb of Alexander the

τὸν follows ἐπέχοις, as if the syntax were ἔχοις σαντὴν ἐπὶ τὸν—One would rather have expected κατέχοις, "keep down."
 Νεοκλειδα, Doric gen. 1 declension.

Macedonian, say that both continents are his monument.

#### XL. UNCERTAIN.

Quick favours are the more pleasant; but if a favour comes slowly, it is altogether vain, nor let it be called a favour.

Swift favours charm; but when too long they stay. They lose the name of kindness by delay. H.

The grace of kindness is despatch; the same Delay makes void, nor should it bear the name.

T. F.

Swift favours are the sweetest; but delay Makes them all vain, and takes their name away.

G. B.

#### XLI. UNCERTAIN.

Every thing excessive is ill-timed; since it is an old saying, that too much even of honey is gall.

Ill-timed is all excess. 'Tis known to all,
That even too much honey turns to gall. H. W.

#### XLII. UNCERTAIN.

Six hours are very sufficient for labours; but those, that follow them, say, marked by letters, to mortals, "Live."

#### XLIII. UNCERTAIN.

TO A STATUE OF VICTORY, AT ROME, WHOSE WINGS WERE BURNT OFF BY LIGHTNING.

Rome, thou queen of all, thy glory will never perish; for wingless Victory cannot fly from thee.

The imperative λίγε is strangely used after ἥν τις ἀείδη. It should be properly λεγέτω.

This epigram is found in Lucian iii. p. 676, ed. Reitz.

The letters alluded to as following  $\varsigma$ , which means 6, are  $\zeta$ ,  $\eta$ ,  $\theta$ ,  $\iota$ , which combined make up the word  $\zeta \eta \theta \iota$ , "live."

Queen of the world, how should thy glory die?
While Victory stays, and hath no wings to fly.

G. F. D. T

More closely-

Rome, queen of all, thy glory ne'er shall die; For wingless Victory cannot from thee fly. G. B.

#### XLIV. DAMASCIUS.

Zosimé, who was formerly a slave in body alone, has now found freedom, even for her body.

#### XLV. UNCERTAIN.1

This man was once a slave when alive, but now, having died, he is equal in power to Darius the Great.

#### XLVI. UNCERTAIN.

Hector gave Ajax a sword, and Ajax gave Hector a belt. The gift of both [led] to death.

Hector to Ajax gave a sword; a belt Ajax to Hector; gifts both fatal felt.

G. B.

#### XLVII. LEONTIUS.

Ajax, after much boasting of contests, at Troy being laid low, blames not his enemies, but friends.<sup>2</sup>

#### XLVIII. UNCERTAIN.

AS IF [SPOKEN BY] HECTOR INSULTED BY THE GREEKS AFTER HIS DEATH.

Now pelt my body after death, just as the very hares insult the body of a dead lion.

Now after death my body pelt; thus fares
The lion dead, insulted e'en by hares.
G. B.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> This is attributed to Anyté, Ep. 21, where the reading is Μάνης οὖτος ἀνῆρ: for Μάνης is a name frequently given to slaves, as shown by Aristophanes in the Frogs, 995. Jacobs quotes very appositely Lucretius iii. 1047. "Scipiades—Ossa dedit terræ, proinde ac famul' infimus esset."
<sup>2</sup> Take ἐν Τροίη with κείμενος, i. e. buried in Trojan earth.

#### XLIX. UNCERTAIN.

A good friend is a great treasure, Heliodorus, to him, who knows how to retain him [the friend].

#### L. LUCILLIUS.

Eutychides was a slow runner on the course; but he ran to his supper, so that one might say, Eutychides flies.

Eutychides was no swift runner: true; But, as a diner-out, you'd say, he flew. H. W.

#### LI. ANTIPATER.

I bring all to [Charon] the ferry-man; for I have left nothing above the earth: but may you, dog Cerberus, fawn upon me, a dog.<sup>1</sup>

#### LII. LUCIAN.

Slow-footed counsel is much the better; but the quick has repentance always drawn after [it].

#### LIII. JULIAN OF EGYPT.

O happy Pluto, receive Democritus; so that, although reigning over those ever without a smile, you may obtain one even laughing.

Pluto, receive the sage, whose ghost
Is wafted to thy gloomy shore;
One laughing spirit seeks the coast,
Where never smile was seen before.

J. H. M.
Great Pluto, greet Democritus, and have
One merry soul, thou monarch of the grave.

H. W.

#### LIV. SIMONIDES.

FROM THOSE [LYING] DEAD IN THERMOPYLÆ.

O stranger, tell the Lacedæmonians that here we lie, obedient to their words.

Diogenes is feigned to call himself, when dead, by the name of dog, which was applied to him when living.

Go, tell the Spartans, thou who passest by, That here, obedient to their laws, we lie. W. L. B.

Stranger, to Lacedæmon go, and tell, That here, obedient to her words, we fell. G. B.

#### LV. ON THE SAME.

We lie here, having defended with our lives all Greece, when standing on a sharp point [i. e. a dangerous position].

When Greece upon the point of danger stood, We fell, defending her with our life-blood. G. B.

#### LVI. ANACREON.

Brave in war [was] Timocritus, of whom this [is] the tomb: Mars spares not the brave, but the cowards.

Timocritus adorns this humble grave:

Mars spares the coward, but destroys the brave.

J. H. M.

This is of bold Timocritus the grave; Mars loves to spare the coward, not the brave. G. B.

#### LVII. CALLIMACHUS.

Here Saon, of Acanthus, the son of Dichon, lies in a sacred sleep; say not that the men of virtue die.

Here Saon, wrapp'd in holy slumber, lies:
Thou canst not say, the just and virtuous dies.
J. H. M.

Here Dicon's son, Acanthian Saon, lies In holy sleep: say not, the good man dies. H. W.

#### LVIII. UNCERTAIN.

A father [raised] this monument to his son; the contrary was just [natural]: but Envy was quicker than justice.

#### LIX. GREGORY OF NAZIANZEN.

Ye orators, speak [now]. I, this tomb, keep closed in silence the lips of the great Amphilochus.

#### LX. LEONTIUS SCHOLASTICUS.

An old woman has found her death. She ought to have lived ten thousand revolutions [of the sun]. We cannot have a surfeit of what is good.

#### LXI. ON NIOBE.

This tomb has within it no body; this body has without it no tomb; but itself is its own body and tomb.

Lo! corpseless tomb, and tombless corpse! strange doom, She to herself at once is corpse and tomb. G. S.

#### LXII. ON A STATUE OF JUPITER IN OLYMPIA.

Either the god came from heaven to earth, to show his form [to thee], or thou, Phidias, didst go to heaven to see the god.

#### LXIII. UNCERTAIN.

O herdsman, pasture [your] herd farther off, lest you drive, together with [your] oxen, the heifer of Myro, as if it were alive.

#### LXIV. ANTIPATER OF SIDON.

Why, O calf, do you come near to my sides? why do you low? Art has not placed milk in my udder.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> By Φθόνος is meant here, as by Νέμεσις in Ep. 82, the deity who punished mortals when they were too fortunate; and so probably the father of the deceased had been.

#### LXV. PHILIP.

The poor Aristides reckoned as much wealth his [one] sheep, as a flock, and his [one] cow, as a herd.

#### LXVI. LUCIAN.

It (were) easier to find white crows and winged tortoises, than an orator of repute in Cappadocia.<sup>1</sup>

#### LXVII, PHOCYLIDES.

This too [is the saying] of Phocylides. The Lerians are bad, not this one [bad], and the other not [so], but all, except Procles; and Procles is a Lerian.

#### LXVIII. UNCERTAIN.

#### ON A STATUE OF NIOBE.

From a living being the gods made me a stone; [but] from a stone Praxiteles made me again a living being.

The gods to stone transform'd me; but again I from Praxiteles new life obtain.

Addison.

#### LXIX. LUCILLIUS.

Demosthenis has a false mirror; for if she looked at a true one, she would be unwilling to look at it at all.

Though to your face that mirror lies,
'Tis just the glass for you,
Demosthenis; you'd shut your eyes,
If it reflected true.

H. W.

#### LXX. THE SAME.

Some say, Nicylla, that thou dyest thy hair, which thou boughtest most black at the market.<sup>2</sup>

Some say, Nicylla, that you dye your hair, Those jet-black locks. You bought them at a fair. E. S.

<sup>1</sup> ἔην, poetic form of ην.

² ἐπρίω imperf. med. contracted from ἐπρίασο, ἐπρίαο, ἐπρίω.

#### LXXI. ON A STATUE OF NEMESIS.

Nemesis forewarns [us] with a cubit 1 and a rein, not to do any thing without measure, nor to speak unbridled [words].

#### LXXII. PLATO.

Diodorus put to sleep this Satyr, not carved it. If you prick him, you will arouse him; the silver is having a nap.

#### LXXIII. UNCERTAIN.

#### ON THE TEMPLE OF JUPITER AT ATHENS.

The race of Cecrops placed this house 2 for Jupiter, so that, on departing from Olympus to the earth, he might have another Olympus.

#### LXXIV. ON A STATUE OF A DULL ORATOR.

Who has carved you not speaking in the form of a speaker? You are silent; you do not speak; nothing is more like.

#### LXXV. ANTIPATER.

Wonder seized upon Mnemosyné, when she heard the honey-voiced Sappho, whether mortals have a tenth Muse.

Amazement seized Mnemosyné
At Sappho's honey'd song.

What! does a tenth Muse then, cried she,
To mortal men belong?

H. W.

- ¹ Spanheim on Callimachus, T. ii. p. 473, says that by  $\pi \tilde{\eta} \chi v_{\mathcal{L}}$  was meant a rule, the length of a cubit, which Nemesis is seen in gems to carry in her left hand.
- δόμος has rather the restricted idea of home, than the more general one of house. 'Αθήνησι, Ionic for 'Αθήναις.
- <sup>3</sup> After verbs or phrases expressive of wonder, the particle employed is ii rather than  $\mu \dot{\eta}$ .
- αἰρέω, 2 aor. εἶλον, here without the augment ἔλε. Μοισᾶν, Æolic for Μουσῶν. Observe the Doric use of a for η in Μναμοσύναν, τᾶς, δικάταν.

#### LXXVI. UNCERTAIN.

The painter [painted] Pythagoras himself, whom you would have seen with a voice, if Pythagoras had wished to speak.<sup>2</sup>

#### LXXVII. JULIAN.

The painter [has painted] Theodota herself: would that he had failed in his art, and had given forgetfulness to us, mourning [for her].

> The painter makes Theodoté live again: Would he had fail'd, nor thus recall'd our pain.

H. W.

#### LXXVIII. LEONIDAS.

Diodorus having carved the image of Menodotus, set it up, very like every body, except Menodotus.

When Diodorus sketch'd your phiz,
Menodotus, 'tis true
A likeness was produced; for 'tis
Like every one—but you.

H. W.

#### LXXIX. PALLADAS.

You have an intellect lame, like [your] foot; for truly your nature outside has the image of what is within.<sup>3</sup>

If the outward form 's akin
To the nature that 's within,
By your limping foot we learn
Your intellect 's a lame concern. H. W.

1 Πυθαγόρης, Ionic for ac.

<sup>2</sup> This alludes to the silence which Pythagoras imposed upon himself and his disciples.

\*  $\kappa a i \gamma d \rho$  is the same as the Latin "etenim," "for." But frequently  $\gamma d \rho$  indicates the omission of some words, to which the  $\gamma d \rho$  is to be referred.

#### LXXX. UNCERTAIN.

Hope, and thou, O Fortune, a long farewell; I have found the port. I have nothing to do with you; play with those after me.<sup>1</sup>

I've found a port; Fortune and Hope, adieu. Mock others now; for I have done with you.

BURTON.

Fortune and Hope, farewell, I've found a port. With you I've nought to do: with others sport.

G. B.

#### LXXXI. PALLADAS.

If I am poor, why should I suffer? why do you hate me, who injure you not? This is the slip of Fortune, not the impropriety of my conduct.

#### LXXXII. UNCERTAIN.

Eunus made [sculptured] Hope, and Nemesis,<sup>3</sup> near an altar; the former, that thou mayest have hope; the latter, that thou mayest not [hope] too much.

#### LXXXIII. UNCERTAIN.

Four are the Graces, two the Paphian goddesses, and ten the Muses. Dercylis is among them all, a Muse, a Venus, a Grace.

#### LXXXIV. UNCERTAIN.

The rose blooms a short time; but if it has gone off,4 on seeking it you will find, not a rose, but a thorn.

<sup>1</sup> οὐδέν [ἐστιν] ἐμοὶ καὶ ὑμῖν.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> τί πάθω; why should I suffer? τόδε, this, i. e. my poverty.

Nέμεσις, Επνή.
 A flower is said, in English, "to go off," as in Greek, παρέρχεσθαι,
 to pass by." Jacobs however understands χρόνος before παρέλθη.

#### LXXXV. STRATO OF SARDIS.

If beauty grows old, share it, before it passes away; but if it endures, why do you fear to give me what still remains.

> If age thy beauty must impair, The fleeting charm impart; If it endure, why fear to share What never can depart?

H. W.

#### LXXXVI. MELEAGER.

The garland around the head of Heliodora withers; but she herself shines forth, the garland of the garland.

#### LXXXVII. POLEMON.

Either, Cupid, cancel<sup>2</sup> the power to love, or add that to be loved; so that thou mayest either undo my passion, or mingle it.3

#### LXXXVIII. CAPITON.

Beauty, without graces, delights only; it does not retain, like a bait, floating, without a hook.

> Beauty without the Graces is a bait Without its hook, and fails to captivate. H. W.

#### LXXXIX. UNCERTAIN.

By your narration, Homer, you have put upon unsacked cities to envy the city which had been burnt.

#### XC. ANTIPATER OF SIDON.

Slight was the burial of the hero Priam, not because

Τὸ καλὸν for κάλλος, beauty.
 περιγράφω, "circumscribo," here, "forbid."
 The poet wishes either to be freed from love, or for his love to be mixed with the love of the party loved.

he deserved such [a burial], but [because] we were entombed by the hands of [our] enemies.<sup>1</sup>

See Priam's lowly tomb! Not such a grave, As he deserved, but, as his foe-men gave.

J. W. B.

#### XCI. NICODEMUS.

Ulysses has brought you, Penelope, this cloak and mantle, after accomplishing his long journey.

## XCII. UNCERTAIN. ON HOMER.

Nature discovered, with difficulty discovered [Homer]; and after producing him ceased from her labour-pains, having directed all her vigour<sup>3</sup> to [the production of] one Homer alone.

#### XCIII. LUCILLIUS.

Mortal are the possessions of mortals; and all things pass away from us. But if not, still we pass away from them.

#### XCIV. PALLADAS.

All life is a scene and a sport. Either learn to play, laying aside your serious pursuits, or bear up against sorrow.

This life a theatre we well may call,
Where every actor must perform with art,
Or laugh it through, and make a farce of all,
Or learn to bear with grace his tragic part.
BL.

¹ τοίου (τάφου), gen. after ἄξιος. ἐχωννύμεθα from χώννυμι, heap up, make a mound (especially over a grave).

 $<sup>^2</sup>$  ἐξανύσας, after completing. The participle of the aorist is more properly translated by a preposition and the English participlal noun, or gerund, than by the perfect definite preceded by "having." ἄτραπος, å privative, and τρέπω, turn, a path, from which we turn not.

<sup>\*</sup> μενοίνη, eager desire, earnest purpose.

<sup>\*</sup> την σπουδήν, your earnestness.

Since life is a play, and we actors at best, Either suffer like men, or give in to the jest. W. F.

#### XCV. UNOWNED.

Herodotus received [as a host] the Muses; and then each, in return for his hospitality, gave him one book.<sup>1</sup>

The Muses to Herodotus one day
Came, nine of them, and dined;
And in return, their host to pay,
Each left a book behind. G. F. D. T.

#### XCVI. MACEDONIUS THE CONSUL.

Memory and Oblivion, all hail! the former, for good deeds; the latter, for evil.2

All hail, Remembrance and Forgetfulness!

Trace, Memory, trace whate'er is sweet or kind:

When friends forsake us or misfortunes press,

Oblivion, rase the record from our mind.

BL.

# XCVII. LUCIAN.

To the prosperous the whole of life is short; but to the unfortunate, one night is an endless time.<sup>3</sup>

In pleasure's bowers whole lives unheeded fly;
But to the wretch one night's eternity.

BL.

Short to the happy life's whole span appears; But to the wretch one night is endless years. G. Bo.

To those who are well to do, all life is brief; One night 's an endless time to those in grief. G. B.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> ὑπεδίξατο, received (beneath his roof), entertained. The nine books of Herodotus are called after the nine Muses.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> λευγαλέος, (from λυγρός,) evil, grief-producing: hence perhaps lugere in Latin.

<sup>\*</sup> εὐ πράττω has an intransitive sense; as in our own English expression, " to be doing well," that is, " to be prosperous."

#### XCVIII. SIMONIDES.

A certain Theodorus is rejoicing since I am dead. Another shall rejoice over him. We are all in debt to death.<sup>1</sup>

# XCIX. UNCERTAIN.

Give, O king Jove, good things to us both praying and not praying; but keep from us evil things, even when praying [for them].<sup>2</sup>

Pray we or not, king Jove, do thou supply All good; all harm e'en to our prayers deny.

#### C. UNCERTAIN.

To feed many bodies [i. e. persons] and to erect many houses is the readiest way to poverty.

The broad highway to poverty and need
Is, much to build and many mouths to feed.

Leximos Uthalmus.

<sup>1</sup> χαίρει, has here a past sense. δφειλόμεθα, we are due, doomed.
2 Åμμι, Doric for ἡμῖν. ἀπερύκω, keep off, ά(ν)ενετος, prayerless, where ά is "not," the  $\nu$  being merely euphonic.

# BOOK II.

#### I. UNCERTAIN.

THERE are four games throughout Hellas, four sacred [games], two [sacred] to mortals, and two to immortals, Jupiter, Apollo, Palæmon, Archemorus: their prizes [are] [a wreath of] wild olive, apples, parsley, pine.

#### II. DAMAGETAS.

I am a wrestler neither from Messene nor [from] Argos: Sparta, renowned Sparta, [is] my father-land. They [the people of Messene and Argos are] superior in skill: I, as befits the sons of Lacedæmon, am superior in force.2

No Messenian wrestler, no Argive is here; Of Sparta, famed Sparta 's my birth: Let them brag of their skill; by my strength 'twill appear H. W. How the Spartan evinces his worth.

#### III. JULIAN.

A mother killed [her] son, who had left the battle after the death of his companions; denying the remembrance of the pains [of childbirth]: for Lacedæmon judges of genuine blood by the valour of warriors, not by the birth of babes.3

# A Spartan, his companion slain, Alone from battle fled:

1 Λητοίδαο—" the son of Latona."

² τεχνάεντες for -ήεντες. The verb to be supplied is κρατέ-ουσι. ἐπέ-

οικε, from επί and είκω, in 2nd perf. εοικα.

<sup>2</sup> ἀνηναμένη, 1 aor. m. of ἀναίνομαι. Observe the diphthong αι becomes in the root of the aor. 1,  $\eta$ ; and that  $\eta$  is not generally thought to be the true formation; since from  $\phi a(\nu - \omega)$  the sor. 1 is  $\ddot{\epsilon} - \phi \eta \nu - a$ , not  $\ddot{\epsilon} - \phi \eta \nu - a$ .

His mother, kindling with disdain

That she had borne him, struck him dead;

For courage, and not birth alone,

At Sparta testifies a son.

W. C.

A Spartan mother slew her son, Who from the battle-field had run, Where his companions had been slain; For she of child-birth all the pain Disown'd; since Sparta genuine birth Sees not in blood, but valour's worth.

G. B.

#### IV. PARMENIO.

#### ON XERXES.

The Spartan Mars did with three hundred spears stand up against the sailer over the continent [and] the walker over the seas, through the ways of the earth and of the sea being changed. Blush, ye mountains and seas.

Him, who reversed the laws great Nature gave, Sail'd o'er the continent and walk'd the wave, Three hundred spears from Sparta's iron plain Have stopp'd. Oh! blush, ye mountains and thou main.

J. H. M.

He, who the paths of land and sea had changed, O'er continents sail'd, and over seas foot-ranged, Was check'd by spears three hundred, that did rush From Sparta. Seas with shame and mountains blush.

G. B.

# V. LEONIDAS.

I, whom war through fear did not destroy, am now crushed by sickness, and wholly wasted away in a private

<sup>1</sup> The dative or ablative, thus used absolutely, is rather a Latin than a Greek form of syntax, which would require the genitive.

warfare. But pass, O dagger, through my breast: for like a brave man will I die, driving away disease, as [I did] war.

That soul, which vanquish'd war could never win, Now yields reluctant to a foe within. Oh seize the sword! grant me a soldier's due: And thus disease shall own my triumph too. J. H. M.

#### VI. SIMONIDES.

#### ON LEONIDAS.

I, the strongest of beasts and men, having walked upon this tomb of stone, which I am now guarding; but, unless a lion had possessed my spirit as well as my name, I should not have placed my feet upon this tomb.<sup>2</sup>

#### VII. UNCERTAIN.

From the fire of Troy, the hero Æneas rescued, in the midst<sup>3</sup> of spears, his father, a pious burden for a son; and he shouted to the Greeks—"Touch him not; the old man is a trifling gain for Mars,<sup>4</sup> but a great [gain] to me, who carry [him]."

Midst flames of Troy, and many a hostile spear, Æneas bore a burden, oh! how dear! His father. Hurt him not, ye Greeks, he cries; Mars scorns an old man, though my dearest prize. T. F.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> θνατῶν, Doric for η.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> From the literal translation of this epigram, it is evident that there is something wrong in the Greek. According to Jacobs, the first and second distich are separated from each other by intervening matter in the Vatican MS., and he says it is uncertain whether the epitaph was written upon one Leon, or Leonidas, the celebrated Spartan leader.

<sup>\*</sup> μέσον, adj. to πατέρα.

\* "Αρη, acc. for "Αρεα.

# VIII. UNCERTAIN.

Why, Eagle, hast thou come above a tomb? or art thou gazing upon the starry home, [belonging to] whom of the gods? I am the form of the soul of Plato, flying away to Olympus; but his earth-born body the soil of Attica possesses.

Why, eagle, o'er the tomb thus hovering fly?
Or on what starry dwelling in the sky
Is thy far vision stay'd?
The imaged soul of Plato, to Jove's throne
I soar aloft; his earth-born limbs alone
In Attic earth are laid.
T. P. R.

#### IX. UNCERTAIN.

A boy was crowning [with flowers] a small stone, the [monumental] pillar of [his] step-mother, thinking that her temper had been changed.<sup>3</sup> But it [the pillar] falling, killed the child, while leaning on the grave. Shun, ye children, even the grave of a step-mother.

#### X. THEMISTIUS.

ON HIMSELF, WHEN THE EMPEROR JULIAN HAD MADE HIM THE PREFECT AT ROME.

Seated on an ethereal chariot, 4 thou art come to the desire of a chariot adorned with silver. 5 Infinite disgrace! Thou wast greater when lower; but in ascend-

Jacobs would supply ων before τίνος.

<sup>4</sup> αντυξ is properly the circumference of a wheel.

¹ τίπτε, for τί ποτε, why? with emphasis expressed by ποτε. ἀποσκων, "art thou looking," participle used for the verb. θεων, genitive after the partitive τίνος.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>3</sup> μητρυίης, Ionic for -ac. ήλλάχθαι, had been changed, or put off, perfpass., from άλλάσσω.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>5</sup> The writer compares here the chariot of heaven, in which the philosopher is supposed to ride, with that of earth, in which the prefect of a city was seated, like the lord mayor of London in his gilded state-carriage. Jacobs quotes very appositely Seneca, Ep. 68, "Sapiens-relicto imo angulo in majora atque ampliora transit, et cœlo impositus intelligit, cum sellam aut tribunal adscenderat, quam humili loco sederat."

ing thou hast become far inferior. Come, ascend by descending; for now thou hast descended by ascending.

#### XI. UNCERTAIN.

# ON A GOAT SUCKLING A WOLF.

I feed this wolf from my own teats, not willingly; but the folly of a goat-herd compels me. When he is grown up 1 under me, he will in return become a fierce beast against me. Kindness cannot change nature.

A wolf, reluctant, with my milk I feed,
Obedient to a cruel master's will;
By him I nourish'd soon condemn'd to bleed,
For stubborn nature will be nature still.

BL.

#### XII. ARCHIAS.

Silent in tongue do thou pass by the talkative Echo; and yet not talkative, if answering should I hear aught. For I will send back to thee the word, which thou speakest; but if thou art silent, I will be silent. What tongue is more just than I?

To Echo, mute or talkative,

Address good words, or she can give
Retorts to those who dare her:

If you provoke me, I reply;

If you are silent, so am I;

Can any tongue speak fairer?

H.

H. W.

#### XIII. JULIUS LEONIDAS.

I, Myrtilus, with one shield escaped two dangers; one, by fighting bravely; and another, by swimming on it [the shield] when a gale had sunk the keel of [my] ship. Having been saved, I have kept [my] shield, that has been tried in wave and war.

¹ αὐξηθείς, part. l aor. pass. of αὐξάνω.

<sup>\*</sup> εὐφημος, sweet-sounding, or [as here] silent. παραμείβεο, for ov, the common form, the first form is in εσο. In this epigram there is a mixture of Ionic and Doric forms.

#### XIV. UNCERTAIN.

I was young, but poor; now, when old, I am rich. O alone of all men, miserable in both [cases], who, when I could use [wealth], then had nothing; but now, when I cannot use it. I have it.

Young, I was poor; when old, I wealthy grew; Unblest, alas, in want and plenty too. When I could all enjoy, fate nothing gave; Now I can nought enjoy, I all things have. G. S.

- Young, I was poor; old, I'm of wealth possess'd; Alone of all men I'm in both unblest. Means, when I could enjoy them, were denied; But now, when I can not, they are supplied.

G. B.

#### XV. ANTONY OF ARGOS.

#### ON ARGOS.

I, once the chief city of the air-[passing] Perseus, [I] who nurtured a star baleful to the sons of Ilium, am given up to be the haunt of solitary herds of goats, paying late to the Manes of Priam a just expiation.

#### XVI. PALLADAS.

Nature, loving the laws of friendship, discovered the instruments for the meeting of those absent from home, the pen, paper, ink, characters made by the hand, tokens from afar 4 of the troubled mind.

Loving the bonds of friendship, nature found The means of meeting upon distant ground, Reed, ink, and letters traced upon a leaf, G. B. The symbols of an absent soul in grief.

<sup>1</sup> ἀμφοτέροις, both in youth and age.

 615, "Aëra carpebat tenerum stridentibus alis."
 With the expression πικρὸν Ίλιάδαις ἀστέρα, may be compared έχθροῖς ἄστρον ὡς λάμψειν in Soph. El. 66.

Whenever an adverb is thus taken with a noun, the participle of existence, ων, is understood, as here, σύμβολα τηλόθεν οντα.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Jacobs well explains αίθερίοιο by the description in Ovid's Met. iv.

#### XVII. UNCERTAIN.

I was once the field of Achæmenides, but [am] now of Menippus; and again I shall pass from another to another.¹ For that person once thought he possessed me; and again this one thinks [so]; but I am entirely the property of no one except Fortune.

#### XVIII. PARMENIO.

The slight shelter of a cloak is sufficient for me. I will not, when feeding upon the flowers of the Muses, be a slave of tables. I hate senseless wealth, the nurse of flatterers; nor will I stand by the eye-brow [of power]. I know the freedom of a frugal feast.

#### XIX. SOLON.

Many rich men are wicked, but [many] poor, good. But we will not exchange with them wealth for virtue; for this is indeed always stable; but money sometimes one mortal possesses and sometimes another.

# XX. LUCILLIUS.

After painting Deucalion and Phaethon, you ask, Menestratus, what each is worth. We will value them at their individual worth; Phaethon of fire, and Deucalion of water.

You paint Deucalion and Phaethon,
And ask what price for each you should require.

I'll tell you what they're worth before you're done;
One deserves water, and the other fire.

J. H. M.

# XXI. NICARCHUS.

Alexis, a physician, gave a clyster to five [patients];

So Shakspeare says of money— "'Tis mine; 't was his; and has been the slave Of thousands." five he purged; five he visited in bad health; on five again he put an ointment. And for [them] all there has been one night, one medicine, one coffin-maker, one grave, one Hades, one lamentation.

#### XXII. MELEAGER.

The Nymphs washed Bacchus, just rolling over the ashes,<sup>2</sup> when the child had leapt from the fire. Hence, Bromius <sup>3</sup> [Bacchus] is a friend together with the Nymphs; but if you prevent [them] from being mixed together you will receive the fire yet burning.<sup>4</sup>

Great Bacchus, born in thunder and in fire, By native heat asserts his dreadful sire. Nourish'd near shady hills and cooling streams, He to the Nymphs avows his amorous flames. To all the brethren at the Bell and Vine, The moral says, "Mix water with your wine."

PRIOR.

When infant Bacchus from encircling flame Leap'd into life, the Nymphs in pity came; Caught him amidst the ashes as he fell, And bathed with water from their sacred well. Their union hence; and whoso would decline To mix his bowl, may swallow fire for wine.

J. H. M.

#### XXIII. CALLIAS OF ARGOS.

Thou wast always a brute, Polycritus; but now, when thou hast been drinking, thou hast become suddenly

<sup>2</sup> At the birth of Bacchus Semele was burnt by fire from heaven. Hence the allusion to her ashes, expressed by  $\tau \epsilon \phi \rho n$ .

Hence the allusion to her ashes, expressed by  $r t \phi \rho y$ .

Bromius, from  $\beta \rho t \mu \omega$ , to make a noise with the mouth. The epigram alludes to the burning of Semele, and also to the ancient practice of mingling water with wine. The Nymphs preside over springs.

4 "Unless wine is mixed with water, it burns like fire," as Jacobs remarks; who quotes very appositely, from Eratosthenes in Athenæus, Οἰνός τοι πυρί ἴσον ἔχει μένος.

 $<sup>^1</sup>$  κοπετός means "plangor," beating of the breast, from κόπτειν, to beat,

some evil thing, raging-mad. You seem to me to have been always bad. Wine proves the temper. Thou hast not become bad, but hast been shown [to be so].

#### XXIV. PALLADAS.

The life of voice-dividing [men], is the sport of Fortune, pitiable, wandering, tossed between wealth and poverty. Some she brings down and raises them again; and [like a ball] she brings down others from the clouds to Hades.

This wretched life of ours is Fortune's ball;
Twixt wealth and poverty she bandies all.
These, cast to earth, up to the skies rebound;
Those, toss'd to heaven, come tumbling to the ground.
G. S.

#### XXV. ANTIPATER.

Not to me is the setting of the Pleiads fearful, nor the wave howling around the rugged rock, nor when the wide heaven is lightning, do I fear, as [I do] a bad man, and water-drinkers, who remember what is spoken.

#### XXVI. PHOCYLIDES.

I am a true friend, and know my friend, how dear [he is]. But from all thoroughly bad men I turn away. I flatter no one in hypocrisy; but those, whom I value, I love from the beginning to the end.

#### XXVII. UNCERTAIN.

All say that you are rich; but I say that you are poor; for use is the witness [proof] of wealth, Apollophanes. If you partake of your property, it is yours; but if you keep it for your heirs, from that moment it is the property of others.

1 Antipater, says Jacobs, alludes to the well-known saying, Μισέω μνήμονα συμπόταν.

They call thee rich; I deem thee poor; Since, if thou darest not use thy store, But savest only for thine heirs, The treasure is not thine, but theirs.

тe

st

.d

W. C.

#### XXVIII. AGATHIAS.

#### ON EUGENIA.

Eugenia, who once bloomed in beauty and in song, [and] was mindful of much-revered justice, the dust of the earth hides; and at her tomb the Muse, Themis, Paphia [Venus], tear their hair.

In loveliness and poetry's full bloom, And famed in jurisprudence, we laid here Eugenia in the dust. Upon her tomb Venus, the Muse, and Themis dropt a tear.

H. W.

# XXIX. LUCILLIUS.

Asclepiades, the miser, saw a mouse in his house, and says, "What art thou doing, dearest mouse, in my house?" And the mouse, sweetly smiling, says, "Fear nothing, my friend; we do not want food from you, but lodging."

A mouse miser Elwes once found in his house:
"What occasions your visit to me, pretty mouse?"
Says the mouse, sweetly smiling, "My friend, do not fear;
I expect not a meal, but a solitude here."
A. Cr.

The miser Asclepiades a mouse Saw, and said—"Friend, what dost thou in my house?" Friend, feel no fear," the mouse, sweet smiling, said, "From thee I seek not victuals, but a bed." G. B.

#### XXX. NICARCHUS.

The stingy Dinarchus being about to hang himself yesterday, was, Glaucus, miserable on account of six cop-

pers, and did not die. For the rope cost six coppers; but he thought it dear, and sought perhaps another death [more] cheap.1

#### XXXI. AMMIANUS.

A mouse, on finding the little Macro asleep in summer-time, dragged him by his little foot into a hole; and he, being unarmed, did, after strangling the mouse in the hole, cry out, "Father Jove, thou hast a second Hercules."2

#### XXXII. LUCILLIUS.

Menestratus riding on an ant, as on an elephant, was stretched, unlucky fellow, unexpectedly on his back; and being kicked, says, when the mortal [blow] seized him, "O envious deity! thus did Phaethon riding likewise perish."

> Menestratus, once riding on an ant, As on the broad back of an elephant, Was on a sudden stretch'd upon the ground, Where from a kick he got a mortal wound; And cried-"Through envy of the gods I die, Falling, as once did Phaethon from the sky."

> > G. B.

#### XXXIII. THE SAME.

To the cavern-loving Pan and mountain-haunting Nymphs and Satyrs, and the sacred Hamadryads<sup>4</sup> within,5 Marcus did, after catching nothing with dogs and

1 δυσωνέω, is to beat down the price, i. e. cheapen.

3 τὸ καίριον, adjective from καιρός, supply μέρος, part.

The Αμαδρυάδες were Nymphs who presided over trees, chiefly oaks, and lived and died with them; hence their name, äμα, "with," δρῦς, "oak."
 After ἔνδον is to be understood "cavern," says Jacobs. Perhaps the

poet wrote ἀν δρί, "among thickets."

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> The point of this Epigram is the antithesis between Macro and μικρός. ψιλός, bare, naked, denuded. The Attic writers often employ it in the sense of "without arms."

spears, previously boar-slaying, hang up his very dogs.

#### XXXIV. PHILO.

Gray [hairs] with wisdom are in greater honour; but those without it are rather the shame of many years. Gray hairs, if you are silent, are understanding; but if you chatter [they are], like those of youth, not understanding, but hair merely.

> A hoary head, with sense combined, Claims veneration from mankind; But, if with folly join'd, it bears The badge of ignominious years.

Gray hairs will pass for sapience well, Until your tongue dissolve the spell; Then, as in youth, 'twill all appear No longer sense, but merely hair.

R. B.

Gray hairs, with wisdom join'd, may claim esteem; If not, of many years disgrace they seem.

Talk not, and hairs are wisdom; talk, you'll find, Youth's head hairs cover, but lay bare the mind.

G. B.

#### XXXV. AMMIANUS.

You think that the beard causes wisdom, and on that account you nourish, my dear [fellow], a fly-flap. Clip it, be persuaded by me, quickly; for this beard [of yours] is become the cause of lice, not of wisdom.

#### XXXVI. LUCILLIUS.

No one, Menestratus, at all denies, that you are a cynic, and shoe-less, and that you shiver with the cold: but when you snatch, without shame, at bread, and

¹ τρέπω, θρέψω. By this change of the position of the aspirate, the verb is distinguished from τρέπω, τρέψω.

broken victuals, I have a staff, and men call you "dog." 1

#### XXXVII. SIMONIDES.

This is the monument of renowned <sup>2</sup> Megistias; whom the Medes formerly slew, after crossing the river Spercheus; who, [although] he then knew well his coming fate, did not endure to leave behind him the chiefs of Sparta.

> This tomb records Megistias' honour'd name, Who, boldly fighting in the ranks of Fame, Fell by the Persians near Spercheus' tide. Both past and future well the prophet knew; And yet, though death was open to his view, He chose to perish at his general's side.

J. H. M.

Of famed Megistias is here the tomb;
Whom, the Spercheus passing, slew the Medes;
A seer, who well foresaw his coming doom,
Yet would not quit the Spartan leader's deeds.

Sterling.

#### XXXVIII. THE SAME.

If to die nobly is the greatest part of valour, this to us of all men has Fortune granted. For hastening to throw freedom around Greece, we lie enjoying praise, that does not grow old.

Greatly to die—if this be Glory's height,
For the fair meed, we own our fortune kind.
For Greece and Liberty we plunged to night,
And left a never-dying name behind.

BL.

If to perish gloriously
Valour's consummation be,
Then to us, of all mankind,
Fortune hath the prize assign'd.
Oh! deathless eulogy, to die
Striving for Greece's liberty.

H. W.

<sup>1</sup> The point is in the words κυνικόν and κύων.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> κλεινοῖο, Ionic for κλειν-οῦ. Μεγιστία, Doric for -ου in the gen. This Doric gen. is long, but here the a is short.

If well to die be valour's greatest deed, This Fortune has assign'd to us alone; Freedom round Greece to throw we made all speed; And here we lie, through deathless glory known. G. B.

#### XXXIX. PTOLEMY.

I know that I am a mortal and the being of a day; 1 but when I am seeking out the thick and round-running spirals of the stars, I no longer touch the earth with my feet, but near Jove himself am filled with god-feeding ambrosia.

> Though but the being of a day, When I you planet's course survey, This earth I then despise; Near Jove's eternal throne I stand, And quaff from an immortal hand The nectar of the skies. PH. SMYTH.

# XL. ANTIPATER.

NIOBE TO CHARON.

Me alone, with my children, thou ferry-man of the dead, receive [me] the chatterer. The freight of the daughter of Tantalus is enough for thee. One womb shall fill thy boat. See youths and maidens, the sport of Phœbus and Artemis.2

> Me with my children only, Charon, take Across thy lake. Lading enough is rash-tongued Niobe! That single womb shall fill thy bark; for see Her victim train, Youths by Apollo, maids by Dian slain. H. W.

Take, ferryman of the dead, myself and all My offspring; freight enough for thy frail yawl.

<sup>1</sup> ἐφάμερος, Doric for η. θυατός, Doric for η. θεοτροφίης άμβροσίης, poetic (or Ionic) for -ac. <sup>2</sup> δέξο, for δέδεξο, perf. pass. imp.

One womb shall fill thy bark. Youths and maids, lo! Lie kill'd by Phœbus' and Diana's bow. G. B.

#### XLI, LUCIANUS.

Unpitying Pluto snatched me, Callimachus, a boy of five years, possessing a careless spirit. But lament me not; for I have had the portion of a short life and of few of the ills of life.

A child of five short years, unknown to woe, Callimachus my name, I rest below. Mourn not my fate. If few the joys of life, Few were its ills, its conflicts; brief its strife. T. F.

# XLII. JULIAN, ONE OF THE PREFECTS OF EGYPT.

A. Cruel is Charon. B. Rather, kind. A. He has now snatched away a person young. B. But in mind equal to the hoary-headed. A. He has made him to cease from pleasure. B. But driven him away from pain. A. He [the dead] had no idea of marriage. B. Nor of the pains of marriage.

Cruel is death. Nay, kind. He that is ta'en, Was old in wisdom, though his years were few; Life's pleasure he has lost; escaped life's pain; Nor wedded joys nor wedded sorrows knew. G. S.

#### XLIII. DIOSCORIS.

A slave am I; yea, a slave; but me hast thou, master, placed Timanthes, thy foster-father, in a free tomb. Mayest thou fortunate extend thy life without hurt; and when through old age thou comest to me, I shall be thine, master, even in Hades.<sup>2</sup>

Jacobs correctly remarks, that this Epigram is a dialogue between two persons, marked by A and B.
 <sup>2</sup> ἔθευ ἔθου, 2 aor. m. κἡν=καὶ ἐν—

Timanthes, master dear, albeit a slave, To me, thy nurse, thou gav'st a freeman's grave. Heaven spare thee long; and when thou com'st to me, E'en there thou'lt find me faithful still to thee.

J. W. B.

#### XLIV. UNCERTAIN.

This is thy memorial, the little stone, of our great love for thee, virtuous Sabinus. Ever shall I seek thee; and do thou, if it be lawful among the dead, drink not, as regards me, any of the water of Lethe.

How often, Lycid, shall I bathe with tears
This little stone, which our great love endears!
Thou too, in memory of the vows we made,
Drink not of Lethe in the realm of shade!

This stone, beloved Sabinus, on thy grave
Memorial small of our great love shall be;
I still shall seek thee lost. From Lethe's wave,
Oh, drink not thou forgetfulness of me. G. S.

#### XLV, UNCERTAIN.

For himself, and his children, and his wife, Androtion built [me], a tomb; but of none am I as yet the grave. So may I remain a long time. But if it must be, may I receive in me first the first [born].

Androtion's care hath founded me.
His own, wife's, children's tomb to be.
Still tenantless I am, and fain
Would ever tenantless remain.
But Fate forbids. Then to their tomb,
May all in nature's order come.

G. S.

For self, and children, and his wife this tomb Androtion built. Of none I tell the doom;

<sup>1</sup> μνημήϊον, Ionic for μνημεῖον.

And long may I not tell. When speak I must, Of first-born may I first receive the dust. G. B.

#### XLVI. GREGORY OF NAZIANZEN.

Who? the son of whom? Euphemius lies here, son of Amphilochus; he in the mouth of all Cappadocians; he whom the Graces gave to the Muses. The hymeneal [songs] were around his door; but the Envy [of the gods] came too quick.

Euphemius slumbers in this hallow'd ground, Son of Amphilochus, by all renown'd: He whom the Graces to the Muses gave, Tuneful no more, lies mouldering in the grave. The minstrels came to chaunt the bridal lay; But swifter Envy bore the prize away.

HUGH BOYD.

#### XLVII. UNCERTAIN.

#### ON A STATUE OF ORIBASIUS.

This [is] the great physician of Julian the emperor, worthy of pious regard,<sup>3</sup> the divine Oribasius. For he had a wise mind, culling, like the bee, the flowers of former physicians, some from one, and others from others.

#### XLVIII. THEOSEBIAS.

Acestoria<sup>3</sup> knew three sorrows: she cut off her locks first for Hippocrates, and secondly for Galen; and now she lies about the sorrowful tomb of Ablabius, ashamed after him to be seen among men.

#### XLIX. CALLIMACHUS.

Crethis, full of stories, knowing how to play prettily,

3 'Ακεστορίη, [Ionic for α,] from ἀκεστήρ, a physician; devoted to, fond of, physicians.

¹ ώκύτερος may be construed as an adverb, a common construction in verse.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> εὐσεβίης, Ionic for εὐσεβείας. βασιλῆος, Ionic. ola [καθ' ola], according to what the bee has.

oft do the daughters of the Samians seek, their sweetest fellow-weaver, ever prattling; but she here sleeps soundly the sleep to be paid as a debt by all women.

#### L. UNCERTAIN.

If you had buried me, a corpse, looking with a feeling of pity, you would have had from the blessed [gods] a reward for [your] piety. But now, since you, who slew me, hide me in a tomb, may you have a share in the same things as you have given to me.

#### LI. CALLIMACHUS.

Would that swift ships had not existed; for we should not have lamented Sopolis, the son of Dioclides. But now he is borne some where on the sea a corpse; and we, instead of him, pass by his name and empty monument.<sup>2</sup>

Oh! had no venturous keel defied the deep,
Then had not Lycid floated on the brine!

For him, the youth beloved, we pass and weep,
A name lamented, and an empty shrine.

R. B.

Would that no ships had been. For we no tear Had shed for Sopolis, Diocleides' heir.

Now, while his corpse is some where billow-tost,

We pass the empty tomb of him who's lost. G. B.

#### LII. SIMMIAS.

These the last words to her dear mother did Gorgo speak, in tears, [and] hanging by her hands upon her neck. "I wish thee to remain here with my father, and

έειπε, poetic for εἶπε.

 $<sup>^{1}</sup>$  ωνπερ, the relative ων, genitive by attraction, with its antecedent  $a \dot{v} \tau \dot{\omega} v$ .

 $<sup>^2</sup>$  eiv, poetic for  $\dot{\epsilon}\nu$ .  $\dot{\epsilon}\nu$ .  $\dot{\epsilon}\nu$ ,  $\dot{\epsilon}\nu$ ,  $\dot{\epsilon}\nu$ ,  $\dot{\epsilon}\nu$ ,  $\dot{\epsilon}\nu$ , poetic for  $\dot{\epsilon}\gamma$ ,  $\dot{\epsilon}\nu$ . As the dialect of this Epigram is Doric,  $\alpha$  is used throughout for  $\eta$ , and  $\pi \sigma r \dot{\epsilon}$  for  $\pi \rho \dot{\epsilon} c$ .

to bear another daughter for a better fate, having a care for thine hoary age."

Feebly her arms the dying Gorgo laid Upon her mother's neck, and weeping said— "Stay with my sire; and bear instead of me A happier child, thine age's prop to be."

G. S.

These last words Gorgo to her mother dear Said, hanging on her neck, with many a tear—"With father stay; another daughter bear With better fate, for thine old age to care." G. B.

#### LIII. UNCERTAIN.

[This is] of the rank-breaking Achilles the tomb, which once the Achæans built, a terror for Trojans, even yet to be. It has inclined towards the sea-shore, that the son of Thetis, the sea-[goddess], might rejoice in the roar of the sea.

The tomb of brave Achilles this, which Greeks beside the sea.

Rear'd up in ancient days to scare the Trojans yet to be. The son of Ocean-Thetis sleeps, where Ocean's sleepless surge

May pour for him all lovingly an everlasting dirge.

J. W. B.

#### LIV. UNCERTAIN.

This [is] the tomb of Ajax, son of Telamon, whom Fate slew, making use of his hand and sword; for Clotho, although desirous, could not find among mortals another slayer for him.

This is the tomb of Ajax, slain by Fate,
Who used his hand and sword to take his life;
For, though desirous, she could find no mate
Midst men to finish for the arms the strife.
G. B.

 $<sup>^1</sup>$  δν is the relative to τύμβος, not to Άχιλλῆος. The -ῆος is Ionic.  $^3$  εὐρεμέναι for εὐρεῖν, poetic.

#### LV. ASCLEPIADES.

Thus sit I, unhappy Valour, by this tomb of Ajax, having cut off my hair, [and] being struck as to my mind with grief; since, among the Greeks, wily-minded deceit 1 has been judged better than me.2

#### LVI. UNCERTAIN.

Judge not of me, Hector, by my grave, nor measure by my tomb the opponent of all Greece. My tomb is the Iliad, Homer himself, Greece, the flying Greeks; by all these has our mound been raised.

O mete not Hector's greatness by his grave; This single arm erewhile all Greece could brave. The Iliad, Homer, Greece, and Greeks that fled, These are my tomb; all these enshrine me dead.

G. S.

#### LVII. ARCHIAS.

Troy died with Hector: nor any longer did she raise her hands against the advancing sons of the Greeks. And Pella perished with Alexander. Countries then are made glorious by men, not [we] men by countries.

Troy did with Hector die; nor could its arm From sons of Greece invading ward off harm. Pella with Alexander perish'd. Countries then Through men gain honour, not through countries men.

G. B.

#### LVIII. ACERATUS.

O Hector, ever bruited in the books of Homer, the most lofty defence of the god-built wall,3 with thee

In δολόφρων ἀπάτα there is an allusion to the story that Ulysses obtained the victory over Ajax by some trickery.

<sup>2</sup> The walls of Troy were fabled to be built by Neptune.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> The arms of Achilles had been given to Ulysses, in preference to Ajax, who slew himself through mortification. The Doric  $\alpha$  for  $\eta$ , is found throughout the Epigram.

Mæonides¹ ceased from his song; and on thy dying, Hector, even the page of the Iliad became silent.²

Name ever rife in Homer's lore!
Hector, of god-built walls the stay!
With thine the poet's toils are o'er;
And with thy death dies Ilium's day.
G. S.

#### LIX. UNCERTAIN.

A. Say, dog, at the tomb of what man dost thou stand and watch? B. Of the dog? A. But who was this man [called] the dog? B. Diogenes. A. Tell his race. B. Of Sinope. A. He who dwelt in a cask? B. Even so; but now, being dead, he has the stars for his abode.

#### LX. UNCERTAIN.

While beholding once again the Gymnastic contest, thou Elēan Jove didst snatch away suddenly from the Stadium the wise man Thales. I praise [thee] in that thou didst lead him nearer [to thee]; for the old man could no longer see from the earth the stars.<sup>4</sup>

#### LXI. DIOGENES LAERTIUS.

Not thou alone, Pythagoras, dost keep thy hands from things with life; but we likewise [do so]; for who [is there], that has touched [so as to eat] living things? But when any thing is boiled, roasted, and salted, then indeed, when it has no life, we eat it.

# LXII. ALCÆUS OF MESSENE.

Both Xerxes led a Persian army to the land of Greece, and Titus led [one] from wide Italia. But the former

Mæonides, from Mæonia, the supposed birth-place of Homer.
 The story of the Iliad closes with the death of Hector.

<sup>3</sup> Diogenes founded the sect of philosophers called Cynics.

<sup>4</sup> Thales was an astronomer. "Elean Jove." The Olympic games were sacred to Jupiter, and celebrated at Elis.

came, about to place a yoke of slavery on the neck of Europe; the latter, to cause Greece to cease from slavery.<sup>1</sup>

Xerxes from Persia led his mighty host, And Titus his from fair Italia's coast; Both warr'd with Greece. But here the difference see; That brought a yoke; this gives her liberty.

J. H. M.

#### LXIII. CALLIMACHUS.

Cleombrotus, the Ambraciote, after saying, "Farewell Sun!" leaped from a lofty wall into Hades, guilty of nothing deserving death, but having read a single writing by Plato, concerning the soul.

"O Sun, farewell!" from the tall rampart's height, Cleombrotus exclaiming, plunged to night. Nor wasting care, nor fortune's adverse strife, Chill'd his young hopes with weariness of life; But Plato's godlike page had fix'd his eye, And made him long for immortality.

J. H. M.

Loud cried Cleombrotus—"Farewell, O Sun!"— Ere leaping from a wall he join'd the dead. No act death meriting had th' Ambraciote done, But Plato's volume on the soul had read. G. B.

## LXIV. SIMON.

This dust hides Archedicé, daughter of Hippias, a man the best in Greece of those of his own time. Belonging

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> "Αγαγε, Doric for ηγαγε. Περσάν for Περσών. γάν for γην. άμπαύσων for άναπαύσων, ν before π becoming μ. υνας for υνης.

 $<sup>^2</sup>$   $\pi \alpha \theta \omega_{\mathcal{L}}$ , literally, "suffering."  $\dot{\omega}$  ' $\mu \beta \epsilon$  for  $\dot{\delta}$   $A \mu \beta$ ,  $\epsilon i \pi \alpha_{\mathcal{L}}$ , 1 aor. part., an irregular form.

<sup>3</sup> Now called the Phædo.

to a father, and a husband, and brothers, and children (all) sovereign princes, she was not elated in her mind to any arrogant conduct.

Archedicé, the daughter of king Hippias,
Who in his time,
Of all the potentates of Greece was prime,
This dust doth hide:
Daughter, wife, sister, mother unto kings she was,
Yet free from pride.
HOBBES.

Of Greeks was Hippias first, while shone his day;
Below Archedicé, his daughter, lies.
Sire, husband, brethren, sons had kingly sway;
But ne'er did pride within her bosom rise.
Sterling.

#### LXV. CORNELIUS LONGINUS.

Phasis did not paint thee, fortunate Cynegirus, as Cynegirus, since he put up with strong hands. But the painter was a clever fellow, and deprived thee not of hands, thee who art immortal because of thy hands.

# LXVI. UNCERTAIN.

O thou Cynegirus, unhappy, both [when] among the living, and when thou hadst departed, how continually art thou cut up by words and blows! Formerly in wars thy hand, while thou wast fighting, fell: and now the epigrammatist deprived thee of a foot too [wrote of you in lame verse].

¹ She [Archedicé] became the wife of Æantides, ruler of Lampsacus.
² In lieu of καθώς, the conjecture of Brunck, Jacobs would elicit Κυνέγειρ<sup>°</sup> ἐτύμως, from Κυνέγειρε τὸν ὡς in MSS.

4 He seems to have lost his hands, and yet to have been painted with them.

<sup>3</sup> As ἄνθετο wants its accusative, Jacobs would read βριαραῖς σ'ἄνθετο— On Κυνέγειρος, or rather Κυναίγειρος, whose hands were cut off, while clinging to the vessel of the enemy, see Herodotus vi. 114.

#### LXVII. MACEDONIUS.

The mirror speaks not; but on the other hand I will convict thee of thy bastard [not genuine] beauty, smeared with paint. This also the sweet lyrist Pindar once reproving as a shame, said—" Water is the most excellent," a thing most hostile to paint.

#### LXVIII. NOSSIS.

Automelinna has been modelled. See how her gentle countenance seems to look sweetly upon me. How truly is the daughter like in all things to her mother! Surely [it is] well, when children are like their parents.<sup>2</sup>

In this loved stone Melinna's self I trace; 'Tis hers that form; 'tis hers that speaking face. How like her mother's! Oh, what joy to see Ourselves reflected in our progeny! J. H. M.

#### LXIX. PAULUS SILENTIARIUS.

The pencil scarcely represents the eyes of a maiden, or her hair, or the bright surface of the skin.<sup>3</sup> If any one can paint flickering sunbeams, he will paint likewise the flickering brightness of Theodorias.

Her living glance, pure cheek, and golden hair,
Alas! how dimly these are pictured there!
When thou canst paint a sunbeam in the sky,
Then hope to match my Helen's beaming eye.
J. W. B.

#### LXX. JULIAN.

ON A BRAZEN ICARUS, STANDING IN A BATHING-PLACE.

Wax caused thee, Icarus, to perish; but now to thy form once more the brass-founder has restored thee in

<sup>1</sup> Ionic, xpoing for xpoiag.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> φῦκος, literally sea-weed; here a red dye made of it.

In this epigram the Doric dialect is used throughout. Hence 'Αμε for εμέ, ποτ for πρὸς, in ποτοπτάζειν and ποτώκει, and ὅκκα for ὅτε.

brass. But wave not thy wings through the air, lest falling from the air thou makest the bath an Icarian [sea].

# LXXI. PAULUS SILENTIARIUS. ON A WATER-CLOCK.

Here men put into small portions the course of the sun-light for about twelve hours, and with water they weigh [measure] the path of the sun, supporting themselves as to their skill 1 from earth to heaven.

#### LXXII. THE SAME.

## ON A GARDEN BY THE SEA.

Naiads, Nereids, and Dryads here contend, to whom the place more correctly belongs; and a Grace is a judge between 2 them; but she cannot determine justly, since the place has a delight common [to all].

#### LXXIII. UNCERTAIN.

Ever is the sea a foe to Laertiades.3 The wave washed his portrait and caused the form to disappear from the tablet. What matters it? for in the epic of Homer his image is engraved on imperishable pages.

#### LXXIV. UNCERTAIN.

Who was he that inscribed in pages the war of Troy? or who the long wandering of Laertiades? I find clearly neither his name, nor his city. Heavenly Jove! perhaps 4 Homer has the glory of thy poems.

> Who gave the war of Troy to page and pen? Who the long wand'rings of Laertes' son? His name and country I find not. Has then Homer his glory, Jove, from thy words won?

 μέσατος, poetic for μέσος. Νηϊάδες, Ionic for Ναιάδες.
 Laertiades, Ulysses, son of Laertes, κάκ for καὶ ἐκ. εἰν ἐπέεσσιν, poetic for έν ἔπεσιν. ἔπος, Epic or heroic poem.

<sup>1—1</sup> This is the literal translation of μῆτιν ἐρεισάμενοι. But there is probably some error in the Greek.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>4</sup> μήποτε is here used, as in the later Greek writers, in the sense of 1 "perhaps." Or un may be taken interrogatively. See Liddell's Lexicon.

#### LXXV. LUCIAN.

To a vain purpose, through custom, has Eutychides placed me Priapus as the guard of withered vine-branches; and I am surrounded by a steep precipice. But whoever may come, has nothing to steal, but myself the guard.

#### LXXVI. PHILIP.

When carrying off the winged Hermes, the minister of the gods, the king of the Arcadians, the cattle-driver, who stands as the superintendent of these Gymnasia, the night-robber Aulus said, "Many scholars are cleverer than their masters." 1

When Aulus, the night-thief, had made a prize
Of Hermes, swift-wing'd envoy of the skies,
Hermes, Arcadia's king, the thief divine,
Who, when an infant, stole Apollo's kine,
And whom, as arbiter and overseer
Of our gymnastic sports, we planted here—
"Hermes," he cried, "you meet no new disaster;
Ofttimes the pupil goes beyond his master." W. C.

#### LXXVII. BIANOR.

Periander placed this statue of Arion, and of the dolphin that in the sea swam in haste to him when perishing. Now the fable of Arion says, that by men we are slain, by fish<sup>2</sup> we are saved.

## LXXVIII. AUTOMEDON.

Having dined yesterday upon a goat's foot, and on a dish of the yellow sprout of dried hemp, ten days old,

<sup>1</sup> Mercury had all the characters here assigned to him, and was besides the god of thieves.

<sup>2</sup> The word lχθῦς is composed of the initial letters of the words Ἰησοῦ Χριστὸς Υἰὸς Θεοῦ. It was used in the early times of the Church in a sacred and mystical sense. If Bianor lived at the time of Tiberius, it is possible that he thus united events found in Pagan and Christian records.

\* μήλινον, literally, 1. made of apples or quinces, 2. the colour of the same —a quince yellow. ἀσπάραγον does not necessarily mean the English asparagus, but merely a shoot or sprout of (in this instance) the hemp plant.

I am cautious of naming my inviter, for he is quicktempered, and I have no common fear lest he should ask me again.

#### LXXIX. PALLADAS.

#### ON HIS WIFE ANDROMACHE.

"To deadly wrath" and a wife too I am, unhappy man, married, beginning even by my art with wrath. Alas! abounding in anger am I, having a fate doubly wrathful, my art being that of a grammarian, and my wife being contentious or warlike.

#### LXXX. LUCILLIUS.

They say that you, Heliodora, bathe for a long time without releasing yourself from being the old woman of a hundred years. But I know why you do this. You hope to become young again, by being boiled like the aged Pelias.<sup>3</sup>

#### LXXXI. THE SAME.

#### ON THE UGLY.

Having such a snout, Olympicus, go not to a fountain, nor any transparent water on a mountain; for you too, like Narcissus, on seeing plainly your face, will die, hating thyself to death.

Heavens, what a nose! Forbear to look,
Whene'er you drink, in fount or brook:
For, as the fair Narcissus died,
When hanging o'er a fountain's side,
You too, the limpid water quaffing,
May die, my worthy sir, with laughing.
BL.

Jacobs says that the epigrammatists were wont to designate the profession of a grammarian or critic by the first line of the Iliad.

3 See Ovid. Met. vii. 348.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> The pun is in the words  $\mu \bar{\eta} \nu \nu \nu \dot{\nu} \lambda \rho \mu \dot{\nu} \nu \eta \nu$ , found in the beginning of the Iliad, and in the name of Andromache, formed of  $\dot{\alpha} \nu \dot{\eta} \rho$  and  $\dot{\mu} \dot{\alpha} \chi \eta$ , i. e. "husband-fighting."

With such a nose, Olympicus, ne'er look
Into a limpid lake or mountain-brook;
For thou, Narcissus-like, wilt die. Thy face
Hating, when seen, and bringing on disgrace. G.

#### LXXXII. UNCERTAIN.

#### ON THE ARMED VENUS AT SPARTA.

Pallas on seeing Cytherea [Venus] armed, said, "O Cyprian [goddess], wilt thou [that] we thus go to a contest?" And she [replied], smiling softly, "What [avails it] for me to lift up a shield? if I conquer unarmed, how when I take up arms?"

Pallas met Beauty's queen array'd in arms—
"Dost thou too venture on the listed field?"
Smiling she answer'd,—"If my naked charms
Such victories gain—what with my spear and shield?"

Pallas saw Venus clad in arms, and cried—
"Come, if thou wilt; be thus our merits tried."
Said Venus, smiling sweet—"I bear no shield,
Victor unarm'd; how not, if arms I wield."
G. B.

#### LXXXIII. RUFINUS.

Pallas and golden-sandaled Juno looking on Mœonis, both exclaimed from their heart, "Not again do we make ourselves naked; one judgment of a shepherd is enough; it is not well to be twice inferior as to beauty."

Pallas with golden-sandal'd Juno gazed On Mœonis, till both cried out amazed— "Once to the shepherd-judge our charms we bared; Twice 'tis not well to be less fair declared."

H. W.

#### LXXXIV. CRINAGORAS.

Marcellus, on returning from a western-war to the boundary of ancient Italy and bearing spoil, first shaved his flaxen beard: for thus his country willed to send him forth a boy, and take him [back] a man.

#### LXXXV. UNCERTAIN.

Cutting the down that grew in due season beneath his temples, the manly messenger of his cheeks, Lycon made his first offering to Phœbus; and he prayed he might thus cut also the gray hair from his white temples.

#### LXXXVI. ON THE MONUMENT OF FAUSTINUS.

Formerly the wisdom of the aged feared thee, when thou wert young, Faustinus; now the strength of the young has feared thee, when old. Thy labour has found all things inferior [to it]. It gives thee the honour of age among the young, and of youth among the aged.

# LXXXVII. ANTIPATER SIDONIUS.

I, the trumpet that formerly poured forth in battle the bloody note of war, and the sweet strain of peace, am laid up, O Pherenicus, to the virgin [goddess] Tritonis, after ceasing from loud-roaring blasts.

> A trumpet, Pherenicus, that the strain Pour'd forth in bloody combat, and again In peace the pleasant note, I'm hung on high, A gift to Pallas, freed from war's hoarse cry.

G. B.

#### LXXXVIII. NOSSIS.

The Brettians¹ cast away their weapons from their shoulders doomed to a dreadful end, struck by the hands of the Locrians quick in fight; whose valour celebrating they [the arms] lie as spoils in the temples of the gods, neither do they desire the arms² of the cowards which they left.

<sup>2</sup> πάχεας is Doric for πήχεας, derived from πῆχυς.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> The people here called Βρέττεοι, and elsewhere Βρέντιοι, arc the same as the "Brutii" in Latin.

# LXXXIX. SABINUS.

To Pan a kid, to the Nymphs roses, to Lyæus [Bacchus] thyrsi, a three-fold offering, Biton placed beneath the thick foliage. Receive them, ye gods, propitiously, and increase ever, thou, Pan, the herd, ye Nymphs, the fountain, thou, Bacchus, the liquor [wine.]

To Pan, the Nymphs, and Bacchus Biton gave
Kids, roses, thyrsus, in a leafy shrine;
Ye deities, kindly take the gifts, and save,
Pan, herdlings, Nymphs, the fountains, Bacchus, wine.
G. B.

#### XC. PLATO.

I who smiled haughtily at Greece, I who had a swarm of youthful lovers at my doors, I, Lais, [offer] to the Paphian [goddess] my mirror: for such [as I am] I am not willing to behold myself; and such as I was once, I cannot see.

I Lais, once of Greece the pride, For whom so many suitors sigh'd, Now aged grown, at Venus' shrine The mirror of my youth resign; Since what I am, I will not see; And what I was, I cannot be.

E. L. SWIFT.

Venus, take my votive glass, Since I am not what I was: What from this day I shall be, Venus, let me never see.

PRIOR.

# XCI. JULIAN, PREFECT OF EGYPT.

Of three acquaintances the nets for a three-fold hunting receive, O Pan. For Pigres offers thee this for birds; for beasts, Damis [this]; and Clitor [this] for the sea. And grant them to hunt with success air, land, water.

<sup>1</sup> θύρσα, pl. of θύρσος.

Three brothers dedicate, O Pan, to thee
Their nets and different emblems of their toil;
Pigres, who brings from realms of air his spoil,
Damis from woods, and Clitor from the sea;
So may the treasures of the deep be given
To this; to those the fruits of earth and heaven.

J. H. M.

#### XCII. LUCIAN.

#### AFTER A SHIPWRECK.

To Glaucus and Nereus, and Melicerta daughter of Ino, and to the son of Cronus [Neptune] ruling the deep, and to the Samothracian gods, I, Lucillius, saved from the sea, have thus cut off the hair from my head; for I have nothing else [to offer].

#### XCIII. LEONIDAS.

The Molossian Pyrrhus hung up these shields as a gift to Itonis Athéné, [taken] from the bold Galatians, after he had destroyed all the army of Antigonus. It is not a great wonder. The Æacidæ<sup>1</sup> [are] warriors now, and [were] formerly.

Molossian Pyrrhus to the Itonian power

These shields suspends, from fierce Galatians won.

Thus in their age, as in their youthful flower,

The race of Æacus triumphant shone. J. H. M.

#### XCIV. ANTIPATER.

I, this helmet, have obtained a double charm, I am both a pleasure for my friends to look upon, and a fear to my enemies. And Piso born of Pylæmenes possesses me. The helmet neither became other hair, nor did other hair become the helmet.

# XCV. A RIDDLE.

#### ON A MIRROR.

If you look at me, I also [look at] you. Why do you

1 Pyrrhus of Epirus, the formidable foe of the Romans, traced his descent to the Æacidæ. Γαλατᾶν, Doric gen. pl. for Γαλατῶν.

look at me with eyes? But I do not see you with eyes, for I have none. And if you wish, I speak to you without a voice; for the voice is yours, but I have lips that open in vain.

As we gaze on each other, your eyes look at me;
But eyes I have none; though I look, I don't see.
I'll converse, if you please; you'll hear nothing, 'tis true;
For I open my lips, but have no voice like you.

H. W.

#### XCVI. UNCERTAIN.

# ON SOSANDER, A HORSE DOCTOR.

Hippocrates, healer of men, and you Sosander, [healer] of horses, both skilled in hidden means of cure, either change your art or your name, nor let one be called by that art, of which the other is a master.<sup>2</sup>

#### XCVII. POLLIANUS.

Among the Muses too there are Erinnyes, who make you a poet, in return for the quantity you write without judgment. Therefore I beg of you, write more; for I cannot pray for you a madness greater than this.

Some Furies sure possess'd the Nine, what time They dubb'd thee poet with thy trashy rhyme. Scribble away; if madness be a curse, What greater can I wish thee than thy verse?

H. W.

#### XCVIII. LEONIDAS.

Philocles has hung up to Hermes his pleasant-sounding ball, and this loud clapper of box, and the dice also of which he was madly fond, and his whirling top, the playthings of his youth.

1—1 βλέφαρα, the eye-lashes, is used for  $\delta \phi \theta a \lambda \mu \delta \varsigma$ , eye.

2 The point of the Epigram turns upon  $i\pi\pi \sigma \varsigma$ , "horse," and κρατεῖν, "to rule:" and σώζειν, "to save," and  $\dot{\alpha}\nu\dot{\eta}\rho$ , "man," applied not, as they should be, to man and horse doctors.

#### XCIX. HERMODORUS.

Seeing the Cnidian Cytherea, you would, stranger, say thus—"Rule thou both mortals and immortals;" but beholding among the Cecropidæ Pallas, bold with the spear, you will say—""Truly a cowherd was Paris."

Seeing the Cnidian Venus, thou would'st say—
"Ever o'er men and gods retain thy sway."
Seeing at Athens Pallas in arms shine,
Thou'lt say—"Of nothing Paris knew but kine." G. B.

#### C. LUCIAN.

Enjoy your wealth, as if about soon to die; but as if about to live, spare your possessions. A wise man is he, who bearing both these in mind, adapts moderation to frugality and expense.

Your goods enjoy, as if about to die;
As if about to live, use sparingly.
That man is wise, who, bearing both in mind,
A mean, befitting waste and thrift, can find.
G. B.

# BOOK III.

#### I. PHILIP.

ONE person was maimed in his feet, and another in his eyes; but both contributed to them[selves] what was wanting in Fortune. For the blind, taking the lame as a burden on his shoulders, by the [other's] words walked in a straight path. Thus did a bitter and very bold necessity teach them all this—to share, in compassion to each other, what was wanting.

<sup>1—1</sup> Although a shepherd is said to be as silly as his sheep, yet a cowherd is not said to be as silly as a cow. There is therefore probably some error in ὅντως βουκόλος, which it would not be difficult to correct.
2 φείδεο is for φείδου: φείδοι from φείδω, a peculiar form of the dative.

#### II. DIOSCORIDES.

Thrasybulus came to Pitané breathless on his shield, after receiving from the Argives seven wounds, showing them all in front. Him [weltering] in his blood the aged Tynnichus placed upon the funeral pile, and spoke thus: "Let cowards be wept for; but I will bury thee, my son, without a tear, thee, who wast both mine and a Lacedæmonian."

When Thrasybulus from the embattled field Was breathless borne to Sparta on his shield, His honour'd corse, disfigured still with gore From seven wide wounds, (but all received before,) Upon the pyre his hoary father laid, And to the admiring crowd triumphant said—"Let slaves lament; while I without a tear Lay mine and Sparta's son upon his bier." J. H. M.

# III. UNCERTAIN. ON A LACONIAN WOMAN.

A Laconian woman, on seeing her own son returning without his shield from war, and putting out a rapid foot towards his native soil, rushed to meet him, and thrust a spear through his liver, bursting forth into a manly exclamation over him when killed—"Offspring, an alien to Sparta, go to Hades, go, since thou wast false both to thy country and to thy father."

A Spartan woman, when she saw her son,
Who without arms had from the battle run,
And with quick foot his native soil had press'd,
Meeting, a spear's point drove right through his breast,
And o'er his corpse with manly voice she cried—
"Go, bastard son of Sparta, go, and hide
In Hades' darkness thee and thy disgrace;
Perish, thou false one to thy land and race."
G. B.

IV. PALLADAS.

ON THE SAME [EVENT].

A Spartan had once fled from battle; and meeting

him, his mother said, raising a sword against his breast, "By living thou bindest thoroughly disgrace upon thy mother, and breakest the ancestral laws of mighty Sparta; but if thou diest by my hands, I shall hear myself called an unhappy mother, but saved in my country."

From the dire conflict as a Spartan fled,
His mother cross'd his path and awful said,
Pointing a sword against his dastard heart—
"If thou canst live, the mark of scorn and shame,
Thou liv'st, the murderer of thy mother's fame,
The base deserter from a soldier's part.
If by this hand thou diest, my name must be
Of mothers most unblest; but Sparta's free."

J. H. M.

A Spartan fled the fight. His mother met And thus address'd him—while a sword she set Against his breast—"Thou on thy mother shame, No garland, hast placed round, and Sparta's name Defiled, and statutes broken; if by me Thou diest here, a mother I shall be Call'd hapless, but through me my country's free."

G. B.

#### V. PHILIP.

Xerxes, seeing the great body of Leonidas, self-slain was covering it with a purple cloak. But even from the dead the mighty hero of Sparta exclaimed—" I receive not the reward due to traitors; a shield is the great honour of my tomb: take from me the Persian [gifts]. I will enter into Hades even as a Lacedæmonian."

The Spartan's mangled corpse when Xerxes spied, He long'd to wrap it in a robe of pride.

Then rose from earth that hero's voice in scorn—

"Hence with thy gifts, by none but traitors worn.

Bury me on my shield, and let me go

Down, like a Spartan, to the realms below." J. W. B.

The adverb διαμπερὲς, derived from διά, ἀνά, and πέρας, could hardly be united to ἀνάπτειν in the sense of binding; although it might, i ἀνάπτεις be rendered "thou lightest up."
2 πουλὺς, Ionic for πολὺς. Λεωνιδεω, Ionic gen. for Λεωνίδου.

#### VI. ANTIPATER.

Thou bird, the carrier to and fro of the son of Saturn [Jupiter], why standest thou with a stern look upon the tomb of great Aristomenes? I am announcing to men, that as I am the bravest of birds, so he is of heroes. Cowardly doves shall settle upon cowards; but we delight in fearless men.

Herald of Jove, why in stern majesty
Here dost thou sit? That all the earth may see,
As I of birds the monarch am, so erst
Was Aristomenes of youths the first.
Let coward doves perch on the coward's grave;
But the brave eagle ever loves the brave.
G. S.

#### VII. ANTIPHILUS OF BYZANTIUM.

A scrip, and a cloak, and a barley-loaf kneaded with water, and a staff leant upon before his feet, and a cup [made] of clay, are sufficient means of life for the wise Cynic. And even in these there is something superfluous. For on seeing a herdsman draw a draught [of water] in the hollow of his hands, he said, "Why have I been vainly carrying thee, O shell-shaped clay, as a burden?"

#### VIII. PALLADAS.

Say by what means dost thou measure the world and the bounds of the earth, having a small body [composed] of a small portion of earth. Measure thyself first, and know thyself, and then shalt thou measure the boundless earth. But if thou measurest not the little clay of thy body, how canst thou know the measures of the measure-less?

#### IX. UNCERTAIN.

I would wish to be rich, as Crossus once was rich, and to be king of the great Asia. But when I look upon Nica-

<sup>1</sup> The active  $\dot{\alpha}\rho\dot{\nu}\omega$  is rarely used in the sense of drawing water. The verb is more generally in the middle voice.

nor the coffin-maker, and know for what he makes those cases, I, scattering cates, and moistening [myself] with cups, sell Asia for ointments and cups.

Wealth, such as Crossus erst could own,
I'd ask, or Asia's mighty throne.
But at Nicanor's shop hard by,
When I the undertaker spy,
Making those cupboards, you know why,
All Asia's grandeurs I resign
For garlands, odours, cates, and wine.

H. W.

#### X. LUCILLIUS.

Hermocrates, the money-lover, when dying, in his will, wrote himself the heir of his possessions. And he lay reckoning how much he should give as a reward to the physicians, on rising [from his sick bed], and what he expends when sick. But when he found it would be one drachma more, if he were saved, he said, "It is profitable to die." And stretched out he was [in death].

#### XI. UNCERTAIN.

I was a reed, a useless plant; for from me neither figs nor apple, nor cluster [of grapes] grows. But a man initiated me in the mysteries of Helicon, boring [in me] thin lips, and making me the channel for a narrow stream. And from that [time] when I drink black drink, just as one inspired, I speak every word with this voiceless mouth.<sup>2</sup>

An useless plant I was of yore, Nor fig, nor grape, nor apple bore; But a man did to me impart Of Helicon the secret art.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Jacobs understands Δήμητρος after ἀκτην, and says that ἀκτην has been incorrectly translated "sea-shore," as if the drinking took place there.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> On Ἑλικωνίδα, fem. adj., joined to κάλαμος, see Blomfield on Æsch. Prom. 1. ροῦν, Att. for ρόον.

Through him my lips were slender made, And narrow channel so display'd, That when some drops of blacken'd ink, Like one with Bacchus full, I drink, With mouth, that has no voice, I still Can talk whatever words you will.

G. B.

#### XII. LUCILLIUS.

You have a Thessalian horse, Erasistratus; but the charms [magic] of all Thessaly cannot make him caper about, a horse truly of wood; which, if all the Phrygians with the Greeks were drawing it, would not enter the bean gate. Presenting him as an offering to some god, f you heed me, make the oats [of the horse] gruel or your little children.

#### XIII. THE SAME.

Not the water in the time of Deucalion, when all ings were overwhelmed, nor Phaethon, who burnt p those upon the earth, destroyed so many persons as otamo the poet and Hermogenes the surgeon have illed. So that for ages there have been these four rils, Deucalion, Phaethon, Hermogenes, Potamo.

Not Deucalion's deluge, nor Phaethon's roast, Ever sent such a cart-load to Phlegethon's coast, As our Laureate with odes and with elegies kills, And our Doctor destroys with infallible pills. Then well these four plagues with each other may vie, Deucalion and Phaethon, Brodie and Pye. J. H. M.

#### XIV. CYLLENIUS.

I, who formerly, a wild pear-tree, bare bastard fruit thickets, a stump in the wild-beast-feeding desert, do bw, on being grafted with foreign shoots, flourish a litivated tree, bearing on our [joint] branches a burden

On the wooden horse made by the Greeks and drawn into Troy, see rgil Æn, ii.

not mine own. Much thanks to the grafter, for thy pains. By thee 1 I, the wild pear, am ranked among fruitful trees.

## XV. DIODORUS.

O man,<sup>2</sup> forbear to cut [down] the mother of acorns, forbear! but cut up the aged fir or pine, or this many-stemmed thorn or holm, or the withered arbutus. But keep the axe far from the oak; for our forefathers have told us that the mothers of former times were oaks.<sup>3</sup>

#### XVI. POLYÆNUS.

A baneful adder struck the full nursing udder of a doe, newly a mother, swelling [with milk]. A fawn drew the poisoned teat, and sucked from the deadly wound the unhealthy bitter milk. They exchanged death, and instantly, by an unpitying fate, the teat took away the delight that the womb had given.

# XVII. PAULUS SILENTIARIUS.

Mayest thou neither be lifted up by the noisy [wing] 6 of much-possessing Fortune, nor may care wear down thy freedom. For all life is tossed by unsteady breezes, continually dragged by changes hither and thither. But virtue is something steady and without turning: upon which alone do thou with courage sail over the waves of life?

Be not elate with Fortune's whirling gale,
Nor under slavish apprehensions bend.
Through life, athwart the shifting winds contend,
And with incessant change its course assail.

<sup>2</sup> ω 'νερ for ω άνερ, voc. of άνηρ. έντι is Doric for είσι.

4 ίομιγῆ, from ίδς, poison, and μίγνυμι, to mix. χάριν, life.

Jacobs explains ἀδην ἡλλάξαντο by "they made an exchange, as regards death;" for the doe was saved, the fawn destroyed.
 ὁοῖζος is, literally, the noise made by the wings of a bird when flying.

¹ είνεκα for ενεκα, generally, "for the sake of," but here, by thy art, by thee.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>3</sup> So Virgil Æn. viii. 316, "Gensque virum truncis et duro robore nata:" and Juvenal Sat. vi. 12, "homines, qui rupto robore nati—nullos habuere parentes."

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3

LS,

Virtue alone is firm and changeless; she Will bear thee o'er life's surges gallantly. H. W.

# XVIII. ANTIPATER.

Kind is Hermes, O shepherds, and pleased when a libation is made with milk and honey from the oak. But not [so is] Hercules. He demands one ram, or a fat lamb, and selects one sacrifice wholly for himself. But he keeps off wolves. But what matters it, if what is guarded perish by wolves or by the guardian?

To shepherds kind is Hermes, when they pour An offering of milk, or honey'd store. Not Hercules so. A great demand he makes, And ram or fatten'd lamb selecting takes. Yet wolves he wards off. What then is the gain? Me of my flock the wolves or watchman drain. G. B.

#### XIX. EVENUS.

Thou, Attic maiden, honey-fed, hast chirping seized a chirping Cicada, and bearest it to thy unfledged young, thou a twitterer the twitterer, thou the winged the well-winged, thou a stranger the stranger, thou a summer [bird] the summer [insect]. Wilt thou not quickly throw it away? For it is not right, it is not just, that those engaged in song should perish by the mouths of those engaged in song.

> Honey-nurtured Attic maiden, Wherefore to thy brood dost wing With the shrill Cicada laden? 'Tis like thee a prattling thing. 'Tis a sojourner and stranger, And a summer-child, like thee; 'Tis, like thee, a winged ranger Of the air's immensity. From thy bill this instant fling her; 'Tis not proper, just, or good, That a little ballad-singer Should be kill'd for singer's food.

G. C. S.

#### XX. ALPHÆUS.

A hen acting as a nurse, being sprinkled with wintry snows, kept her cradling wings around her young, until the frost of the sky killed her; for she continued struggling against the air and the dreadful clouds. Procné and Medea in Hades, be ashamed, [you] mothers! taught by the deeds of birds.

When winter's snow in beating storm descends, Her callow brood the mother bird defends; Her fostering wings their tender limbs embrace, Till froze to death, she still retains her place. In Pluto's realms, amidst th' illustrious dead, Blush, Procné, blush; Medea, hide your head; While a poor bird, by nature taught alone, To save her youngling's lives pour'd out her own.

A. G.

#### XXI. LUCILLIUS.

If an army is raised against grasshoppers, or dog-flies, or mice, or the cavalry of fleas or of frogs, [then,] Caius, fear thou, lest some one enrol thee also, as being worthy of fighting against them. But if an army of men of courage is raised, fear not; to the Romans there is no war with cranes.

# XXII. UNCERTAIN.

A lethargic person and a madman lying in a common tent, drove away disease from each other. For the man, daring from madness, leaped from his bed, and beat the man who had no feeling through every limb. The blows became a cure to both; since by them the one was wakened, and great labour threw the other into sleep.

#### XXIII. JULIAN.

A king wished to send thee again, wealthy Tatianus, as a helper to cities exhausted, their people being in want. But thou preferrest in the calm of life to keep to thy native country, and thine inheritance, increasing

the just possession of thy ancestors; for justice, sharing thy throne, knows that thou hatest the wealth of subjects.

#### XXIV. PALLADAS.

Envy, according to Pindar, is better than pity. The envied enjoy a brilliant life; but we pity the greatly unfortunate. But may I be neither greatly prosperous, nor pitied. For mediocrity is best; since lofty situations naturally bring on dangers, and the lowest have contempt.

Pity, says the Theban bard, From my wishes I discard; Envy, let me rather be, Rather far, a theme for thee. Pity to distress is shown; Envy to the great alone. So the Theban. But to shine Less conspicuous be mine. I prefer the golden mean, Pomp and penury between. For alarm and peril wait Ever on the loftiest state; And the lowest to the end Obloquy and scorn attend.

W.C.

## XXV. ALPHÆUS.

Still do we hear the lament of Andromache; still do we see Troy falling from its foundation all into ruins, and [we hear] the bustle of Ajax, and [see] Hector bound and dragged by horses beneath the parapet of the city, through the Muse of Mæonides; whom not one country [only] honours as a bard, but the climes of both lands [Europe and Asia].

Troy from its base all tott'ring still we see; Still hear thy wail, Andromache;

<sup>2</sup> Mæonides, i. e. Homer.

The neuter ἄριστον is used as an abstract noun with the fem. μεσότης. So in Virgil, "Dulce satis humor."

See Ajax toil, and Hector dragg'd beneath
The high embattled wreath,
That girds the city round,
To war-steeds bound,
Through Homer's Muse; whom not one land alone

Through Homer's Muse; whom not one land alone Boasts; for the world declares the bard her own. E. S.

Still of Andromaché the wail we hear;

Still see Troy's towers levell'd with the ground,
And Ajax labour; still we drop the tear
For Hector dragg'd by steeds the walls around,
Through Homer's verses: who's of all the earth

Through Homer's verses; who's of all the earth
The pride; no single clime may claim his birth. G. B.

# XXVI. ANTIPHANES.

I, who formerly trickled with sweet and clear streams, [am] now poor in [deserted by] the Nymphs, even to a drop; for a murderer washed in my fount his gory hands, mingling his defilement with my waters. Since then, my Nymphs have fled to the Sun, saying, "We, the Nymphs, are mingled with Bacchus only, not with Mars."

Erewhile my gentle streams were wont to pour Along their banks a pure translucent tide; But now their waves are shrunk, and channel dried, And every Nymph knows the loved haunt no more; Since that sad moment when my verdant shore Was with the crimson hue of murder dyed. To cool the sparkling heat of wine we glide, But shrink abhorrent from the stain of gore. J. H. M.

#### XXVII. EVENUS.

O strangers, me, the much-bruited city, sacred Ilium, formerly famed for well-towered walls, have the ashes of time eaten down [destroyed]. But in Homer do I lie, having a defence of brazen gates. Not again shall the Troy-destroying shears of the Greeks dig me [down]; but I shall lie [be] in the mouth of all the Greeks.

Time's ashes, on my turrets shed,
Have worn their pride away.

I was that Ilion of whom men have read
In Homer's living lay.

No more shall Argive sword and spear
My brazen bulwark shake;

But in the voice of nations loud and clear
My monument I make.

C. M.

#### XXVIII. ADRIAN CÆSAR.

O Hector, thou martial blood, if perchance beneath the earth thou hearest, hail! and breathe again a short time for thy country. Ilion is inhabited, the famous city, possessing men weaker indeed than thee, but still warloving; but the Myrmidons have perished. Stand near to Achilles, and say that the whole of Thessaly lies under the descendants of Æneas.<sup>1</sup>

Hector, brave heart, if still thy spirit hears,
O list, and stay awhile thy patriot tears.
Troy stands a noble city; and in war
Her sons, though weak to thee, still valiant are.
The Myrmidons are gone. To Achilles say—
Æneas' offspring all Thessalia sway.
G. S.

#### XXIX. CEREALIUS.

It is not to compose in a manner worthy of envy and cleverly, to speak words with a spurious mark<sup>2</sup> and five Attic.<sup>3</sup> For even if you say <sup>4</sup>Κάρκαιρε and Κοναβεῖ and Σίζει and Κελάρυζε,<sup>4</sup> you will not become forthwith a Homer. It is necessary for a meaning to lie under the

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> The Romans, who traced their origin to Æneas.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> The word παράσημος was especially applied to base coin, stamped with an improper mark.

<sup>3</sup> What are the five Attic words alluded to it is not easy to state. There is some error here which it were easy to correct.

<sup>&</sup>quot;The four Homeric verbs here mentioned are all descriptive of different kinds of sound. Thus καρκαίρειν is "to snarl" as a dog; κοναβεΐν, "to rattle," as armour does when thrown on the ground; σίζειν, "to hiss," as heated iron does when put into water; and κελαρύζειν, "to gurgle," as a stream does when running over pebbles.

letters, and the expression to be more of a common kind, so that a person may understand what you are saying.

#### XXX. HERODICUS OF BABYLON.

Fly, O Aristarchæans, to Greece, upon the wide back of the sea, more timid than the fallow deer. O ye bookworms hid in a corner, fond of monosyllables, who care for  $\sigma\phi i\nu$ ,  $\sigma\phi\hat{\omega}\nu$ ,  $\mu\nu$ , and  $\nu\nu$ , may this happen to you, sent away with a bad wish. But to Herodicus may Greece always remain, and Babylon, child of the gods.

## XXXI. UNCERTAIN.

# ON THE LIBRARY OF APOLLODORUS.

Having drawn out the volume of instruction from my time, do thou know the stories of past generations. Neither look into the page of Homer, nor into the elegiac nor the tragic Muse, nor into lyrical songwritings, nor seek the much-chattering verses of the Cyclic [poets]; but looking into me, you will find in me all that the world possesses.

#### XXXII. BIANOR.

A boy saw a coffin, still containing the fragments of his dead ancestors, dragged along by a torrent. And grief filled him with boldness, and he leaped into the shameless water. But he came to a sad assistance. For he saved indeed the bones from the water; but in their place he was himself destroyed by the violent stream.

#### XXXIII. UNCERTAIN.

O Heraclitus, weep at this life much more than when you were alive; life is now more pitiable. O Democritus, forthwith laugh at this life more than before; life

¹ This seems to be the most intelligible version of γωνιοβόμβυκες. See Jacobs' note.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Apollodorus wrote a work called Βιβλιοθήκη: in which an account is given of a great many persons mentioned in the writings of different poets.

<sup>3</sup> From my time upwards.

is now more ridiculous than any thing else. But I myself, looking at you, am thinking earnestly between you both, how I shall weep with you, how I shall laugh with you.

Weep, Heraclitus, more than when alive;
For life is now more piteous than before.

More than of old yourself to laughter give,
Democritus; the times ask laughter more.

Looking to both a medium care I'll try,
How I may laugh with one, with th' other cry. G. B.

# XXXIV. CARPHYLIS.

Some one catching fish from the shore with a hook and a stout line, dragged the bald head of a shipwrecked person. And pitying the dead without a body, and digging with a hand without iron, he heaped up a slight tomb, and found a hidden treasure of gold. Truly indeed the kindness of piety is not lost upon just men.

# XXXV. ARCHIAS.

A crow once moving his black wing in the all-shining air, saw a scorpion leaping from the earth, and grasping it raised it on high; who not slowly wounded with a sharp sting the claw of him [the bird] hastening towards the ground, and deprived him of life.\(^1\) See how he wretched received from him [the scorpion] the death which he himself had prepared for another.

#### XXXVI. GŒTULICUS.

Alcon a father, on seeing his child just being throttled by a deadly serpent, bent his bow with a fearful hand; but he did not miss the animal; for the arrow rushed through its mouth just above his little child. And having ceased from the murder, he placed by this oak his quiver, as a sign of his good fortune and good aim.

# XXXVII. MACEDONIUS THE CONSUL.

To thee, king of the sea, and ruler of the earth, I, Crantus, offer up in return a ship, no longer wetted, a ship, the

Archias had evidently in mind the celebrated passage in Hom. II.

xii. 200—7.

wing of far-roaming winds, upon which many times I, in fear, have thought myself to be driven to Hades. But having dismissed every fear, hope, sea, whirlwinds, I have placed upon the earth this mark to be trusted.

# XXXVIII. JULIAN, ONE OF THE PREFECTS OF EGYPT.

Lais, after being destroyed as to her beautiful figure by time, hates the evidence of old wrinkles. Thence disliking the bitter conviction of her mirror, she has offered it up to the mistress of her former beauty. And [says], "O Venus, receive the disk¹ [mirror], the companion of my youth, since your beauty has no fear of time."

Lais, when time had spoil'd her wonted grace,
Abhorr'd the look of age that plough'd her face.
Her glass, sad monitor of charms decay'd,
Before the queen of lasting bloom she laid—
"The loved companion of my youthful years
Be thine"—she said; "no change thy beauty fears."
OGLE.

#### XXXIX. LEONIDAS.

Once Eurotas said to Venus—"Either take up arms, or go out from Sparta; the city is maddening to be in arms." But she, smiling softly, said—"I will always be without armour, and will inhabit Lacedæmon." And Venus indeed is without armour; but the shameless historians say that the goddess bears armour for us.

#### XL. ANTIPATER OF SIDON.

Behold the labour of the painting of Apelles, Venus rising lately from her mother, the Sea; how after seizing with her hand her hair wet with water, she squeezes the foam from the wet ringlets. Now Minerva and Juno themselves will say 2—"We no longer enter into a contest with you about beauty."

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> The mirror was round like a quoit, δίσκος, from whence comes the English "disk," applied to the face of the full moon, or sun.
<sup>2</sup> ἐρεεῖν has always a future sense.

Triumph and boast of Grecian painter's art,
From Ocean's foam see new-born Venus start.
Oh, with what grace she waves her hand of pearl,
And wrings the dew from every clust'ring curl!
Let Pallas now and Juno's self confess
'Twere vain contending with such loveliness. J. W. B.

#### XLI. BIANOR.

I was weeping for the death of my wife Theonoé; but was groaning with lighter sorrow from the hopes of my child. But now some jealous Fate has separated me from my child likewise. Alas! I have been cheated, O baby, of you too left behind. O Proserpine, hear this in the lamentations of a father, place my child on the bosom of its departed mother.

I wept Theonoé's loss; but one fair child
Its father's heart of half its woe beguiled.
And now, sole source of hope and solace left,
That one fair child the envious Fates have reft.
Death! hear a father's prayer, and lay to rest
My little one on its lost mother's breast.
G. S.

#### XLII. ANTIPATER.

Antigenes, of Gelos, once spoke this word to his daughter, when he was 'nodding over the grave '-" O fair-cheeked girl, and my daughter, retain your working spindle, a sufficient possession for a poor life. But if you come to a marriage, preserve the correct conduct of your Achæan mother, the most lasting dowry to a husband."

When now departing to the silent dead,
These words Antigenes of Gela said:
"Fair daughter, keep the distaff at your side,
A livelihood, though small: and, if a bride,
Keep to your mother's virtues; they will prove
The surest dow'r to win a husband's love." H. W.

<sup>1-1</sup> The phrase in English would be, "with one foot in the grave."

#### XLIII. COMETAS.

#### ON THE SUBURBS.

A. Say, shepherd, whose are the rows of plants? Some are olives sacred to Minerva; but the vines rou are [sacred] to Bacchus. A. And whose are the ears corn? B. Ceres'. A. Of what deities are the flowe B. Of Juno and rosy Venus. Odear Pan, stop draing your pipe upon your lips; for you are seeking Ein these sun-shine places.

# XLIV. MARCUS ARGENTARIUS.

O Sosicrates, being rich you were in love, but be poor, you no longer love. What a remedy is hung And she who formerly called you myrrh and beauti Adonis, now asks your name—"Who? from what [coutry] are you? where is your city?" You know with diculty truly this saying, that no one is a friend to I that has nothing.

Rich, thou hadst many lovers; poor, hast none;
So surely want extinguishes the flame.
And she, who call'd thee once her pretty one,
And her Adonis, now inquires thy name—
"Where wast thou born, Sosicrates? and where,
In what strange country, can thy parents live?"
Who seem'st, by thy complaints, not yet aware,
That want's a crime no woman can forgive. W.

When rich, Sosicrates, thou hadst many loves;
Now poor, none hast thou. Oh how hunger proves
A cure for passion! She who call'd thee erst
Her sweetest myrrh, and dear Adonis, durst
Now ask thy name—"Who, and whence art thou flown
And where's thy country?" This at last is known,
Who nothing has, none as a friend will own. G. B

<sup>1—1</sup> The words between the numerals seem to belong to another I gram; in which Pan was represented as playing upon his pipe, whil search of his mistress Echo.

#### XLV. RUFINUS.

I send to you, Rhodoclea, this garland, having woven it myself by my own hands with beautiful flowers. There is a lily, and a bud of roses, and the wet anemony, and flexile narcissus, and dark-blue violet. But do you, wreathing them, cease to be arrogant. You are in flower; and you cease to be so, as well as the garland.

This garland intertwined with fragrant flowers,
Pluck'd by my hand, to thee, my love, I send.
Pale lilies here with blushing roses blend,
Anemone, besprent with Apfil showers,
Love-lorn Narcissus, violet that pours
From every purple leaf the glad perfume;
And, while upon thy sweeter breast they bloom,
Yield to the force of love thy passing hours;
For thou, like these, must fade at Nature's general doom.
J. H. M.

I send thee, my fair one, this garland of flowers,
And wove it myself for you.

There are lilies and buds from the rosy bowers,
And the wind-flower steep'd in dew,
And the languid Narciss, and the purple shine
Of the violet in the glade:

So wear them, and cease to be haughty and fine,
For thou bloom'st, as the wreath, to fade.

G. F. D. T.

# XLVI. ALPHÆUS.

O Argos, O story of Homer, and sacred soil of Greece, and the formerly golden citadel of Perseus, ye have extinguished the glory of those heroes who once tore down to the earth the god-built crown of Troy. But this city is stronger. But you, who are fallen, show the folds of loud-bellowing cattle.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> As  $i\sigma\beta i\sigma aro$ , the l aor. mid., is not found in Greek, and if it were it would not suit the sense, J. Scaliger suggested  $i\sigma\beta i\sigma\theta$ , i. e.  $i\sigma\beta i\sigma ro$ , and then the sense would be, "the glory of those heroes has been extinguished."

# XLVII. LUCIAN.

You dye your head; but you will not dye your old age, nor will you stretch out the wrinkles of your cheeks. Do not then plaister the whole of your face with paint, so that you have a mask and not a face. For it is of no use. Why are you mad? A paint and wash will never make Hecuba a Helen.

Yes—you may change your hair, but not your age,
Nor smooth, alas! the wrinkles of your face;
Yes—you may varnish o'er the tell-tale page,
And wear a mask for every vanish'd grace:
But there's an end. No Hecuba by aid
Of rouge and ceruse is a Helen made. J. H. M.

You give your cheeks a rosy stain,
With washes dye your hair;
But paint and washes both are vain
To give a youthful air.
Those wrinkles mock your daily toil,
No labour will efface 'em;
You wear a mask of smoothest oil,
Yet still with ease we trace 'em.
An art so fruitless then forsake,
Which though you much excel in,
You never can contrive to make
Old Hecuba young Helen.

W. C.

#### XLVIII. RUFINUS.

Rhodopé, Melité, Rhodoclea, contended with one another which of the three had the most warlike beauty; and they chose me as a judge; and they stood as goddesses, gazed at from all sides, wanting nectar alone. But clearly knowing what Paris through his judgment suffered, I straightway put crowns upon the three immortals together.

#### XLIX. PHILIP.

Lo! the brazen beaks, the forms of ships sail-loving, witnesses of the war at Actium; [there] the wax-nour-

ished gifts of bees are hived, pressed on all sides by the buzzing swarm. [This is] the agreeable benefit of Cæsar's good laws; for he has taught the arms of his enemies to produce in return the fruits of peace.

#### L. UNCERTAIN.

# ON SOME ONE WHO HAD BURIED HIMSELF BEFORE DEATH.

Being distressed by age and poverty, and not a single man holding out a contribution for misfortune, I went quietly under the tomb with trembling limbs, and found with difficulty the end of a wretched life. But the custom of the dead was altered in my case. For I did not die first, and then was buried, but, after I was buried, I died.

By years and misery worn, no hand to save
With some poor pittance from a desperate grave;
With the small strength my wretched age supplied,
I crawl'd beneath this lonely pile and died.
Screen'd from the scoff of pride, and grandeur's frown,
In this sad spot I laid my sufferings down:
Reversed the laws of death, the common doom,
And, while the life-blood flow'd, suborn'd my tomb. Bl.

#### LI. ETRUSCUS OF MESSENE.

One ship of life and death has brought the son of Hierocles within, having obtained a common duty. It maintained him a fisherman; it burnt him when dead; sailing with him for a draught of fish, sailing with him to Hades. The happy fisherman sailed upon the sea in his own ship, and ran with his own ship to Hades.

#### LII. GÆTULICUS.

This is the sea-side tomb of Archilochus, who formerly dipt the bitter Muse in viper-like anger, after covering with blood the gentle Helicon. Lycambes knew it, lamenting the knots of his three daughters.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> By ἄμματα Jacobs understands the knots in the ropes with which the daughters hanged themselves.

Pass by him gently, traveller, lest perchance you excite the wasps settling upon the tomb of this man.

#### LIII. UNCERTAIN.

Although a tearful fate has seized you, Euripides, and the wolf-worrying dogs have made a meal of you, who were the musical songster on the stage, the ornament of Athens, and who mingled tragic grace with wisdom, still you have gone to a Pellean cenotaph, in order that you, the servant of the Pierides [Muses], might dwell near the Pierides.

#### LIV. THUCYDIDES.

All Greece is indeed the monument of Euripides; but his bones the land of Macedon hold, where he obtained the end of life. But Athens, the Greece of Greece, is his country; and he having pleased by his Muse very much, has this praise from many also—"This is not your monument, Euripides; but you are the monument of this. For this monument is clothed in our glory."

#### LV. CALLIMACHUS.

Some one told me of your fate, O Heraclitus, and it brought a tear to me; and I remembered how often we both 'made the sun to set in talking.' But you are some where, O stranger of Halicarnassus, ashes four anciently; but your songs live; upon which Hades, the snatcher of every thing, shall not throw his hand.

They told me, Heraclitus, thou wert dead;

And then I thought, and tears thereon did shed,
How oft we two talk'd down the sun; but thou,
Halicarnassian guest, art ashes now!
Yet live thy nightingales of song. On those
Forgetfulness her hand shall ne'er impose.
H. N. C.

1—1 Menage quotes opportunely Virgil Ecl. ix. 52, "cantando—memini me condere soles."

<sup>2</sup> In lieu of the unintelligible τετράπαλαι, Menage and Wakefield suggested τέφρα τε καί—similar to "et cineres et favillas" in Minucius Felix. But as τέφρα could hardly have the α short, Menage subsequently defended τετράπαλαι by quoting Aristoph. Ίππ. 1150, Τρίπαλαι κάθημαι.

#### LVI. DIOCLES.

I do not know whether I shall call you a shield, with whom as a faithful ally I armed myself against many adversaries, or whether a small sea-boat for me, which conveyed me swimming from the sunk ship to the shore. I have escaped in wars the wrath of Mars, and of Nereus in the sea, and you truly were my armour in both.

# LVII. CALLIMACHUS. UPON HIS OWN FATHER.1

Whoever thou art, who bringest thy foot by my tomb, know that I am a son of Callimachus and a father. You may know both. One formerly commanded the arms of his country; the other sang what is superior to envy. There is no Nemesis [for such a boast]; for upon whomsoever of their children the Muses look 2 with their eye until life,2 they do not discard their friends when they become hoary.

# LVIII. PHILIP.

The stone-cutter Architeles raised, with miserable hands, a tomb to his deceased child Agathonor. Alas! alas! for the stone, which iron did not cut, but was wasted away wet with frequent tears.3 Alas! O pillar, remain light on the dead, that he may say-"The hand of my father really placed a stone upon me."

1-1 As the father of Callimachus was Battus, and not Callimachus, Jacobs says that the poet unites the praise of his father with that of his grandfather and himself. But from the word aupow it is evident that only two persons were intended, the grandfather and grandson; one famed as a soldier, the other as a poet. There is therefore some error in  $\pi a i \delta a \tau \epsilon$ καὶ γενέτην, which it would not be perhaps difficult to correct.

<sup>2</sup>—<sup>2</sup> Since the Scholiast on Hesiod Theogon. offers Mn λοξῶς, in lieu of the unintelligible "Αχρι βίου, Bentley saw that Callimachus wrote ὁμματι-μη λοξῷ, answering to "placido lumine" in Horace, and in the other passages produced by the critics to whom Jacobs refers. The reading μή λοξφ is adopted in the Westm. Collect., but ἄχρι βίου retained in the Eton Extracts.

<sup>3</sup> The author seems to allude to the practice of stone-cutters letting water mixed with sand trickle down the stone which they are sawing. But instead of water Architeles made use of tears.

The stone-hewer Architeles uprears,
Fashion'd by sorrowing hands, this monument
To Agathonor, his departed son.
That stone, alas! needed no chisel; tears,
Fast-flowing tears, their melting streams had lent,
To wear deep characters of woe thereon.
Lie light upon the dead, thou stone; that he
May own a father's care in placing thee.

H. W.

#### LIX. APOLLINIS.

Clip the first sweet harvest of your cheeks on this day, and the young tendrils of your beard, O Caius; and your father Lucius will receive in his hand your prayed-for first growth of the beard which is about to increase during many a sun. They present you with golden [gifts], but I with joyous elegiac verses. For the Muse is not worse than Plutus.

#### LX. MACEDONIUS.

Eumolpus once offered up his harp to Apollo at his tripod, and, blaming his aged hand, he said—"May I never touch again the lyre, nor let me wish to hear the practice of its former harmony. Let the string of the harp be a care to youth; and instead of the quill I will be supported as to my trembling hands with a stick."

#### LXI. GEMINUS.

I lie sacred to Mars, O stranger, a stone grievous to the Athenians, the symbol of the courage of Philip; I insulting Marathon and the deeds of Salamis near the sea, lying under Macedonian spears. Now, Demosthenes, swear by the dead; but I shall be grievous both to the living and to the dead.

#### LXII. SIMONIDES.

O country Sparta, we the three hundred after fighting

<sup>1</sup> The writer alludes to the well-known oath of Demosthenes "On the Crown," § 60, where he swears by those who hazarded their lives at Marathon, Platæa, and Salamis.

about Thurea with the descendants of Inachus! of equal number, and not turning our necks there left our life in the place, where we first fitted our footsteps. But if any one of the Greeks fled his fate, he was [descended] from Adrastus.<sup>2</sup> But it is not death in Sparta to die, but to run away.

O native Sparta, when we met the host
In equal combat from th' Inachian coast,
Thy brave three hundred never turn'd aside;
But where our feet first rested, there we died.
[The words in blood, that stout Othryades
Wrought on his herald's shield, were only these—
"Thyrea is Lacedæmon's."] If there fled
One Argive from the slaughter, be it said,
Of old Adrastus he has learnt to fly;
We count it death to falter, not to die.

J. H. M.

#### LXIII. UNCERTAIN.

Behold Hercules, of endless toil, your labours, which after enduring, you went to Olympus, the house of the immortals, [namely] Geryon, the famed apples, the great labour of Augeias, the horses, Hippolyté, the many-headed serpent, the boar, the roaring dog of Chaos, the wild beast of Nemeia, the birds, the bull, the stag of Mœnalia.

#### LXIV. DIOTIMUS.

The children of Neptune and Jupiter exercised their youth for the prizes of strong wrestling. And their contest lies not about a brazen cauldron, but which shall carry off life or death. The fall is of Antæus. It becomes Hercules the son of Jupiter to conquer. Wrestling belongs to the Greeks, not the Libyans.

i. e. the people of Argos, of which Inachus was once the king.
 The Adrastus alluded to was one of the seven Argive chiefs at the siege of Thebes, who fled, after six of them had perished.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>3</sup> The words within brackets answer to a distich in the original, which is omitted in the Westm. Collection. The circumstance, to which the writer alludes, is told by Herodotus, i. 82, and by Plutarch, ii. p. 306, A.

Two wrestlers here their youthful vigour prove,
The son of Neptune this, and that of Jove.
They for no vase of bronze contend; no prize
Is set. Whichever lives, the other dies.
Antæus falls. 'Tis Jove's son, Hercules,
Must win. The art's not Libyan, but of Greece. H. W.

## LXV. UNCERTAIN.

ON A STATUE OF HERCULES, WHEN AN INFANT, STRANGLING-WITH HIS HANDS THE DRAGONS.

O strong Hercules, crush the very large dragon folds; throttle the deep necks of the biting animals. Even now, an infant, stop the wrath of the jealous Juno. Know also how to toil from childhood. For neither a bowl of beaten brass, nor cauldrons, but a road to the hall of Jupiter, is the prize.

# LXVI. AGATHIAS.

O Chæronean Plutarch, the sons of the brave Ausonians placed this much-celebrated statue of you, because you fitted by parallel lives the best of the Greeks to the well-warring inhabitants of Rome. But you could not write another life parallel to your own; for you have not one like it.

Chæronean Plutarch, to thy deathless praise Does martial Rome this grateful statue raise. Because both Greece and she thy fame have shared, Their heroes written and their lives compared. But thou thyself could'st never write thy own; Their lives have parallels; but thine has none.

DRYDEN.

#### LXVII. UNCERTAIN.

Diogenes the Cynic, having come to Hades, after he had finished a truly wise old age, saw Crœsus, and laughed. And the old man, having spread his small cloak near to him, who had drawn out much gold from a river, 1 said—"To me there is now a greater place;

1 The river alluded to was Pactolus in Lydia.

for whatever I had, I bring all with me; but you, Crosus, have nothing."

# LXVIII. LUCILLIUS.

If you love me, love me in deed, and do me no wrong, making our friendship the beginning of doing an injury; for I assert that open malice is much better for all men than deceitful friendship; and men say too that rocks under the sea are worse than conspicuous rocks for seawandering ships.

Art thou my friend—forbear to do me guile, Nor clothe a secret grudge in friendship's smile: For traitorous friendship wounds th' unguarded breast With surer aim than enmity profess'd; And more on shoals the sailor fears to wreck. Than where the rocks hang frowning o'er his deck.

#### LXIX. ON THE SAME.

Milo once came alone as a wrestler to the sacred contest, and the judge straightway called to crown him; but going forward, he slipped upon his hip, and persons bawled out not to crown that man, since he, although alone, had fallen. But he standing up in the middle, cried out, "Are there not three [falls]? In one I have been laid; let some one throw me the others to come."

# LXX. ON SOPHOCLES. SIMIAS THE THEBAN.

Gently over the tomb of Sophocles, may you, O ivy, gently creep, putting forth pale tendrils; and may the rose-leaf flourish on every side, and the grape-loving vine, having spread out its flexible boughs all around, on account of the skilful and excellent learning which he, the honeyed [poet], practised, by a mingling of the Muses and the Graces.

Wind, gentle evergreen, to form a shade Around the tomb where Sophocles is laid; Sweet ivy, lend thine aid, and intertwine With blushing roses and the clustering vine: Thus shall thy lasting leaves, with beauties hung, Prove grateful emblems of the lays he sung, Whose soul, exalted like a god of wit, Among the Muses and the Graces writ.

Anon. Spectator.

# BOOK IV.

# I. PALLADAS.

O CHILD of impudence, most uneducated offspring of folly, say, why do you swagger, knowing nothing? You are a Platonist among the grammarians. But if one examines the dogmas of Plato, you are a grammarian again. You fly from the one to the other; and you neither know the art of grammar, nor are you a Platonist. "I know all things," you say; but you are imperfect in every thing. Having a smack of all things, you have nothing of your own.

# II. JULIAN THE EMPEROR.

#### ON A MUSICAL ORGAN.

I see a strange kind of reeds. Surely they have shot up rather quickly from another [strange] brazen ground; nor are they moved by our wind, but a gale rushing from a bull-hide cavern [bellows], travels below under the root of well-bored pipes. And some powerful man, having quick fingers of hand, knows how to handle the harmonizing lines of the pipes. And they leaping squeeze out a soft tune.

#### III. UNCERTAIN.

Why, O shepherds, do you drag by a shameless capture from dewy boughs, me a Cicada, the lover of solitude, the road-side songster of the Nymphs, chirping shrilly in mid-day heat on the mountains, and in the shady groves. Behold the thrush and blackbird, behold how many starlings are the plunderers of field-abundance. It is right to take the destroyers of fruits. Kill them. What grudging is there of leaves and grassy dew?

Why, ruthless shepherds, from the dewy spray,
In my lone haunt, Cicada tear away?
Me, the Nymphs' way-side minstrel, whose sweet note
O'er sultry hill is heard and shady grove to float?
Lo! where the blackbird, thrush, and greedy host
Of starlings fatten at the farmer's cost.
With just revenge these ravagers pursue;
But grudge me not a leaf, or grassy dew.

F. Wr.

### IV. CARPHYLIDES.

O traveller, as you go by, do not blame my monument; I have not, even when dead, any thing worthy of lamentations. I have left children's children, and have enjoyed one wife of the same old age with myself. I have given marriages to three children, of whom many times I have borne the children in my lap; nor have I lamented the disease or death of one of them; who have poured libations on me unharmed, and have sent me to the country of the pious to sleep a sweet sleep.

Think not, whoe'er thou art, my fate severe; Nor o'er my marble stop to shed a tear! One tender partner shared my happy state, And all that life imposes, but its weight. Three lovely girls in nuptial ties I bound, And children's children smiled my board around, And, often pillow'd on their grandsire's breast, Their darling offspring sunk to sweetest rest. Disease and death were strangers to my door, Nor from my arms one blooming infant tore. All, all survived, my dying eyes to close, And hymn my spirit to a blest repose.

BL.

#### V. APOLLINIS.

Melitinna heard unexpected news that her son had been overwhelmed by a wave bearing him; and she unhappy saw a sea-washed body of another person, that had reached the sands, the symbol of her own fortune, and she bedecked it, as if it were her own son. But Dion came safe to land upon an unbroken ship from a trafficking voyage. How unequal a fate did the mothers get by lot! the one has an unexpected living body, but the other will not see even the corpse [of her son].

#### VI. ANTIPATER.

I, Hermocrateia, after bringing forth twenty and nine [children], beheld the death neither of one son nor of one daughter; for Apollo did not shoot at my sons, Diana did not take my daughters mourning heavily; on the contrary, she came, and released my pain of child-bed, and Phœbus led the males, unhurt by diseases, to youth. See how I conquer justly with my children and temperate tongue the daughter of Tantalus.

# VII. AGATHIAS.

Letoïus and Paulus both, being brothers, had a common union in life; and had common threads of fate, and were clothed in common dust near the shore of the Bosphorus; for they were unable to live apart from one another; but they ran together likewise to Proserpine. Farewell, O sweet and unanimous ones. An altar of Unanimity ought to have been erected over your tomb.

#### VIII. ANTIPATER.

Archippus the ploughman, just leaving life from a heavy disease, and going to Hades, spoke these words to his sons—"Oh! my dear children, be content with my spade and ploughman's life; do not praise the groaning labour of the dangerous sea, and the heavy toil of ruinous sailing. As much as your mother was sweeter than

your stepmother, so much is the land more desirable than the sea white [with foam].

#### IX. UNCERTAIN.

Death robbed me of the autumn of youth; and the stone has concealed me in this tomb of my grandfather. I was by name Rufinus, the son of Ætherius, and born of a good mother; but I was born in vain; for after reaching the highest point of music and of youth, I came, alas, a clever person to Hades, and a young one to darkness. O traveller, do even you, seeing these letters, lament greatly; for surely you alive are either a son or a father.

# X. LUCILLIUS.

I lost a little pig, and an ox, and one she-goat, on account of which you, Menecles, have received a small fee. But neither has any thing happened in common to me and Othryades; neither do I lead away persons as thieves from Thermopylæ; but we have a trial against Eutychides; so that what has Xerxes to do here? and what have the Lacedæmonians? But also remember me on account of the law; or I will cry out loudly,—" Menecles says some things, the little pigs say other things."

#### XI. AGATHIAS.

#### ON AN IMAGE OF ÆSOP.

Well, old Lysippus, Sicyonian modeller, hast thou done, in making an image of the Samian Æsop, and placing him in the front of the Seven Wise Men; since they indeed introduced compulsion, and not persuasion, by their words. But he, by saying seasonable things in wise speeches, and playing in earnest, persuades [people] to be sensible. Now sharp counsel is a thing to be avoided; but the sweetness of the Samian fable has a pleasant bait.

With this Epigram Erasmus, quoted by Jacobs, has aptly compared one by Martial in vi. 19. From the two it appears that lawyers, employed on some trifling suit, were accustomed to make a long speech, and by lugging in matter not to the purpose, to neglect and sometimes lose the cause they were paid to advocate. Well done, old Sicyonian, sculptor famous,
Well hath Lysippus group'd Æsop of Samos,
Before the Sages Seven, whose sayings stern
Oblige, while his persuade, wisdom to learn.
By tale or fiction apt, a word in season
Draws us, 'twixt play and earnest, back to reason,
When counsel rude we'd shun; with bait more sure,
The pleasant Samian's fable can allure.

H. W.

# XII. THE SAYING OF THE WISE MEN.

I will speak of the Seven Wise Men with respect to their saying, city, name, voice. Cleobulus the Lindian said, Moderation is best. But Chilon in hollow Lacedæmon said, Know yourself. But Periander, who inhabited Corinth, said, Restrain anger. Pittacus, whose family was of Mitylene, said, Nothing too much. But Solon said, in holy Athens, Consider the end of life. But Bias of Priene declared, The majority are the worse. But Thales, the Milesian, said, Avoid being a security.

# XIII. ERINNA. ANTIPATER OF SIDON.

Erinna was of few words, and not of many stories, in songs; but these little words obtained for her the Muses. Therefore she has not missed a remembrance; neither is she kept under the dark wing of black night; but we the numberless myriads of new minstrels, waste away in oblivion in heaps. The little lament of a swan is more agreeable than the cawing of jackdaws uttered in the spring-clouds.

Few were thy notes, Erinna, short thy lay;
But thy short lay the Muse herself has given;
Thus never shall thy memory decay,
Nor night obscure thy fame, which lives in heaven:

While we, the unnumber'd bards of after-times, Sink in the melancholy grave unseen; Unhonour'd reach Avernus' fabled climes, And leave no record that we once have been. Sweet are the graceful swan's melodious lays,
Though but an instant heard, and then they die;
But the long chattering of discordant jays
The winds of April scatter through the sky.

J. H. M.

#### XIV. UNCERTAIN.

# ON THE DISTAFF 1 OF ERINNA.

This is the Lesbian wax-tablet<sup>2</sup> of Erinna; it is something sweet; a little thing, but wholly mixed with the honey of the Muses; and the three hundred verses of her are equal to those of Homer; her, the maiden nineteen years old, who through the fear of her mother stood by the distaff, or at the loom, a servant of and inspired by the Muses. But as much as Sappho is better in lyrics than Erinna, by so much is Erinna better than Sappho in hexameters.

# XV. CRINAGORAS.

A parrot with human voice, having left its cage with sides of withies, came with its bright-coloured wing to a thicket, always practising salutations for illustrious Cæsar; neither did it have a forgetfulness of the name in the mountains. And every bird quickly taught ran striving who should be able to say first to the god, Hail! Orpheus persuaded the beasts in the mountains; but now every bird unbidden sings out Cæsar!

#### XVI. UNCERTAIN.

The inhabitants of Dorian Rhodes raised for you yourself, O Sun, this colossus made of brass up to Olympus, when they had lulled to sleep the wave of Enyo, and decked their country with the spoils of their enemies. For they placed 4 not only over the sea, but also on land,

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Erinna wrote a poem under the title of Ἡλακάτη, Distaff.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Jacobs compares Νοσσίδος' ἐν δέλτοις κηρὸν ἔτηξεν Ερως in Meleager.
<sup>3</sup> Cæsar is here called δαίμων, as Augustus is "deus" by Virgil, and "divus" by Horace.

<sup>4</sup> ανθεσαν for ανέθεσαν.

the mild light of freedom without slavery; for an hereditary dominion on sea and on land belonged to them, who had increased from the race of Hercules.1

#### XVII. ANTIPHILUS.

#### ON THE ILIAD AND THE ODYSSEY.

Ye books, whose are ye? What do ye keep concealed? We are the daughters of Mæonides, and knowing in the stories of Troy; one [the Iliad] tells of the wrath of Achilles, and the deeds by the hands of Hector, and the contests of the ten years' war; but the other the labour of Ulysses, and the weeping of good Penelope about her widowed bed. Be on good terms with the Muses; for after your songs Time said that it possessed eleven Muses.

#### XVIII. AGATHIAS.

#### ON A STONE WHICH AJAX HAD HURLED.

O traveller! you may not bear aloft in your grasp me, the stone of Ajax, hurled against the breast of Hector. I am black and rough. But do you search the divine Homer how I caused to roll the son of Priam on the ground. But now with difficulty men, the disgrace of a sad race, move aside me small from the earth with a lever, but may some one hide me under the earth, for I am ashamed to become a sport to worthless men.

Rear me not, traveller! The weapon I, That Ajax once at Hector taught to fly. Rude as I am, let Homer's verse unfold How Priam's son along the plain I roll'd. Now mortals scarce can raise my massive length With levers—shame on their degenerate strength. But hide me, earth; for 'tis indeed disgrace, W. C. To be the jest of such a puny race.

there many cities, as stated by Homer in IA. B. 686.

<sup>2</sup> Instead of τίνες, "what," Planudes has τίνος, "whose:" which Brunck prefers, as better suited to the answer.

For Tlepolemus the son of Hercules came to Rhodes and founded

#### XIX. ANTIPATER.

O Ibycus, robbers having landed once on the solitary desert shore of an island, killed you, while crying many times upon a cloud of cranes, who had come as witnesses to you, when destroyed by a very sad death. Nor did you shout in vain; since a certain Erinnys did by a punishment avenge your murder through their cry in the land of Sisyphus.\(^1\) O gain-loving tribe of robbers, why have you not feared the wrath of the gods? for neither did Egisthus, who murdered aforetime the minstrel,\(^2\) escape the ever-seeing eye of the black-robed furies.

#### XX. POSIDIPPUS.

What path of life shall a person cut through! In the forum are quarrels and difficult suits; at home cares; in the fields enough of toils; in the sea fright; in a foreign land fear, if you have any thing; but if you are in a difficulty, vexation. Have you a wife? you will not be without anxiety. Are you unmarried? you live still more solitarily. Children are troubles. A childless life is a maimed condition. Youth is thoughtless. Grey hairs are strengthless. There is a choice of one of these two things, either never to have been born, or to die as soon as born.

What path of life would man desire to keep?
Wrangling and strife the forum yields; at home
Are cares; abroad, incessant toils; the deep
Is vex'd with storms. An exile would'st thou roam?
If wealthy, fears; if needy, slights await.
Would'st seek to wed? Expect not so to shun
The general doom. Would'st choose a single state?
In joyless gloom thy heavy hours will run.
Children are plagues; a childless life's accurst;
Folly 's in youth; in age fresh infancy.
Never to have been born, the wise man first
Would wish; and next, as soon as born, to die.
J. H. M.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> i. e. Corinth. <sup>2</sup> See Homer, Oδ. Γ. 269.

#### XXI. METRODORUS.

# PERSUASIVES ON THE CONTRARY.

You may cut through any path of life. In the forum there is reputation and clever suits; at home, rest; in the fields, the beauty of Nature; in the sea, gain; in a foreign country, if you have any thing, fame; but if you are in a difficulty, you alone know it. Have you a wife? home will be best. Are you unmarried? you live still more easily. Children are a desire; a childless life is without care. Youth is robust; and, on the other hand, grey hairs are pious. There is not then the choice of one of two things, either never to have been born, or to die; for all the things of life are good.

In every way of life true pleasure flows. Immortal fame from public action grows. Within the doors is found appeasing rest; In fields the gifts of Nature are exprest. The sea brings gain. The rich abroad provide To blaze their names; the poor their wants to hide. All households are best governed by a wife: His cares are light, who leads a single life. Sweet children are delights, which marriage bless; He, that hath none, disturbs his thoughts the less. Strong youth can triumph in victorious deeds; Old age the soul with pious notions feeds. All states are good; and they are falsely led, Who wish to be unborn, or quickly dead.

JOHN BEAUMONT.

#### XXII. MELEAGER.

O Heliodora, I will give tears to you, even when under the earth, the remainder of my affection to Hades, tears sadly wept; and I pour a libation upon the muchwept tomb, a stream of regret, a remembrance of my

<sup>1—1</sup> There is some error in the words στοργᾶς λείψανον είς Αίδαν: which it would not be difficult to correct.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> So the Westm. text; the Eton has  $\mu\nu\tilde{a}\mu a$ , which can hardly be united to  $\sigma\pi\dot{\epsilon}\nu\delta\omega$ .

friendly feeling. For piteously do I, Meleager, piteously wail for thee, beloved even among the dead; a vain pleasure for Acheron. Alas! alas! where is my regretted blossom? Hades has snatched it, has snatched it. But to thee, Earth, all nourishing, do I fall on my knees, that thou mayest, O mother, place gently in thy bosom her greatly bewailed.

Tears, all that love has left to give the dead,
Take, Heliodora, e'en in Earth's lone bed.
Tears, bitter tears, the glistening mound below,
Regret's, affection's, fond memorials flow.
Thee sorely, sorely loved, though lost, laments
Meleager; Pluto's bosom nought relents.
Ah! where 's my soul's sweet blosom? reft, the tomb
Hath reft it; dust has stain'd her prime of bloom.
All-nursing Earth! oh, bid her softly rest,
And gently fold my mourn'd one to thy breast. G. Bo.

#### XXIII. LUCIAN.

A certain physician sent his own son to me to learn from me grammar; and when he knew, "Sing the wrath of Achilles," and," He caused ten thousand griefs," and the third line following these, "And he sent untimely many brave souls to Hades," no longer does he send him to me to learn. But the father on seeing me, said—"Thanks to you, my friend; but my child can learn these things at my house. For I send many souls untimely to Hades; and for this I want no grammarian."

A doctor, fond of letters, once agreed
Beneath my care his son should learn to read.
The lad soon knew "Achilles' wrath" to sing,
And said by heart, "To Greece the direful spring."
"'T is quite enough, my dear," the parent said;
"For too much learning might confuse your head.
That wrath which hurls to Pluto's gloomy reign,
Go, tell your tutor, I can best explain."

BL.

#### XXIV. PALLADAS.

Tantalus ate nothing, for the fruit of the plants shaken

from above over his head fled from him; and on this account, wanting nourishment, he thirsted less. But if he had eaten ripened figs, and damsons, and apples, how great is the thirst to dead men from green fruit. But we, having been invited, eat all kinds of salted things, chennia, and cheeses, the salted fat of a goose, birds, and veal; and yet we drunk [only] one cup over them. Therefore, O Tantalus, we suffer more bitterly than thou.

#### XXV. UNCERTAIN.

# ON A STATUE OF BACCHUS, STANDING NEAR THAT OF PALLAS.

Tell me, what is there in common to you and Pallas? for spears and wars are present to the one; but to you sumptuous feasts are pleasant. O stranger, do not rashly inquire such things about the gods; but know in how many things I am like this deity; for the glory of wars is dear to me; all the Indus subdued even from the eastern ocean, knows me. And we have honoured the race of men; she with the olive, but I with the sweet grapes of the wild vine. And indeed neither did a mother endure pains for me; but I loosened the thigh of my father, but she the head.

A. What has Bacchus to do with Minerva? the spear And the battle please her; thee the feast and good cheer. B. Not so fast, my good friend, when you question the gods, 'Twixt that goddess and me there are no such great odds. As a proof that war's glories me also can please, Take all India subdued to the easternmost seas. To enliven man's race both our blessings combine; Her's, the olive; my gift's the sweet clust'ring vine.

<sup>1</sup> See Hom. Oδ. A.

<sup>2</sup> As it is uncertain what kind of animal is intended by χέννια, the Greek word is left in the English. Hesychius says it meant a little bird eaten in a pickled state in Egypt, or a kind of fish.

<sup>3</sup> So Horace says of Bacchus, "Quanquam choreis aptior et jocis Ludoque dictus, non sat idoneus Pugnæ ferebaris; sed idem Pacis eras

mediusque belli."

4—4 Bacchus was said to have come from the thigh, but Pallas from the head of Jupiter.

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Nor of me was a mother in pangs brought to bed; I slipt out of Jove's thigh; she sprang from his head.

# XXVI. THEÆTETUS.

#### ON A STATUE OF NEMESIS IN RAMNUS.

A Median stone-cutter having cut me a white stone from a re-growing 1 eminence with stone-cutting instruments, caused me to cross the sea, in order that he might make statues, the symbols of labour-endurance against the Athenians. But when Marathon roared against the fighting Persians, and their ships sailed over the sea, stained with the outpouring of [their] blood, Athens, teeming with noble men, sculptured Adrasteia, a deity hostile to proud men. 2 I balance hopes in return.2 But I am now to the Athenians, Victory; to the Assyrians, Nemesis [Retribution].

Of ivory whiteness from a mountain rock A Median sculptor in a massive block Shipp'd me for Attica, and doom'd to stand His mark of triumph o'er this Attic land. But when at Marathon fall'n Persia groan'd, And for invasion shatter'd ships atoned, By Attic art, perfection's nurse, I rose In form a goddess, who the proud o'erthrows. In different characters my figure speaks, To Persians Vengeance, Victory to Greeks.

HAYLEY.

#### XXVII. PALLADAS.

They say that Sarapis stood as a vision of the night over a murderer, while sleeping near a rotten wall, and uttered an oracle—"Hollo! you that lie there, stand up;

<sup>1</sup> Jacobs observes, that by παλιναυξέος it is meant to show that stone, like trees, after being cut, grows again. It is more probable that the word is corrupt, and that the poet wrote πολυαυγέος, "wide-seeing," an epithet well suited to περιωπη, "a lofty look-out."

Lis not easy to extract a legitimate sense from 'Αντιταλαντεύω τὰς ἐλπίδας: but not difficult to suggest, what the train of thought re-

quires, and what the poet probably wrote.

and having changed the place, sleep, wretched one, some where else." And he, through the dream, changed the place; and the rotten wall on a sudden lay on the ground in pieces; and the malefactor rejoicing sacrificed to the gods early in the morning gifts for his safety, thinking that the god was pleased with murderers. But Sarapis again stood near him in the night, and gave a prophecy—"Thinkest thou, wretch, that I care for the unjust! <sup>1</sup> If I had not left you to die, you had now escaped a painless death; <sup>1</sup> but know that you are preserved for the cross."

A murderer, sleeping by a tott'ring wall,
Saw in a dream Sarapis' awful face;
And—"Ho, thou sleeper, rise"—he heard him call,
Go take thy slumber in some other place.
The murderer woke; departed; and, behold,
Straight to the earth the tott'ring fabric roll'd.

The wretch next morning offerings brought, as fain
To think himself to great Sarapis dear.
But the god came by night and spoke again—
"Wretch, dost thou think the like of thee my care?
To avert a painless death I bade thee wake;
But learn that Heaven reserves thee for the stake."
J. W. B.

# XXVIII. POSIDIPPUS.

Who [and] whence is the modeller? A Sicyonian. What is his name? Lysippus. But who are you? Time, the subduer of all. But why do you go on tip-toe? I am always running. But why have you soles of two kinds to your feet? I fly light as wind. Why do you bear something cutting in your right hand? A sign to men that I am sharper than any edge. But the hair, why is it down your face? To be laid hold of by the person coming

<sup>1—1</sup> The sense is the same, as if the poet had said, If I had left you to die now, a painless death would have come upon you.

<sup>2</sup> By ταρσούς—διφυεῖς is meant "soles of a double kind," one like a human being, and the other with little wings, similar to the πέδιλα of Mercury.

to meet me, by Jupiter. But why are the parts behind bald? Because no one, even desiring it, will afterwards lay hold of me, after I have once rushed past him with winged feet. On what account has the artist modelled you? On account of you, O stranger, and has placed instruction in the doorway.

## XXIX. AGATHIAS.

Calligenes, a countryman, when he had cast the seed in the ground, went to the house of Aristophanes, the astrologer, and inquiring, asked if there would be to him a favourable summer, and ungrudging abundance of ears of corn. And he, after taking his counters, and arranging them over the tablet, and bending his fingers, spoke to Calligenes—"If indeed the ground has become wet, as much as is sufficient, and shall not produce any flowers turning to wood [not fruit], and if the frost shall not break the furrow, nor the top of the rising sheaf be rubbed off by a hailstorm, nor fawns consume the crops, nor you see? any failure of air or earth, I foretell to you a good harvest, and you shall well cut down the ears. Fear the locusts alone."

# XXX. CALLIMACHUS.

A certain stranger of Atarne thus questioned Pittacus of Mitylene, the son of Hyrradius—"O thou aged sir, a double marriage invites me: the one is a damsel both in wealth and birth my equal; but the other goes beyond me both in riches and birth. Which is the better

<sup>2</sup> Instead of ὄψεται Scaliger suggested ὄψεαι, which alone makes sense

here.

<sup>1</sup> Sonntag justly objected to this useless oath; but instead of καίρια he might have suggested rather ὑτόια, "easy," as being nearer to ντ δία. This Epigram is said by some to be not on Time, but Opportunity, in Latin "Occasio," as in Phædrus v. 8. But "Opportunity" could hardly be said to be "all-subduing," an epithet more applicable to Time: and hence ξυρὸν is not "a razor," nor "a scythe," but merely "something cutting."

IV.	WESTMINSTER,	1	BOOK,	3	EP.
v.	******	3		4	_
VI.		2	_	3	
т.		2	_	4	—

#### VIII. ALPHEUS OF MITYLENE.

Shut, god, the unwearied [unsubdued] gates of Olympus; guard, Jupiter, the very holy citadel of the sky. For already is the sea brought by the spear under the yoke of Rome, and the land likewise; but the road to heaven is still untrodden.

Olympus' gates, still unsubdued, god, shut; Guard, Jove, the holy fortress of the skies; Rome under her the sea and land has put; The road to heav'n alone untrodden lies. G. B.

IX. WESTMINSTER, 1 BOOK, 1 EP.

X. MUSICIUS; others, PLATO.

#### ON A THREAT.

The Cyprian [goddess said] to the Muses, "Damsels, honour Venus; or I will arm Love against you." And they [replied] to Venus, "These mouthings are for Mars. That little boy flies not to us."

"Yee Nymphs," quoth Venus, "stand of mee in awe, Or armed Love shall all your hearts invade." "Goddesse," sayd they, "wee reckon not a straw That winged boy; these threats to Mars upbraid." LEXIMOS UTHALMUS.

When Venus bade the Aonian maids obey, Or her own son should vindicate her sway; The virgins answer'd, "Threat your subjects thus: That puny warrior has no arms for us." J. H. M.

XI. WESTMINSTER, 3 BOOK, 17 EP.

#### XII. LUCIAN.

# ON A SPENDTHRIFT.

Theron, the [son] of Menippus, did, when a youth, pour out [waste] his paternal wealth basely upon expense uncontrolled. But Euctemon, a friend of the family, when he perceived him now worn down by poverty, dry as a stick, did, shedding tears, raise him up, and made him the husband of his own daughter, and gave many marriage presents. But when wealth came to Theron contrary to his expectations, immediately he indulged in the same expenses; and thus did a second time the wave of destructive poverty flowing again hide [overwhelm] Theron. A second time did Euctemon weep, not for him, but for the dowry and the marriage-bed of his daughter; and perceived that it is not possible for a man, who had used improperly his own property, to be trust-worthy in that of another.

#### XIII. PHILIP.

# ON A FLUTE-PLAYER.

Phœbus said of Glaphyrus, the shrill-toned, after he had played sweetly upon the flute with many holes, "You have spoken falsely, Marsyas, about your invention; for this person has taken as a spoil the flute of the Phrygian Athéné; and had you blown into such formerly, Hyagnis² would not have bewailed the unhappy flute-contest³ by the Mæander."

# XIV. WESTMINSTER, 2 BOOK, 17 EP.

# XV. PALLADAS.

Of Hope and Fortune there is to me no longer a care; nor do I count hereafter upon their deceit. I have

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> This Glaphyrus is mentioned by Juvenal, vi. 78.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> The father of Marsyas.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>3</sup> This took place between Apollo and Marsyas. See Ovid. Met. vi. 385—400, where it is stated that Olympus, the musician, wept for the death of his young friend, not Hyagnis for that of his son.

come to port. I am a poor man in Poverty, but I dwell with Freedom. I turn aside from wealth, the insulter of poverty.

# XVI. LUCILLIUS, OR AMMIANUS.

Do not, man, sit thou at the table of another, gratifying the belly with a morsel to be reproached; at one time weeping with a person weeping, and saddened [as to his] eye, and again laughing with him laughing, having no need thyself either of weeping or laughter. I weep with Milia, and I laugh with Milia.

Oh, do not at a stranger's table sit,
Thy belly pleasing with a shameful bit;
Now weeping with the weeper's sadden'd face,
Now laughing with the laugher's broad grimace,
Needing thyself no tears or laugh; the while
I weep with Milia, and with Milia smile.
G. B.

XVII. WESTMINSTER, 2 BOOK, 100 EP.

# XVIII. CRATES THE PHILOSOPHER.

Hail, Frugality, <sup>2</sup>goddess [and] mistress, the object of desire to virtuous men, <sup>2</sup> the offspring of renowned Temperance, your excellence such persons honour, as practise what is just.

XIX.	WESTMINSTER,	1	BOOK,	22	EP.
xx.		3		33	_
XXI.	. ——	4	_	20	_
XXII.		4		21	_
XXIII.		1		93	

<sup>1 &</sup>quot;Milia." Brodæus thinks, was the wife of the epigrammatist.
2—2 Instead of θεὰ δέσποιν ἀνδρῶν ἀγαθῶν ἀγάπημα, Julian, in Or. vi. p. 199, has θεὰ δέσποινα σοφῶν ἀνδρῶν ἀγάπημα, which leads to θεὰ, δέσποινα σοφῶν, ἀγαθῶν τ' ἀγάπημα, i. e. "mistress of the wise, and the object of desire to virtuous men."

## XXIV. PALLADAS.

I came upon earth naked, and naked I shall go under the earth. Why do I labour in vain, beholding my naked end?

# XXV. WESTMINSTER, 1 BOOK, 94 EP.

## XXVI. UNCERTAIN.

Many things happen between the cup and the tip of the lip.1

# XXVII. JULIAN.

Life has obtained by lot all pleasant paths. In the midst of the city fellow-bands are a boast; griefs at home are concealed. The field brings delight, the sailing gain; a strange land knowledge. From marriage a family has an union of sentiment; to the unmarried life is without care. A child becomes a wall of defence to a father; to the childless fear is not in their path. Youth knows how to give manliness; grey [hairs] wisdom. From thence obtaining confidence, O mortal, beget thou a family.

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How shall any one fly from you, Life, without death? For numberless are your pains; and neither to fly from nor endure them is it easy. What are naturally beautiful are pleasant, the earth, sea, stars, the orbs of the moon and sun. But all the rest is fear and grief; and should any one have any good, he waits for a retributive Nemesis.

From thee, O Life, and from thy myriad woes, Who, but by death, can flee, or find repose?

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> This proverb was thus rendered into Latin by M. Cato, as we learn from A. Gell. Noct. Attic. xiii. 16, "Inter os et offam multa intervenire sunt potis."

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xx.		3	_	33	_
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ing. In all my end-twigs and well-growing branches have I been broken, through being pelted by frequent hands. There is no advantage for trees to bear fruit well. For truly I unfortunate have borne fruit to my own wrong.

# XXXV. ANTIPATER OF BYZANTIUM.

Ye hanging branches of the wide-spreading oak, a well-shading height to men guarding themselves against unmitigated heat, bearing many leaves, a closer covering than tiles, the dwelling of wood-doves, the dwelling of Tettiges, ye branches in the open air, defend me too, reclining under your leaves, and flying from the rays of the sun.

Aerial branches of tall oak, retreat
Of loftiest shade for those, who shun the heat,
With foliage full, more close than tiling, where
Dove and Cicada dwell aloft in air,
Me too, who thus my head beneath you lay,
Protect, a fugitive from noon's fierce ray. G. Bo.

# XXXVI. ANTIPATER.

A single heifer, and a sheep with wool like hair, was the wealth of Aristides; by these he kept off hunger from his door. But he failed in both. A wolf killed the sheep, and labour-pains the heifer; and the herd of poverty perished: and he having twisted a noose, with the string that tied round his wallet, to his neck, died piteously by his cabin, where there was no lowing.

¹ Instead of φωτῶν, to which Brunck justly objected, Jacobs happily suggested φαττῶν, referring to Horace, "ulmo, Nota quæ sedes fuerat palumbis."

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> The Greek word τέττιγες is generally translated "grasshopper;" but as the grasshopper is not found in England upon trees, the Greek word has been preserved. The animal alluded to answers rather to the cricket. It is called in Italy, where it is still found on trees, "cigala," a corruption of the Latin "cicada."

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The sun, the moon, the stars, the earth, the sea,
All else is fear and grief; and each success
Brings its retributive unhappiness.

H. W.

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XXX. WESTMINSTER, 1 BOOK, 97 EP.

#### XXXI. ARCHIAS.

The recently-born child of Lysippé having crept t a precipice, was commencing the unhappy fate of Asty anax. But she guided it away, by putting forward th teat from her bosom, the deliverer from hunger an death.

Her infant playing on the verge of fate,
When but an instant's space had been too late,
And pointed crags had claim'd his forfeit breath,
The mother saw. She laid her bosom bare.
Her child sprang forward the known bliss to share,
And that which nourish'd life now saved from death.
J. H. M.

Close to a crag had crept Lysippe's boy,
T' endure the fate of Hector's son at Troy;
When she her bosom bared; that, like a guide,
Released from danger and life's stream supplied.

G. B.

XXXII. WESTMINSTER, 1 BOOK, 11 EP.

хххIII. — 3 — 11 —

XXXIV. ANTIPATER; orners, PLATO.

UPON TREES.

They planted me a walnut by the road-side, the amuse ment to boys passing by, for their skill in stone-throw ing. In all my end-twigs and well-growing branches have I been broken, through being pelted by frequent hands. There is no advantage for trees to bear fruit well. For truly I unfortunate have borne fruit to my own wrong.

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One fleecy ewe, one heifer, were the store That drove dire want from Aristides' door. He lost them both. His teeming heifer died. His single ewe the ravenous wolf descried, And bore away. Thus all he had was gone. Retiring to his silent hut alone, The belt that bound his empty scrip he takes, Fastens the noose, and wretched life forsakes.

F. H

A single heifer and a coarse-wool'd sheep
Was all the wealth of Aristides poor.
With these he fondly fancied he could keep
At least the pains of hunger from his door.
In both he fail'd. A wolf the sheep devour'd;
His heifer in the pains of labour died.
His flock thus lost, he hung himself, mind-sour'd,
In a noose twisting what his wallet tied,
Hard by his cabin; where the poor man's shed
Sounds heard no more; himself and flock were dead.

G. B.

# XXXVII. WESTMINSTER, 1 BOOK, 33 EP.

#### XXXVIII. LUCIAN.

#### ON LOVE.

Love does not wrong the race of voice-dividing [men]; but love is the pretext to the ill-regulated minds of mortals.

XXXIX.	WESTMINSTER,	1	BOOK,	40	EP.
XL.		2		11	_
XLI.		1		14	_
XLII.		ı		99	_
XLIII.		4		3	

# XLIV. AGATHIAS.

Why fear ye death, the parent of quietness, that which causes to cease diseases and the pains of poverty? He alone is at hand once to mortals, nor has any mortal seen him coming a second time. But diseases are many and

various, coming some to some mortals, and others to others, and changing places.

Why shrink from death, the parent of repose,
The cure of sickness and all human woes?
As through the tribes of men he speeds his way,
Once, and but once, his visit he will pay;
Whilst pale diseases, harbingers of pain,
Close on each other crowd, an endless train.
W. Shepherd.

Why fear ye death, the parent of repose,
Who numbs the sense of penury and pain?
He comes but only once, nor ever throws,
Triumphant once, his painful shaft again.
But countless evils upon life intrude,
Recurring oft in sad vicissitude.
BL.

XLV. WESTMINSTER, 1 BOOK, 98 EP.

## XLVI. UNCERTAIN.

The road down to Hades is straight, whether you go from Athens, or depart from Meroé a corpse. Let it not vex you that you have died at a distance from your country. There is one wind that carries you from every where to Hades.

Whether from Athens thou begin,
Or Meroé thy road,
One trodden path still points the way
Unto the joyless god.
And though an exile's death thou die,
And see thy home no more,
Blows from each clime a steady gale
Swift to the Stygian shore.
R. Tweddell.

Straight is our passage to the grave,
Whether from Meroé's burning wave,
Or Attic groves we roam:
Grieve not in distant lands to die;
Our vessels seek from every sky
Death's universal home.
F. H.

From Athens or from Meroé
Your passage to the grave will be
Direct alike. Then cease to care,
Far from your country if you die.
From every quarter of the sky
To our last home the wind sets fair. H. W.

# XLVII. UNCERTAIN.

I am dead; but I am waiting for thee; and thou too shalt wait for some other person. One Hades receives all mortals equally.<sup>1</sup>

XLVIII. WESTMINSTER, 1 BOOK, 13 EP.

#### XLIX. UNOWNED.

Jupiter [became] a swan, a bull, a satyr, gold, for the love [respectively] of Leda, Europa, Antiopé, Danaé.

# L. LUCILLIUS.

UPON THOSE WHO ARE EVER AILING.

Those, who have left behind the pleasant light, I do not still lament, but those, who are living continually in the expectation of death.

Far happier are the dead, methinks, than they Who look for death, and fear it every day. W. C. I mourn not those, who, banish'd from the light, Sleep in the grave through death's eternal night; But those, whom death for ever near appals, Who see the blow suspended, ere it falls. Bl.

#### · LI. LUCILLIUS.

Nature has found amongst men nothing more baneful than a man who makes a false show of pure friendship. For we are not any longer on the watch as against an enemy; but loving him as a friend, in this we are hurt the more.

<sup>1</sup> Here ὅμως seems to be used for ὁμοίως, " equally."

No mischief worthier of fear

In Nature can be found,
Than friendship, in ostent sincere,
But hollow and unsound.

For lull'd into a dangerous dream,
We close infold a foe;
Who strikes, when most secure we seem,
The inevitable blow.

W. C.

Nature for man has nothing harsher found Than him, whose friendship false is and unsound. Not as a foe we watch him with alarm, But, as friend loving, suffer greater harm. G. B

## LII. UNCERTAIN.

You have a feigned love; and through fear and compulsion you love. But nothing is less to be trusted than the loving in this way.

# LIII. UNCERTAIN. ON THUCYDIDES.

Friend, if you are clever, take me into your hands; but if you are entirely ignorant of the Muses, throw away what you do not understand.

# LIV. WESTMINSTER, 1 BOOK, 41 EP.

#### LV. JULIAN.

A home and country [are] the charm of life; but overmuch care is to men not life, but labour.

#### LVI. ANTIPATER.

#### ON THE TEMPLE OF DIANA.

I have seen the wall of the ancient Babylon, upon which chariots ran, and [the statue of] Jupiter by the

<sup>2</sup> The statue of Jupiter at Olympia was one of the most celebrated works of Phidias.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> The word  $\mathbf{K}\rho\alpha\nu\alpha\tilde{\alpha}c$ , originally the name of an ancient king of Athens, is here metaphorically applied to Babylon.

IV.	WESTMINSTER,	1	BOOK,	3	EP.
v.		3		4	_
VI.		2	_	3	_
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Shut, god, the unwearied [unsubdued] gates of Olympus; guard, Jupiter, the very holy citadel of the sky. For already is the sea brought by the spear under the yoke of Rome, and the land likewise; but the road to heaven is still untrodden.

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Her infant playing on the verge of fate,
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T' endure the fate of Hector's son at Troy;
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Released from danger and life's stream supplied.
G. 1

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хххи. — 3 — 11 —

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Protect, a fugitive from noon's fierce ray. G. Bo.

# XXXVI. ANTIPATER.

A single heifer, and a sheep with wool like hair, was the wealth of Aristides; by these he kept off hunger from his door. But he failed in both. A wolf killed the sheep, and labour-pains the heifer; and the herd of poverty perished: and he having twisted a noose, with the string that tied round his wallet, to his neck, died piteously by his cabin, where there was no lowing.

¹ Instead of φωτῶν, to which Brunck justly objected, Jacobs happily suggested φαττῶν, referring to Horace, "ulmo, Nota quæ sedes fuerat palumbis."

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> The Greek word τέττιγες is generally translated "grasshopper;" but as the grasshopper is not found in England upon trees, the Greek word has been preserved. The animal alluded to answers rather to the cricket. It is called in Italy, where it is still found on trees, "cigala," a corruption of the Latin "cicada."

One fleecy ewe, one heifer, were the store That drove dire want from Aristides' door. He lost them both. His teeming heifer died. His single ewe the ravenous wolf descried, And bore away. Thus all he had was gone. Retiring to his silent hut alone, The belt that bound his empty scrip he takes, Fastens the noose, and wretched life forsakes.

A single heifer and a coarse-wool'd sheep Was all the wealth of Aristides poor. With these he fondly fancied he could keep At least the pains of hunger from his door. In both he fail'd. A wolf the sheep devour'd; His heifer in the pains of labour died. His flock thus lost, he hung himself, mind-sour'd, In a noose twisting what his wallet tied, Hard by his cabin; where the poor man's shed Sounds heard no more; himself and flock were dead.

G. B.

# XXXVII. WESTMINSTER, 1 BOOK, 33 EP.

#### XXXVIII. LUCIAN.

#### ON LOVE.

Love does not wrong the race of voice-dividing [men]; but love is the pretext to the ill-regulated minds of mortals.

XXXIX.	WESTMINSTER,	1	воок,	40	EP.
XL.		2	_	11	_
XLI.		1		14	
XLII.		1		99	
XLIII.		4		3	

# XLIV. AGATHIAS.

Why fear ye death, the parent of quietness, that which causes to cease diseases and the pains of poverty? He alone is at hand once to mortals, nor has any mortal seen him coming a second time. But diseases are many and various, coming some to some mortals, and others to others, and changing places.

Why shrink from death, the parent of repose,
The cure of sickness and all human woes?
As through the tribes of men he speeds his way,
Once, and but once, his visit he will pay;
Whilst pale diseases, harbingers of pain,
Close on each other crowd, an endless train.
W. Shepherd.

Why fear ye death, the parent of repose,
Who numbs the sense of penury and pain?
He comes but only once, nor ever throws,
Triumphant once, his painful shaft again.
But countless evils upon life intrude,
Recurring oft in sad vicissitude.
BL.

XLV. WESTMINSTER, 1 BOOK, 98 EP.

## XLVI. UNCERTAIN.

The road down to Hades is straight, whether you go from Athens, or depart from Meroé a corpse. Let it not vex you that you have died at a distance from your country. There is one wind that carries you from every where to Hades.

Whether from Athens thou begin,
Or Meroé thy road,
One trodden path still points the way
Unto the joyless god.
And though an exile's death thou die,
And see thy home no more,
Blows from each clime a steady gale
Swift to the Stygian shore.
R. TWEDDEL.

Straight is our passage to the grave,
Whether from Meroe's burning wave,
Or Attic groves we roam:
Grieve not in distant lands to die;
Our vessels seek from every sky
Death's universal home.
F. H.

From Athens or from Meroé
Your passage to the grave will be
Direct alike. Then cease to care,
Far from your country if you die.
From every quarter of the sky
To our last home the wind sets fair. H. W.

# XLVII. UNCERTAIN.

I am dead; but I am waiting for thee; and thou too shalt wait for some other person. One Hades receives all mortals equally.<sup>1</sup>

XLVIII. WESTMINSTER, 1 BOOK, 13 EP.

#### XLIX. UNOWNED.

Jupiter [became] a swan, a bull, a satyr, gold, for the love [respectively] of Leda, Europa, Antiopé, Danaé.

# L. LUCILLIUS.

UPON THOSE WHO ARE EVER AILING.

Those, who have left behind the pleasant light, I do not still lament, but those, who are living continually in the expectation of death.

Far happier are the dead, methinks, than they Who look for death, and fear it every day. W. C. I mourn not those, who, banish'd from the light, Sleep in the grave through death's eternal night; But those, whom death for ever near appals, Who see the blow suspended, ere it falls. Bl.

#### · LI. LUCILLIUS.

Nature has found amongst men nothing more baneful than a man who makes a false show of pure friendship. For we are not any longer on the watch as against an enemy; but loving him as a friend, in this we are hurt the more.

<sup>1</sup> Here ὅμως seems to be used for ὁμοίως, " equally."

No mischief worthier of fear

In Nature can be found,
Than friendship, in ostent sincere,
But hollow and unsound.

For lull'd into a dangerous dream,
We close infold a foe;
Who strikes, when most secure we seem,
The inevitable blow.

W. C.

Nature for man has nothing harsher found Than him, whose friendship false is and unsound. Not as a foe we watch him with alarm, But, as friend loving, suffer greater harm. G. B.

## LII. UNCERTAIN.

You have a feigned love; and through fear and compulsion you love. But nothing is less to be trusted than the loving in this way.

# LIII. UNCERTAIN.

# ON THUCYDIDES.

Friend, if you are clever, take me into your hands; but if you are entirely ignorant of the Muses, throw away what you do not understand.

# LIV. WESTMINSTER, 1 BOOK, 41 EP.

## LV. JULIAN.

A home and country [are] the charm of life; but overmuch care is to men not life, but labour.

# LVI. ANTIPATER.

#### ON THE TEMPLE OF DIANA.

I have seen the wall of the ancient 1 Babylon, upon which chariots ran, and [the statue of] Jupiter 2 by the

<sup>2</sup> The statue of Jupiter at Olympia was one of the most celebrated works of Phidias.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> The word Κραναᾶς, originally the name of an ancient king of Athens, is here metaphorically applied to Babylon.

Alphēus, and the hanging gardens [of Babylon], and the Colossus of the Sun, and the great labour of the lofty Pyramids, and the vast monument of Mausolus. But when I beheld the house [temple] of Diana [at Ephesus, running up to the clouds, all these were obscured; and if the sun has seen,3 it has never beheld any thing of such a kind, except Olympus.

# LVII. ANTIPHILUS OF BYZANTIUM.

## ON NAVIGATION.

<sup>4</sup>Boldness, thou first leader of ships <sup>4</sup>—for thou hast discovered the running over the sea, and hast excited the minds of men by gain-what deceitful timber hast thou planned and worked; what a love of gain, detected by death, hast thou infused into man! 5 The age of voicedividing men was truly golden, if the sea was seen from the land at a distance, as Hades is.5

> LVIII. WESTMINSTER, 3 BOOK, 19 EP. LIX. - 14 --

# LX. LUCIAN.

The wealth of the soul is the only true wealth. <sup>6</sup>The rest of possessions have more annoyance.6 That man it is just to call a possessor of much and wealthy, who is able to use his good things. But if one is wasted away amongst pebbles [counters], ever hastening to heap one kind of wealth upon another, this man will labour, like

The Colossus at Rhodes is here alluded to.

<sup>2</sup> See Pliny N. H. xxxvi. 14. Act. Apost. xix. 24.

In the words κὴν ἴδε is an error noticed, but not corrected, by Jacobs. 4-4 Jacobs quotes very appositely Statius Sylv. iii. 2, 61, "Quis rude et abscissum miseris animantibus æquor Fecit iter?—Audax ingenii."

5\_5 Jacobs refers to Horace, Epist. I. ii. 8, "tamen illic vivere vel-

lem—Neptunum procul e terra spectare furentem."

- Instead of τάλλα δ΄ έχει αὐτή πλείονα τῶν κτεάνων, where αὐτή interferes with the sense and metre, Brunck reads τάλλα δ΄ έχει λύπην πλείονα τῶν ἀγαθῶν, which is adopted by Jacobs, although he confesses it is not likely that ἀγαθών should have been corrupted into κτεάνων.

the bee in its hive with many holes, while others take away the honey.

The riches of the mind alone are true;
All other wealth only more trouble brings.
To him the title of a rich man's due,
Who's able to make use of his good things.
But whoso's mind on calculations dwells,
Intent on heaping money upon money,
He, like the bee, adds to the hive new cells,
Out of which others will extract the honey. H. W.

# LXI. PALLADAS.

ON CONSOLATION.

The expectation of death is a very painful sorrow. A mortal when dead has this as a gain. Do not then weep for him who has departed from life. Of death there is no second suffering.

Death to expect brings much of grief and pain; Which not to feel the dead may count a gain. For him lament not, who yields up his breath; There is no second suffering after death. G. B.

#### LXII.

WHAT WORDS ULYSSES WOULD SAY ON ARRIVING AT 1THACA.

ON ONE'S COUNTRY.

Hail, Ithaca. After my labours, after the bitter sorrows at sea, delightedly do I come to thy soil, in order that I may see Laertes, and my wife, and my only child shining [in youth]. For the love of you has soothed my mind; and I know myself that there is nothing sweeter than one's own country and parents.

Hail, Ithaca, my loved paternal soil, How after years of travel, war, and toil,

<sup>1</sup> Viz. "not to be pained by the expectation."

How after countless perils of the sea,
My heart, returning, fondly clings to thee!
Where I shall once more bless my father's age,
And smooth the last steps of my pilgrimage;
Again embrace my wife; again enjoy
The sweet endearments of my only boy.
Now from my soul I feel how strong the chain
That binds the passions to our native plain. J. H. M.

LXIII. WESTMINSTER, 3 BOOK, 25 EP.

#### LXIV. UNKNOWN.

#### UPON MENANDER.

For you did the bees themselves with their mouths carry away the varied flowers of the Muses, after they had plucked them. And the Graces themselves gave to you, Menander, a happy hit in expression, throwing themselves into [your] dramas. You live for ages; and the glory which comes from you to Athens, reaches the boundaries of the heavens.

The very bees, O sweet Menander, hung
To taste the Muses' spring upon thy tongue;
The very Graces made the scenes you writ
Their happy point of fine expression hit.
Thus still you live; you make your Athens shine,
And raise its glory to the skies in thine.

ANON. SPECTATOR.

The bees, Menander, who with active wing Sport 'midst the flowers that deck the Muses' spring; Around thy lips in thick'ning clusters hung, And tipp'd with honey drops the infant tongue. The Graces, too, on thee their gifts bestow, And teach thy strains with elegance to flow. Celestial bard! immortal as thy lays,

Thy native Athens shares thy meed of praise.

SHEPHERD.

Thee with their mouths the Attic bees have fed, Flowers various plucking from the Muses' bed; The Graces too, Menander, gave thee wit, In thy plays throwing happy words and fit. For ever live thou, and the glory given By thee to Athens, touch the bounds of heaven. G. B.

# LXV. PALLADAS.

ON SILENCE.

Every untaught person is most prudent by being silent, [and] concealing his talk, as a disorder the most disgraceful.

A blockhead, as long as he's silent, is wise;
For his talk is a sore he should hide from all eyes.

H. W.

# LXVI. PAUL THE SILENTIARY:

Not [merely] to live has an agreeable nature, but to throw away from the breast gray-headed cares. I wish to have wealth that is sufficient. But the overmuch and mad pursuit of gold ever eats down the feelings. Hence you will find amongst men both poverty [to be] better than wealth, and death than life. Do you then, knowing this, direct the paths of your heart, looking to one hope, namely, Wisdom.

# LXVII. UNCERTAIN. UPON TEMPERANCE.

Temperance and Love, after coming in opposition to each other, both lost their lives. A burning desire for Hippolytus destroyed Phædra; and chaste Temperance

killed Hippolytus.

Once Love and Virtue were opposed in fight;
And either fell before the other's might;
Fond Phædra died, Hippolytus, for thee;
A victim thou to thine own chastity.

R. C. C.

LXVIII. WESTMINSTER, 1 BOOK, 80 EP.

LXIX. —— 2 — 17 —

# LXX. AGATHIAS.

A fisherman was employed in catching fish. Him dicta a damsel of property see, and was affected in her hear with desire, and made him the partner of her bed. But he after a life of poverty took on himself the swell of all kinds of high bearing. And Fortune with a smile was standing by, and said to Venus, "This is not your contest, but mine."

Euseia, rich in gold and land,
To a poor fisher gave her hand.
Ophion, dazzled with his gain,
Grew haughty, petulant, and vain.
"Venus," says Fortune, looking sly,
"Who play'd the trick, pray, you or I?"
PH. SMYTH

LXXI. WESTMINSTER, 3 BOOK, 42 EP.

#### LXXII. LUCIAN.

The deity is able [to do] many things, although they are contrary to one's thoughts. He raises up the little, brings down the great, and he will cause to cease your eyebrow [proud look] and haughty swelling, even though a river<sup>2</sup> should furnish streams of gold. The wind knows how to throw upon the ground not the rush or mallow, but the greatest of either oak or plane trees.

God's providence brings much to pass that's strange, Making the small and great their lot exchange. He'll tame thy haughty brow and swelling pride, Though wealth pour on thee with a golden tide. Winds o'er the reed and mallow sweep in vain, But level the tall oak and spreading plane. H. W.

In the Eton Greek text the word is γανόωσα, evidently an error of the press for γελόωσα in Jacobs' ed.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> By the river is probably meant the Pactōlus. For in the old world, as in the new, gold has been generally found only where there are rivers.

# LXXIII. LUCIAN.

Not stumbling, you are loved by mortals, and loved by the blest [gods], and easily they are wont to hear you when praying. Should you stumble, no one is any longer a friend to you; but all things are at the same time inimical, and changed by the turns in the balance of Fortune.

While all goes smooth with thee, men hold thee dear; And gods, whene'er thou prayest, lend an ear: Slip once; the friends are foes, foes far and near; With Fortune's lightest puffs they shift and veer. G. C. S.

Stand well; thou 'It be of men and gods the friend; And to thy prayers a ready ear they 'Il lend. Stumble; none love thee; hostile all around Are seen, and changed by Fortune's turns are found.

G. B.

LXXIV. WESTMINSTER, 3 BOOK, 24 EP.

# LXXV. UNCERTAIN.

Envy subdues itself with its own weapons.

LXXVII. — 1 — 4 — LXXVIII. — 1 — 49 —

#### LXXIX. UNCERTAIN.

If you love me loving [you], the gratification is twofold; but if you hate me, you do not hate so much, as I love you.

LXXX. WESTMINSTER, 3 BOOK, 68 EP.

LXXXI. — 1 — 52 —

#### LXXXII. THEOGNIS.

Please your own mind. Of your fellow citizens with bad feelings some one will speak ill, another better.

# LXXXIII. PLATO.

An age carries away all things. A long time knows how to change the name, and form, and nature, and fortune.

Time bears the world away; a little date
Will change name, beauty, nature—ay, and fate.
J. H. M.

LXXXIV. WESTMINSTER, 1 BOOK, 84 EP.

# LXXXV. LUCILLIUS.

# UPON AN ASTROLOGER.

All the astrologers prophesied, as if with one voice, that the brother of my father would be of a long oldage. But Hermocleides alone said he was on the point of death. Now he said [so], when we were within, striking ourselves [through grief] for him a corpse.

My uncle's sure to live through many a year;
So all, but one, the fortune-tellers swore.
Says Hermocleides, "He's short-lived, I fear;"
But this was when the hearse was at the door. H. W.

With one voice all th' astrologers foretold
My uncle would not die till very old.
Alone said Hermocleides, "Death is nigh—"
When for the dead we raised the funeral cry. G. B

LXXXVI.	WESTMINSTER,	1	BOOK,	70	EP.
LXXXVII.		3	_	47 -	
LXXXVIII.		2		81 -	
LXXXIX.		ı		69 -	

## XC. PALLADAS.

You have bought hair, paint, honey, wax, teeth; at the same cost you could have bought a face.

# XCL WESTMINSTER, 1 BOOK, 10 EP.

## XCII. LUCILLIUS.

Herdsman, pasture your herd farther off, lest Pericles the thief shall drive you away together with the kine.

XCIII. WESTMINSTER, 3 BOOK, 29 EP.

## XCIV. PALLADAS.

#### AGAINST INSULTING PERSONS.

Thou talkest much, man; but after a little time thou art laid in the ground. Be silent; and while you are still living, meditate upon death.

## XCV. THE SAME.

The sun is the god of light to mortals. But if he did an insult by shining, I would not desire even his light—[or, I would not regret the loss of his light].

#### XCVI. THE SAME.

To praise is best; but blame is the commencement of hatred. But \*to speak well is the honey of Attica.\*

XCVII.	WESTMINSTER,	1	BOOK,	81	EP.
xcvIII.		2		27	_
XCIX.		1		7	_
C.		2	_	29	_

#### CI. UNCERTAIN.

If you are living the extended period of the stag or

 $^1$   $\chi \acute{a}\mu a\iota$  generally means "on the ground," not, as here, "in " or "under the ground."

\*— Here is a play on the words καλῶς εἰπεῖν, "to speak well;" which mean either "to speak in praise," or "to speak elegantly," like an Athenian. The honey of Attica, here applied metaphorically to a sweet discourse, owed its superiority to the thyme of Hymettus, a hill near Athens, much frequented by bees.

crow, [there is] a pardon for your collecting the greatest wealth. But if you are one of men, whom old age forthwith reaches, let no mad desire of boundless wealth seize upon you. Do not lose your mind in pains not to be borne; nor let others enjoy freely your good things.

CII. WESTMINSTER, 2 BOOK, 36 EP.

CIII. — .4 — 4 —

# CIV. UNOWNED.

Do not you, being mortal, calculate upon any thing as being immortal. For there is nothing in life trustworthy to beings of a day. Since this coffin holds even Casander dead, a man worthy of an immortal nature.

# CV. CALLIMACHUS.

If you inquire for Timachus in Hades, in order that you may hear something about his soul, or how he will be hereafter, inquire for the son of Pausanias of the tribe of Ptolemais. You will find him in [the portion] of the pious.

CVI. WESTMINSTER, 1 BOOK, 57 EP.

#### CVII. CALLIMACHUS.

Each one is pained, when those who belong to him perish. But friends and this city weep for Nicodicus.

We each lament the loved ones nearest us. But friends and city mourn Nicodicus. Sterling.

# CVIII. THE SAME.

Concise was the stranger, and so [is] the tomb. I will not tell a long story. Theris, son of Aristæus, a Cretan, [will be] under me a long 2 [time].

<sup>!</sup> By σύντομος, Jacobs understands "a man of few words:" but Ruhnken, in Epist. Crit. p. 174, "of short stature," referring to N. Heinsius on Ovid, Amor. ii. 6, 59, "Ossa tegit tumulus; tumulus pro cofpore parvus; Quo lapis exiguus par sibi carmen habet.

2 After δολιχόν, Ruhnken would supply νικήσας, as in an Epitaph

# CIX. WESTMINSTER, 1 BOOK, 56 EP.

# CX. GERMANICUS. ON THEMISTOCLES.

Instead of a slight tomb, place Greece, and place upon it spears, the symbols of the barbarian's naval defeat: and round the base of the tomb paint the Persian Mars [army] and Xerxes. In this way bury Themistocles. Salamis shall lie upon me as a column, telling my deeds. Why do ye place the great man in a small [sepulchre]?

Greece be the monument. Around her throw
The broken trophies of the Persian fleet.
Inscribe the gods that led th' insulting foe,
And mighty Xerxes at the tablet's feet.
There lay Themistocles. To spread his fame
A lasting column Salamis shall be.
Raise not, weak man, to that immortal name,
The little records of mortality.

J. H. M.

Give me no grave but Greece. That grave bedeck With symbols of the fall'n barbarians' wreck; The base to Xerxes and the Persian fleet. Such burial for Themistocles is meet. For column Salamis my deeds to tell Shall stand. Such greatness brooks no narrow cell.

G. S.

# CXI. WESTMINSTER, 1 BOOK, 54 EP.

#### CXII. UNCERTAIN.

My name. What is that to you? My country. For what purpose is this [told]? I am of a renowned race. What if of the most mean? After living with honour I departed life. What if without honour? And I now lie here. To whom art thou speaking thus?

found in Muratori, p. 649: others understand force. The passage is probably corrupt, and might be easily corrected.

My name, my country, what are they to thee?
What, whether proud or base my pedigree?
Perhaps I far surpass'd all other men;
Perhaps I fell below them all. What then?
Suffice it, stranger, that thou seest a tomb.
Thou know'st its use. It hides—no matter whom. W. C.

## CXIII. UNCERTAIN.

Having robbed me of life, you are giving me a tomb. But you are hiding, not burying me. Such a tomb may you enjoy yourself.

# CXIV. UNCERTAIN.

Although you are hiding me, as if no man were looking on, the eye of Justice is beholding all that is taking place.

Though here you laid my corpse when none were nigh, One saw thee, murderer, one all-seeing eye.

F. H.

#### CXV. CALLIMACHUS.

If you arrive at Cyzicus, it is a little labour to find out Hippachus and Didymé. For the family is not without note. And you will tell them a painful word indeed, but say altogether this—that I possess their son Critias.

If thou should'st go to Cyzicus, pray seek
For Hippacus and Didymé.
Their name is known there; 'twill no trouble be,
And tell them—well I wot the words thou 'lt speak
Will cut them to the heart—yet tell them—here
I hold the ashes of their Critias dear.
J. W. B.

If thou to Cyzicus should'st go, 'twill be No toil to find out Hippacus and Didymé. The family's well known. Though sad be told The tale, say—dead their Critias here I hold. G. B.

# CXVI. ANACREON.

#### UPON AGATHON.

For Agathon of conspicuous strength, who died in defence of Abdera, the whole city here has raised the cry at the funeral pyre. For of youths not one such has blood-loving war slain in the whirlwind of battle.

Who for Abdera died, the city all Lamented Agathon at his funeral. Never did Mars, blood-loving, with such ruth Slay in the storm of fight so brave a youth. G. B.

## CXVII. GERMANICUS.

#### ON THEMISTOCLES.

This empty tomb the people of Magnesia placed for Themistocles, when, after having freed his country from the Medes, he went under a foreign land and stone. For so the envy [of the gods] wished. But his virtues have a less or, too little] reward.

#### CXVIII. UNCERTAIN.

Dear Earth, place in thy bosom the old Amyntichus, remembering his many labours in thy behalf. For he ever fixed firmly the stem of the olive; and frequently adorned you with cuttings of Bromius [the vine]; and filled you with Ceres [corn]; and, drawing channels of water, made you fruitful-in-pot-herbs and autumn-produce. In return for which do you lie gently on his hoary head, and deck thyself with the flowers of spring plants.

<sup>2</sup> In lieu of μεῖον, it has been proposed to read μεῖζον, "greater."

But neither word seems to be sufficiently forcible.

As the bones of Themistocles were said to have been carried clandestinely, after they had been placed in the tomb, to Athens, the epithet "empty" is supposed by some to have been written after that event. Jacobs suggests καλὸν, because Plutarch testifies in Themistocl. § 32, that τάφον αὐτοῦ λαμπρὸν—Μάγνητες ἔχουσι. Grotius preferred κακὸν, for his translation is, "Vile—sepulchrum."

Take to thy bosom, Earth, the dear remains
Of sage Amyntichus; whose kindly pains
Raised the given olives, train'd the clustering vines,
And led the irriguous rill in lengthen'd lines;
Nurtured of herbs and plants the tender shoots,
And fill'd the garden with autumnal fruits.
Lie lightly on the old man's hoary brow,
And on his grave let thy first flow'rets blow.

W. Shepherd.

## CXIX. SIMONIDES.

Having eaten much, and drunk much, and spoken ill of men much, I, Timocrates of Rhodes, lie [here].

After much eating, drinking, lying, slandering, Timocreon of Rhodes here rests from wandering. J. H. M.

## CXX. CALLIMACHUS.

Who knows to-morrow's fate? since even thee, Charmis, who wast yesterday in our sight, we buried weeping the next day. Nothing more painful than that has (thy) father Diophon seen.

Who shall pretend to read to-morrow's doom?

O Charmis, dear,
One day our eyes beheld thee in thy bloom,
The next we laid thee weeping in the tomb.

Ne'er knew thy sire a sorrow so severe. J. W. B.

CXXI. WESTMINSTER, 2 BOOK, 40 EP.

## CXXII. CALLIMACHUS.1

on timon.

I, Timon the man-hater, dwell within. <sup>2</sup> But do you pass by, having bidden me to sorrow much.<sup>2</sup> Only pass on.

<sup>1</sup> This Epigram is attributed to Hegesippus in the Vatican MS., where it is preceded by another distich. It is assigned to Callimachus by Plutarch in the Life of Antony, T. i. p. 649. B.

2-3 In the Eton Extracts the passage is thus read, άλλα πάρελθε, Οίμωζειν είπας πολλά, πάρελθε μόνον. Jacobs more correctly, άλλὲ

#### CXXIII. THE SAME.

### ON THE SAME.

Timon, for thou art not, which is to thee hateful? darkness or light? Darkness; for in the grave there are more of you.

CXXIV. WESTMINSTER, 2 BOOK, 41 EP.

CXXV. — 4 — 22 —

## CXXVI. UNOWNED.

## ON AN OLD MAN.

I Dionysius, of Tarsus, lie here, sixty years old, having never married; and I wish my father had not.

CXXVII. WESTMINSTER, 1 BOOK, 77 EP.

## CXXVIII. SAPPHO.

This is the dust of Timas; whom dying before marnage the livid bed of Proserpine received; and for whom, when dead, all her fellows in age did with the newly-sharpened copper [steel] cut down the cherished locks of their head.

This dust was Timas'; ere her bridal hour
She lies in Proserpina's gloomy bower;
Her virgin playmates from each lovely head
Cut with sharp steel their locks, the strewments for the
dead.

ELTON.

Of Timas this the dust. The livid bed
Of Proserpine received th' unmarried dead;
Their cherish'd locks her equals with sharp steel
Cut off, to show how keen the pangs they feel. G. B.

πάρελθε, Οἰμώζειν εἶπας πολλά, where εἶπας is the Alexandrine aor. 1, particip. for εἰπών, aor. 2. To this he was led by Callimach. Ep. 39, where Timon says, Μή χαίρειν εἶπης με, κακὸν κέαρ, ἀλλὰ πάρελθε: for μή χαίρειν εἶπης με means the same as οἰμώζειν εἶπας πολλά.

## CXXIX. WESTMINSTER, 2 BOOK, 49 EP.

## CXXX. HERACLEIDES.

Stranger, I am Aretemias; Cnidus my country; I came to the bed of Euphron; I was not without my share of labour-pains. But after bringing forth two children at the same time, I left one to be the foot-guide of my husband in old age; the other I take away, as a memorial of my husband.

CXXXI.	westminster,	2	BOOK,	43	EP.
CXXXII.		1		46	_
exxxiii.		2		57	

## CXXXIV. UNCERTAIN.

## UPON HIPPOCRATES.

Hippocrates of Thessaly, from a family of Cos, lies here, descended from the immortal root of Phœbus, after erecting, by the weapons of Hygæa (health), many trophies over diseases, [and] obtaining a great reputation, not by chance, but skill.

#### CXXXV. ISIDORUS.

## ON A FOWLER.

With bird-lime and sticks Eumelus fed himself from the air [birds of the air], slightly, but in freedom. And never did he kiss a stranger's hand for the sake of his belly. This [occupation] brought him luxury, this hilarity. And after living to his thrice thirtieth year, he sleeps here, leaving to his children his bird-lime, and birds, and sticks.

With reeds and bird-lime from the desert air Eumelus gather'd free, though scanty, fare. No lordly patron's hand he deign'd to kiss; Nor luxury knew, save liberty, nor bliss. Thrice thirty years he lived, and to his heirs His reeds bequeath'd, his bird-lime, and his snares.

W. C.

## CXXXVI. PLATO.

I am the tomb of a shipwrecked sailor: the one opposite is of a farm-labourer. How under sea and land is there a common Hades.

This is a sailor's, that a ploughman's tomb:
Thus sea and land abide one common doom. F. H.

This is a sailor's, that a peasant's tomb.

'Neath sea and land there lurks one common doom.

R. C. C.

CXXXVII. WESTMINSTER, 2 BOOK, 51 EP.

#### CXXXVIII. CALLIMACHUS.

Lycus of Naxus died not upon land, but saw his ship and life at the same time lost in the sea, while he was sailing as a trader from Ægina. And he is indeed a corpse in the water; but I bearing in vain the name of a tomb proclaim this thoroughly true word—Fly, sailor, from mixing yourself up with the sea, while the Kids are setting.

#### CXXXIX. ALCÆUS.

Hateful to sailors is a voyage during the time of Arcturus.<sup>3</sup> Through a heavy 4 storm it brought bitter death to Aspasius, by whose tomb thou art, a traveller,

<sup>1</sup> On the use of άλλως, "in vain," or "merely," see Ruhnken on Timesus, p. 199.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> According to Horace, the "sævus—impetus—orientis Hædi," brings with it foul weather. Both expressions are correct; for the constellation of the Kids is visible in the northern hemisphere about the autumnal equinox.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>3</sup> On the Arcturus, a star found near the tail of the Greater Bear, see Pfaff, quoted by Goeller on Thucyd. ii. 78.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>4</sup> The Vat. MS. has βορείης, "from the north," which is a preferable reading.

passing; but the sea has hid his body, wetted by the Ægean Sea.

## CXL. UNCERTAIN.

Sailor, ask not of whom I am the tomb here; but meet yourself with a kinder ocean.

Seek not, O mariner, to learn whose tomb it is you see; But to yourself may ocean prove more gentle than to me.

H. W.

Sailor, ask not, whose tomb is at thy feet; But may'st thou with the ocean kinder meet. G. B.

## CXLI. CALLIMACHUS. UPON YOUNG PERSONS.

Philip a father placed here his boy Nicoteles, twelve years old, his great hope.

## CXLII. THE SAME.

In the morning we buried Melanippus; and as the sun was setting Basilo died a virgin by her own hand. For to live, after placing her brother on the pyre, she did not endure, and the house of their father Aristippus beheld a double ill, and the whole of Cyréné became dejected, on seeing the house of those blessed with children [now] bereft.

At dawn we look'd upon Melanippus dying; At eve, self-slain, his sister's form was lying. "How shall this loving heart alone live on, The maiden cried, "my Melanippus gone?" A parent's hope was laid for ever low, And all Cyréné wept the double blow. J. W. B.

We buried him at dawn of day; Ere set of sun his sister lay, Self-slaughter'd by his side. Poor Basilo! she could not bear ' Longer to breathe the vital air, When Melanippus died.

The Vat. MS. ραιόμενον, "broken," which is more graphic tha. ραινόμενον.

Thus in one fatal hour was left, Of both a parent's hope bereft, Their desolated sire: While all Cyréné mourn'd to see The blossoms of the stateliest tree By one fell blight expire.

J. H. M.

## CXLIII. ANTIPATER.

No longer, Orpheus, shall you lead oaks charmed, no nger rocks, nor the self-pastured herds of wild beasts. o longer shall you put to sleep the roar of the winds, : hail, or the wreaths of snow, or the booming sea. For ou are dead: and much have the daughters of Mneosyné [the Muses] lamented you, and chiefly your moer Calliopé. Why do we moan over our own sons, hen dead? since even to the deities there is not a power ward off Hades from their children.

No longer, Orpheus, shall thy sacred strains Lead oaks, and rocks, and beasts along the plains; No longer put the boist'rous winds to sleep, Or still the billows of the raging deep. For thou art gone. The Muses mourn'd thy fall In solemn strains; thy mother most of all. Ye mortals, idly for your sons ye moan, Since thus a goddess could not save her own.

Anon. Spectator.

No more, sweet Orpheus, shalt thou lead along Oaks, rocks, and savage monsters with thy song; Fetter the winds, the struggling hail-storm chain, The snowy desert soothe, and sounding main. For thou art dead. The Muses o'er thy bier, Sad as a parent, pour the tuneful tear. Weep we a child? Not e'en the gods can save Their glorious offspring from the hated grave.

BL.

## CXLV. ION.

## ON EURIPIDES.

This is not a memorial of you, Euripides, but you of it. For in your glory is this memorial clothed.

CXLVI. WESTMINSTER, 3 BOOK, 70 EP.

# CXLVII. ANTIPATER OF SIDON. UPON ANACREON.

May the ivy, with its four-bunch of flowers, flourish around thee, Anacreon, and the delicate petals of purpled meadows; and may fountains of white milk be squeezed out, and pleasant wine be poured out sweet-smelling from the earth, so that thy ashes and bones may receive pleasure—if indeed any pleasant feeling touches closely the dead.

Grow, clustering ivy, where Anacreon lies;
There may soft buds from purple meadows rise:
Gush, milky springs, the poet's turf to lave,
And fragrant wine flow joyous from his grave,
Thus charm'd his bones shall press their narrow bed,
If aught of pleasure ever reach the dead.

BL.

CXLVIII. WESTMINSTER, 3 BOOK, 57 EP.
CLXIX. —— 4 —— 6 ——

## CL. MYRINES.

Thyrsis, the villager, he who tends the cattle of the Nymphs, Thyrsis, who plays on the reeds equal to Pan, is sleeping in the open air, drunk with wine, under a shady pine-tree. But Love, having taken his crook, is watching himself the flock. Ho, Nymphs, Nymphs, awake up the herdsman, bold as a wolf, lest Love become a prey to wild beasts.

Thyrsis, employ'd by Nymphs their flocks to feed, Thyrsis, who Pan could equal on the reed, Drunken, mid-day under a pine doth sleep,
And Cupid bears the crook and tends the sheep.
Awake, ye Nymphs, awake the shepherd bold,
Or wolves will bear off Cupid with the fold.
T. F.

## CLI, CALLIMACHUS.

## ON A POOR MAN.

I, Micylus, had from small means a scanty living, committing no dreadful act, nor injuring a single person, O beloved Earth. If I have praised any thing wicked, may neither you be light [upon me], nor the other deities, who now possess me.

## CLII. ANTIPATER.

## ON THALES.

Small truly is the tomb; but see the renown of this the much-thoughtful Thales stretches to heaven.

## CLIII. UNCERTAIN.

## ON MILTIADES.

All the Persians know, Miltiades, your warlike deeds; and Marathon is of your valour the holy ground.

Miltiades, thy victories

Must every Persian own;

And hallow'd by thy prowess lies

The field of Marathon.

H. W.

CLIV. WESTMINSTER, 1 BOOK, 58 EP.

## CLV. DIOGENES LAERTIUS.

I am Heracleitus. Why do you, illiterate persons, drag me down? I did not labour for you, but for those

1—1 Brunck explains κάτω έλκετε by saying that "to drag down" is "to read!" for as works were formerly written on parchment rolls, it was necessary to drag down the roll, to enable a person to read its contents; and he refers to Salmasius in Exercitat. Plinian. p. 278, and Isaac Vossius on Catullus, p. 51,

who know me. One man is to me [as] thirty thousand; but the numberless [as] not one. This I say even by the side of Proserpine.

## CLVI. ANTIPATER.

ON DIOGENES.

A staff and scrip and a garment twice folded were the very light load of life to Diogenes the wise.

CLVII. WESTMINSTER, 3 BOOK, 55 EP.

## CLVIII. LEONIDAS.

#### ON EPICTETUS.

I Epictetus was a slave, and maimed in body, and an Irus 2 in poverty, and beloved by the immortals.

A slave was Epictetus, who before thee buried lies, And a cripple, and a beggar, and the favourite of the skies. G. S.

CLIX. WESTMINSTER, 2 BOOK, 63 EP.

#### CLX. UNCERTAIN.

ON SAUCY PERSONS.

Not without skill did Cimon paint these; but there is present to every work Momus, whom not the hero Dædalus has escaped.

#### CLXI. JULIAN.

## ON THE COW OF MYRO.4

Why, neat-herd, do you force me to run on? Refrain

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> By the "one man" Heraclitus perhaps alluded to Socrates, who was one of the few, who fully appreciated the sayings of "the dark" philosopher, as he was called. According to Seneca in Epist. vii. it was not Heraclitus, but Democritus, who said—"Unus mihi pro populo est, et populus pro uno."

On the Homeric Irus see Od. xviii.

By Momus is meant the spirit of blame personified.

<sup>4</sup> The cow of Myro was probably Io, represented as being goaded by the ghost of the neat-herd Argus. See Æsch. Prom. 583.

from goading me. Art has not given me this power ikewise [i. e. to run].

## CLXII. GALLUS.

## ON THE CARVING OF TANTALUS UPON A CUP.

He who formerly banquetted with the blest [gods], e who frequently filled his belly with the draught of ectar, now desires a mortal drop. But the envious ixture is ever lower than his lip. The carving says, Drink, and learn the orgies of silence. We who are reward with the tongue are punished thus."

He who with gods once feasted, he who quaff'd E'en to satiety the nectar draught,
Seeks now the drink of mortals; but, than lips
Lower, the envious mixture ever dips.
"Drink," says the carving, "and the orgies learn
Of silence: thus with thirst the talkers burn." G. B.

# CLXIII. LUCIAN; SOME SAY, ARCHIAS. ON A STATUE OF ECHO.

You behold, friend, Echo of the rocks, the mistress f Pan, who will send back a voice the counterpart [of ours], the talking resemblance of all kinds of mouths, a leasant plaything for shepherds. Do you, after hearing what you are saying, depart.

Echo, rock-dweller and Pan's mistress, friend, Thou seest; who voice can back reflected send, Of varied sounds the image; and a fun To shepherds. Hearing what thou say'st, off run. G. B.

## CLXIV. THE SAME.

## ON A STATUE OF VENUS AT CNIDUS.

To you, Venus, I have put up a very beautiful statue of your form, holding nothing superior to your figure.

Thine own fair form's sweet image, Venus, take.

Than this no choicer offering could I make.

G. Bo.

CLXV. WESTMINSTER, 2 BOOK, 82 EP.

## CLXVI. XENOCRATES.

#### ON A STATUE OF HERMES.

Some one was praying to a wooden Hermes; and it was [still] wood [insensible]. He then lifted it up, and dashed it on the ground; when from it, being broken, there flowed gold. An act of insolence frequently brings gain.<sup>1</sup>

#### CLXVII.

## ON A STATUE OF JUNO SUCKLING HERCULES.

The modeller designed a very step-mother. On this account he has not introduced milk into an illegitimate breast.<sup>2</sup>

CLXVIII. WESTMINSTER, 1 BOOK, 71 EP.

### · CLXIX.

### ON THE TEMPLE OF ÆSCULAPIUS.

It is meet for him, who goes within a temple, to be chaste. Now chastity is to have holy thoughts.

\* CLXX. WESTMINSTER, 4 BOOK, 28 EP.

#### CLXXI. PLATO.

Either such water produced Cytherea [Venus], or Cytherea made the water such, when she was washing her skin.

<sup>1</sup> A similar story in Æsop's Fables.

Εὐ τὴν μητρυίην τεχνήσατο τοῦνεκα μαζῷ Εἰς νόθον ὁ πλαστής οὐ προσέθηκε γάλα.

i. e. Well did the modeller design the step-mother. On this account he has not introduced into the breast milk for an illegitimate [child]. For the bosom was probably represented in a dried-up and shrivelled state—by the slight change of αὐτην into εὖ την, and μαζὸν into μαζῷ, it is hoped all is rendered intelligible.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Jacobs justly calls this a stupid Epigram. But perhaps the author wrote—

Or from this fount, a joyous birth,
The Queen of Beauty rose to earth;
Or heavenly Venus, bathing, gave
Her own quintessence to the wave.
BL.

# CLXXII. DAMOCHARIS THE GRAMMARIAN. UPON ANOTHER SMALL BATH,

Feel no ill-will against little things. A Grace follows what is little. Even Love, the child of the Paphian [Venus], was little.

Why should little things be blamed?
Little things for grace are famed.
Love, the winged and the wild,
Love is but a little child.

T. P. R.

## CLXXIII. CYRUS.

The Cyprian [Venus], after washing herself here, in company with the Graces and her son with the golden dart, gave beauty [to the bath] as a reward.

CLXXIV. WESTMINSTER, 2 BOOK, 92 EP. .

## CLXXV. MELEAGER. ON ZENOPHILA.

A sweet strain, by Pan the Arcadian, playest thou with the quill, Zenophila; acutely do you give out a pleasant strain. Whither shall I fly from you? On every side loves stand around, nor do they permit me to recover my breath for even a little time. Either your form throws desire on me, or again your music, or grace, or—what shall I say—all [together] I am burning with a fire.

By Pan, Arcadia's god, I swear Sweet are the notes thy fingers move; Most sweet, Zenophila, the air Thou hymn'st; it speaks of love. How shall I fly? On every side
The wanton Cupids round me throng;
Nor give me space to breathe, while tied
A listener to thy song.
Whether her beauty wakes desire,
Her tuneful voice, her winning art,
What shall I say? All, all. The fire
Is kindled in my heart. J. H. M.

CLXXVI. WESTMINSTER, 1 BOOK, 87 EP.

## CLXXVII. RUFINUS.

Said I not, Prodicé, we are growing old? Did I not foretell that quickly would come the love-dissolvers? Now [are] wrinkles, and hoary hair, and a rag-like body, and a mouth no longer possition its former charms. Does any one come to you, lifted up [by airs], or after flattering make a request? We pass by you, as if you were a tomb.

Did I not warn thee, Prodicé, that time
Would soon divide thee from the youthful throng;
Feed on the blooming damask of thy prime,
And scatter wrinkles, as he pass'd along?
The hour is come. For who with amorous song
Now woos thy smile, or celebrates thy bloom?
See from thy presence how the gay and young
Retiring turn, and shrink as from the tomb.
BL.

Said I not, Prodicé, that we grow old?
That love-destroyers quickly come, 't was told,
In wrinkles, hoary head, rough body, face
No more possessing of past times the grace.
Who to thee, haughty, comes now, aught to crave,
Or flatter? Thee we pass by, as a grave.
G. B.

#### CLXXVIII.

The playing, and talking, and roguish eye, and singing of Xanthippé, and the flame just commencing, will thee, my soul, consume. But from what event, or when,

or how, I do not know. Thou wilt know, hapless, when burnt up.

The strains that flow from young Aminta's lyre,
Her tongue's soft voice and melting eloquence,
Her sparkling eyes, that glow with fond desire,
Her warbling notes, that chain the admiring sense,
Subdue my soul, I know not how or whence.
Too soon it will be known, when all my soul's on fire.

J. H. M.

Xanthippe's lyre, her voice, and eye,
That luring eye, this kindling glow,
Will burn thee, soul; whence, when, or why,
I know not; thou in flames wilt know, G. Bo.

CLXXIX. WESTMINSTER, 3 BOOK, 44 EP.
CLXXX. 3 - 45 -

## CLXXXI. CALLIMACHUS.

Callignotus swore to Ionis that he would never have a male or female friend dearer than her. He swore so. But they say truly that !the oaths [made] in love never enter into the ears of the immortals.! But now he is warmed with the flame of another [fair]; but of the hapless nymph there is, as <sup>2</sup> of the Megareans, no account or number.<sup>2</sup>

Once Callignotus to Ionis swore,
Than her to love no charming maiden more.
But men say truly that the oaths of love
Ne'er the ears enter of the powers above.
Now with another flame he fiercely burns,
And her unvalued holds and coldly spurns.

G. B.

CLXXXII. JULIAN, ONE OF THE PREFECTS OF EGYPT.

While wreathing a garland I once found Love amongst the roses; and laying hold of him by the wings I dipt

<sup>1—1</sup> So Shakspeare. "At lovers' perjuries they say Jove laughs."
2—3 On this proverb see Heindorf on Hipp. Maj. § 19, and Baumgarten Crusius on Philebus, § 21.

him in the wine; and taking it I drank it. And now within my limbs he tickles me with his feathers.

As a rosy wreath I bound,
'Mongst the roses Love I found:
Swift I seized his pinions fast,
And in wine the wanton cast.
Taking then the laughing cup,
Swift I drank the wanton up.
Now with ever-tickling wings
Up and down my breast he springs.

While for my fair a wreath I twined,
Love in the roses lay reclined.
I seized the boy. The mantling cup
Received him, and I drank him up.
And now confined the feather'd guest

Beats, storms, and flutters in my breast.

C. J. BLOMFIELD.

J. Addison.

## CLXXXIII. RUFUS DOMESTICUS.

All things of yours I love; but I dislike alone your ill-judging eye, that is pleased with men hateful [to me].

CLXXXIV. WESTMINSTER, 2 BOOK, 90 EP.

### CLXXXV. HESIOD.

That man is the very best, who knows himself all things. He too is good, who yields to a person who speaks correctly. But he, who neither knows himself, nor determines in his mind to listen to another, that man is on the contrary useless.

## CLXXXVI. ON VALOUR.

WHAT WORDS JUNO WOULD PRONOUNCE ON HERCULES
BEING DEIFIED.

Your sire, Hercules, has given an honourable return to the sweat [exertion] of your valour; since labour knows how to bring an unbounded boasting to men, after an endless circle of contests.

#### CLXXXVIL THEOGNIS.

Let no person persuade you, Cyrnus, to love a bad man. Of what use is that man in being a friend? He would neither defend you from a difficult trouble and calamity, nor be willing, while possessing a good, to share it. In the case of him who does a good to bad persons, the favour is most vain. It is equal to sowing the sea of the white ocean. For neither in sowing the sea would you reap a rich harvest, nor in doing good to the bad would you receive any good in return. For the bad have a feeling not to be satisfied. Should you fail in one thing, the friendship arising from all previous acts is poured out [lost]. But the good, who derive the greatest advantage during their suffering, preserve a remembrance of the good done, and a gratitude for the Never make the bad man your friend and companion, but ever avoid him as a bad [unsafe] haven. Many are the companions in drinking and eating; but in a serious matter rather few.

Let no persuasive art tempt you to place Your confidence in crafty minds and base. How can it answer? Will their help avail, When danger presses, and your foes assail? The blessing, which the gods in bounty send, Will they consent to share it with a friend? To bestrew the waves with scatter'd grain, To cultivate the surface of the main, Is not a task more absolutely vain, Than cultivating such allies as these, Fickle, and unproductive as the seas. Such are all baser minds. Never at rest, With new demands importunately press'd, A new pretension or a new request; Till foil'd with the refusal of the last, They disavow their obligations past. But brave and gallant hearts are cheaply gain'd, Faithful adherents, easily retain'd; Men, that will never disavow the debt Of gratitude, or cancel or forget.

Never engage with a poltroon or craven;
Avoid him, Kurnus, as a treach'rous haven;
Those friends and hearty comrades, as you think,
Ready to join you, when you feast and drink,
Those easy friends from difficulty shrink.

FREES.

#### CLXXXVIII.

Be willing to live piously with little means, [rather] than to be wealthy, having obtained property unjustly. All virtue, [to speak] comprehensively, consists in justice; and every man, Cyrnus, is good by being just. Fortune gives wealth even to a thoroughly bad man; but virtue, Cyrnus, follows a few men. Satiety begets insolence, when wealth attends upon a bad man and one, to whom there is not a sound mind. Never do thou, having been annoyed, lay to the charge of a person his poverty, that destroys feelings, nor his wretched want of means. For Zeus turns the balance to one person on one side and on another to another, so as to be wealthy at one time, and to have nothing at another. Never, Cyrnus, speak a big word. For not a single person knows what a night and day will bring to pass to a man.

A part of this extract is thus translated by Frere-

Wealth nurses Insolence; and wealth we find, When coupled with a poor and paltry mind, Is evermore with Insolence combined. Never in anger with the meaner sort Be moved to a contemptuous harsh retort, Deriding their distresses, nor despise In hasty speech their wants and miseries. Jove holds the balance, and the gods dispense For all mankind riches and indigence.

#### CLXXXIX.

We seek, Cyrnus, rams and asses and well-bred horses, and one wishes them to come from a good stock. But a good man cares not to marry the bad [daughter] of a bad [father], if he [the father] gives him [the man] much wealth. Nor does any [woman] refuse to be the wife of a bad man of wealth; but she wishes a rich instead of a poor [man]. Persons honour wealth. A good man has married out of a bad [family], and a bad one out of a good. Wealth has mingled the race.

With kine and horses, Kurnus, we proceed
By reasonable rules, and choose a breed
For profit and increase, at any price,
Of a sound stock, without defect or vice.
But in the daily matches that we make
The price is every thing. For money's sake
Men marry; women are in marriage given;
The churl or ruffian, that in wealth has thriven,
May match his offspring with the proudest race:
Thus every thing is mix'd, noble and base. FRERE.

#### CXC.

Wealth to the man, to whom it comes from Zeus and with justice, ever flourishes purely and abidingly. But if a man with a mind loving gain, shall possess it unjustly [and] unseasonably, or through an oath, having laid hold of it contrary to right, he seems indeed for the instant to carry off some gain; but at the end there is, on the other hand, an evil. The mind of the gods has the superiority.

#### CXCI.

Of riches no end has been laid down for man. For such of us as have the greatest means of living hasten [to get] twice as much. Who shall satisfy all? Money to mortals becomes a madness.

#### CXCII.

The bad have been born altogether bad from the womb; but by having formed a friendship with bad men they have learned deeds of ill, and words of ill, and insolence, thinking that they [the bad] are saying all that is true.

#### CXCIII.

Many bad persons are rich, while the good are poor. But we will not change with them their wealth for our virtue, since the one is firm for ever; but wealth sometimes one, and sometimes another possesses. A good man, Cyrnus, preserves his mind ever firm, and is bold, lying either in a good or bad state. But if a deity gives to a bad man the means of living and wealth, he is unable through his folly to restrain his wickedness.

#### CXCIV.

Hasten after nothing too much. A fitting time is the best for all acts of man. Often does a person hasten to virtue, while seeking gain, whom a deity on set purpose leads astray to a great mistake, and causes things easily to seem to him to be good, which are [really] evil, and those to be evil, which are useful.

Schemes unadvisable and out of reason
Are best adjourn'd. Wait for a proper season.
Time and a fair conjuncture govern all.
Hasty ambition hurries to a fall;
A fall predestined and ordain'd by heaven.
By a judicial blindness madly driven,
Mistaking and confounding good and evil,
Men lose their senses, as they lose their level. Frere

#### CXCV.

Oh, wretched Poverty, why do you hesitate to leave me and to go to another. Why do you love me not wishing for you? But come, depart to another house; nor share with us perpetually this wretched life.

Why linger here, sad Poverty? Go, dwell
With whom thou wilt, I woo thee not; farewell.
Go seek another home, nor stay with me,
Only to share this life of misery.

H. W.

## CXCVI.

Opinion is to men a great evil; but a trial the best thing. Many have an opinion of good things untried.

## CXCVII.

Do not, diseased in mind, be grieved at ills, nor be delighted at good things on a sudden, before seeing the extreme end. Many silly persons has satiety destroyed; for it is difficult to know moderation, when good things are present.

## CXCVIII.

To a person doing a kindness to cowards there are two evils. For he will deprive himself of many things belonging to himself, and there [will be] no thanks [to him].

## CXCIX.

Do not praise, before you know a person clearly, his temper, and measure [of life] and conduct, whatever it may be. Many, having a manner, like base [coin and] deceitful, conceal it, assuming feelings for the day. But the habit of each of all these time shows forth. For I have been very far from judgment; and I have gone on in praising, before I knew all your habits. But now, as a ship, I sheer off at a distance.

## CC.

Oh Timagoras, it is difficult for a person looking from a distance to know the temper of many persons, although he is wise. For some have concealed their wickedness by wealth, and others their virtue by destructive poverty.

Though gifted with a shrewd and subtle ken, Timagoras, the secret hearts of men, You'll find it, are a point hard to be guess'd. For poor and shabby souls in riches dress'd Make a fair show; while indigence and care Give to the nobler mind a meaner air.

#### FRERE.

#### CCI.

Hope is the only kind deity to men. The others have

left and gone to Olympus. Faith, a great goddess, has gone, and gone the Temperance of men, and the Graces, friend, have left the earth. Just oaths are no longer trusted amongst men, nor does a single person regard the immortal gods. The race of pious people has perished; nor do [men] know any longer justice or piety. But as long as one lives and beholds the light of the sun, being pious, as regards the gods, let him wait for Hope. And let him pray to the gods, and, burning splendid thigh-offerings, let him sacrifice to Hope the first and last; 'and let him even think upon the indirect language of unjust men, who, paying no regard to the immortal gods, ever keep their thoughts upon the goods of others, having made a base compact by evil deeds.'

For human nature Hope remains alone Of all the deities; the rest are flown. Faith is departed; Truth and Honour dead; And all the Graces too, my friends, are fled. The scanty specimens of living worth, Dwindled to nothing, and extinct on earth. Yet whilst I live and view the light of heaven, Since Hope remains and never has been driven From the distracted world—the single scope Of my devotion is to worship Hope. When hecatombs are slain, and altars burn, When all the deities adored in turn, Let Hope be present; and with Hope, my friend, Let every sacrifice commence and end. Yes, Insolence, Injustice, every crime, Rapine and Wrong, may prosper for a time; Yet shall they travel on to swift decay, Who tread the crooked path and hollow way. FRERE.

#### CCII.

No one can by giving a ransom escape from death or even a heavy misfortune, unless fate brings an end; nor can a mortal man escape, although wishing it, from an unhappy state of mind, by means of gifts.

1—1 Such is the usual version of the words in the text. But it is difficult to discover their connexion with the preceding matter.

## CCIII. SOLON.

Ye Pierian Muses, the splendid children of Memory and Olympian Jove, hear me, while praying. Grant me to possess happiness at the hands of the blessed gods, and ever a fair fame amongst all men; and to be pleasant to friends, and bitter to enemies, and to appear to the former an object of respect, and to the latter of fear. Property I desire indeed to possess; but I do not wish to obtain it unjustly. Last of all comes punishment. But the wealth which the gods give, remains to a man firm from the lowest foundation to the top. But that which men honour, comes from insolence, and not orderly, but obedient to unjust actions. Nor does it follow willingly, but it is quickly mixed up with calamity. Its commencement is from a little, as that of fire is, trifling at first, but it ends producing pain; for the acts of insolence do not exist a long time to mortals.

## CCIV. EVENUS.

To many there is a custom to contradict upon every subject equally; but to contradict rightly, this is not in their custom. Now to these the old saying is alone sufficient—"This appears good to you; that to me." Any one would by speaking well persuade most quickly the intelligent, who are persons of the easiest instruction.

To contradict alike, whate'er is meant,
Is more in fashion than fair argument.
And to all such the common phrase comes pat—.
"I am of this opinion; you're of that."
Yet men of sense at once to sense give way,
As apprehending soonest what you say.

H. W.

## CCV. CALLIMACHUS.

THE CONCLUDING WORDS OF THE FIRST HYMN TO JUPITER.

All hail, son of Saturn, the most highest, the giver of good things, the giver of a painless state. Your deeds who shall hymn? The person has not been nor will be. Who shall hymn the deeds of Jupiter? Hail, father!

hail again. Grant both virtue and wealth; for wit virtue wealth knows not how to advance man, nor v without wealth; then give thou both virtue and we

### CCVI.

## FROM THE HYMN ON THE BATH OF PALLAS.

Bring not, ye bath-water-pourers, myrrh, or b of perfume; for Athené loves not a mixture of ments, nor a mirror; her countenance is always lo Not even when the Phrygian adjudged the conte Ida, did the great goddess look into the orichal metal used for mirrors,] nor into the transparent v of the Simois; nor did Juno; but Venus took the shining metal, and ¹ oftentimes arranged twice the hair.¹

## CCVII. ANACREON. UPON THE LYRE.

I wish to tell of the Atridæ; I wish to sing of mus; but with its strings the lyre to Love alone gi sound. I lately changed the strings, and all the And then I sang (with my voice) the labours of cules. But the lyre spoke in return of loves. Far henceforth, ye heroes; for the lyre sings only of lo

Of the Atrides I would sing,
Of the wand'ring Theban king.
But when I my lute did prove,
Nothing it would sound but love.
I new strung it; and to play
Hercules' labours did essay;
But my pains I fruitless found;
Nothing it but love would sound.
Heroes, then, farewell; my lute
To all strains but love is mute.

Agamemnon, Menelaus,
We would gladly sing of you;

<sup>1—1</sup> This union of πολλάκι and δὶς seems rather strange. Tibull more correctly "Sæpeque mutatas disposuisse comas." Did Callin write Πολλάκι τᾶν ταναῶν δεσμά τέθεικε κομᾶν, i. e. "Of her lot the tie-knot oft arranged," instead of Πολλάκι τὰν αὐτὰν δὶς με κόμαν.

ほご

正さら

But the lyre will not obey us:
 Its constant tone
 Is love alone.
I tore the strings, I fitted new,
 It would not do.
Away the rebel lyre I east;
 And on another
Boldly struck the combats glorious
Of Alcides still victorious.
'Twas like the last.
 For yet the tone
 Was love alone.

Why, why attempt the fire to smother?
Since love alone
Will be the tone,
Heroes, kings, adieu, adieu.
An

Anonymous.

CCVIII.
ON LOVE.

Once at the hour of midnight, when the Bear was turning at the hand of Bootes, and all the tribes of voicedividing [men] were lying, subdued by toil, then did Cupid standing by knock at the bolts of my doors. "Who," said I, "is battering the door? you will break my dreams." And Love says—"Open, I am a child; be not alarmed; and I am wet; and I have been wandering through a moonless night." On hearing this I pitied him. And straightway lighting a lamp, I opened [the door]; and I beheld a child bearing a bow, and wings, and a quiver. And placing him by the hearth, I warmed his hands in mine, and squeezed out the water from his wet hair. But he, when the cold had left him, says—"Come, let us try this bow, whether the string is at all injured by having been wetted. And he extends [the arrow], and hits me in the middle of the liver, as if he were the sting of the gad-fly. And he leaps up, laughing, and, "Stranger," said he, "rejoice with me. The horn is uninjured; but you will have a pain at the heart."

<sup>1</sup> The bows of the ancients, as of some of the moderns, were tipped with horn. Hence a part of the bow is put for the whole.

'T was midnight's hour; the Bear turn'd slow, Urged by Bootes' hand below, What time the race of men supine, In heavy slumber's lap recline, When Love stood knocking at my gate. Who beats my door, thus loud and late. And scares my dreams? "'Tis I am here-Open—a child; you need not fear. I drop with wet, and, gone astray Through moonless night, have lost my way." I melted as he begg'd so hard, Rose; struck a light; the door unbarr'd. A boy my threshold cross'd; but lo! With wings, a quiver, and a bow. Near the warm hearth I bade him stand, And chafed in mine each tiny hand; And wrung the ringlets of his hair Rain-dropping on his face so fair. When by degrees the cold had fled, "Come, let me try the bow," he said, "If wet has spoil'd the flagging cord." He spoke, and twang'd it at the word. The arrow, fitted from his quiver, Thrill'd, like a gad-fly, through my liver. Laughing, the urchin leap'd aside— "My kind host, give me joy," he cried, "My bow-string yet is trim and sound; Your heart, I guess, will feel the wound."

C. A. ELTON.

#### CCIX.

#### ON HIMSELF.

The women say, Anacreon, you are old. Take a mirror and behold the hairs no longer there; and your forehead is bare. But whether there are hairs or they are gone, I know not; but this I know, that it becomes the more for an old man to play at what is pleasant, by how much the nearer is the period of fate.

The women say, Anacreon, you're grown old; Your hair falls away;
Take a mirror; behold
Your forehead is bare.
For my hair,
It may go, or it may stay,
I know not, nor care.
This I know, and will declare,
That an old man acts precisely
As he ought to do, and wisely,
Prizing life and love the dearer,
As his end approaches nearer.

Anony mous.

#### CCX.

### ON LOVE.

I wish, I wish to be in love. Cupid was persuading me to love. But I having a mind not given to advice, was not persuaded. And he taking up instantly his bow and golden quiver, challenged me to a fight. And I, taking on my shoulder a corslet, like Achilles, and spears, and a bull's hide [shield], fought with Cupid. He hit me; and I fled. But when he had his arrows no longer, he was annoyed, and shot himself as an arrow; and he entered the middle of my heart, and dissolved [my strength]. In vain do I possess a bull's hide [shield]. For why should we be girt without, when a battle occupies us within?

I will, I will Love's power obey.
Love woo'd me long to own his sway;
But when with thoughtless scorn elate
I mock'd submission to his state,
He snatch'd his bow and quiver'd pride,
And to fierce combat me defied.
In haste to my defence I flew;
My mail across my shoulders threw;
Like some Achilles braved the field,
And shook my spear, and grasp'd my shield.
With Love I enter'd rebel-fight;
He wing'd his darts, I wing'd my flight;

Till having spent his feather'd store, When that supplied revenge no more, Inflamed with rage, a living dart He shot himself into my heart, Dissolved my soul, and revell'd there. In vain a useless shield I wear; An outward guard to folly turns, When in my breast the battle burns.

ADDISON.

## CCXI.

## ON LOVE.

The Muscs having bound Love with garlands, gave him up to Beauty. And now Cytherea [Venus] seeks, by bringing a ransom, to set Love free. But should any one free him, he will not go away, but remain. He has been taught to be a slave.

Once the Muses Cupid finding,
And in bonds of roses binding,
Straight their flower-enfetter'd slave
To the care of Beauty gave.
Heavenly gifts to loose his chain
Venus brings, but brings in vain;
Though released, the god will stay;
He has learn'd with pride t'obey.

Addison.

Late the Muses Cupid found,
And with wreaths of roses bound,
Bound him fast, as soon as caught,
And to blooming Beauty brought.
Venus with large ransom strove
To release the god of love.
Vain is ransom; vain is fee;
Love refuses to be free.
Happy in his rosy chain,
Love with Beauty will remain.

FAWKES.

#### CCXII.

### ON LOVE.

Once upon a time Love did not see a bee, while reposing amongst roses, but was wounded; and being bitten in the finger of his hand, he cried out; and running and flying to the beautiful Cytherea [Venus], "I am undone, mother, said he; I am undone, and dying. A little winged serpent, that husbandmen call a bee, has wounded But she said, "If the sting of a bee gives pain to you, how, think you, Love, do they feel a pain, whom vou hit?"

> Love a bee, that lurked among Roses, saw not, and was stung; Who for his hurt finger crying, Running sometimes, sometimes flying, Did to his fair mother hie; And, "Help," cried he, "ere I die; A snake wing'd has bitten me, Call'd by country-folks a bee." On which Venus-" If such smart Little sting of bee impart. How much greater is the pain, Which, whom thou hast stung, sustain." T. STANLEY.

#### CCXIII.

## ON A CICADA.1

We deem you, Cicada, happy, because, having drunk, like a king, a little dew, you chirrup on the top of trees. For all those things are yours, whatsoever you see in the fields, and whatever the seasons produce. For you are a friend of land-tillers, 2 from no one doing any harm.2 You are held in honour by mortals, as the agreeable harbinger of summer. The Muses love you. Phœbus himself loves you, and has given you a shrill song. And old age does not wear you down. Oh thou clever one, earth-born, song-loving, without suffering, having flesh without blood, thou art nearly equal to the gods.

<sup>1</sup> On the Cicada, commonly but erroneously translated, grasshopper,

see Eton Extracts, Ep. 58.

2—2 The Greek is Από μηδενός τι βλάπτων. But the correct syntax would be μηδένα τι βλάπτων. The sense seems to require 'Από μηδένος τι κλέπτων, "stealing aught from nobody," through its living upon dew alone.

On your verdant throne elate, Lovely insect, there in state. Nectar'd dew you sip, and sing, Like a little happy king. All thou seest so blooming fine, Lovely insect, all is thine, Which the painted fields produce, Or the soft-wing hours profuse. Swains adore thy guiltless charms; None thy blissful revel harms; Thee, sweet prophet, all revere; Thou foretell'st the ripening year. Thou by Muses art caress'd, Thou by golden Phœbus bless'd; He inspired thy tuneful voice; Age ne'er interrupts thy joys. Wisest offspring of the earth, Thou for nothing car'st but mirth; Free from pain, and flesh, and blood, Thou'rt almost a little god. ADDISON.

## CCXIV.

## UPON LOVE.

It is a hard thing not to love; and it is hard likewise to love; but the hardest of all is, when loving to fail. To Love, family is nothing. Wisdom, conduct is trodden down. To money alone do [men] look. May he perish who first loved silver. For this a brother is not [a brother]; for this parents are not [parents]. Wars, murders, are for this. And still worse, for this we lovers are undone.

'T is a pain to miss Love's smart; Wing'd with pain is Cupid's dart; But the most joy-killing pain Waits the love which loves in vain. Noble birth has lost its charms; Wit no more the heart alarms; Virtue pleads in vain for Love; Gold alone can Beauty move. Curst be he, ah! doubly curst,
Who adored the idol first.
Gold 'mongst brothers sows debate;
Gold begets paternal hate;
Lights the torch of civil strife;
Kindles all the feuds of life:
Happy, ceased its mischiefs here;
Gold makes wretched Love despair.
Addison.

#### CCXV.

Venus was making a loud cry after Love, her son-"If any one has seen Love wandering in cross-roads, the run-away is mine. The informer shall have a pre-The child is very remarkable. You would know him amongst twenty together. He is not pale, as to his skin, but like fire. His eyes are rather sharp, and lit up. His thoughts are wicked. His talk is pleasant; for he does not mean and say alike. His voice is like honey. But if he is in a passion, his mind is ungentle. He is a deceiver, saying nothing true. A crafty child. Savage in sport. He has a head of handsome hair, but a pouting look. His weapons are tiny, but he shoots them even to Acheron and the king of Hades. naked as to his body; but his mind has a thick cloak. And winged, like a bird, he flies at one time against some men and women, and at another time against others. And he settles on their entrails [heart]. He has a very small bow, and upon the bow an arrow. The arrow is a tiny one; but it is borne even to the sky. And there is a golden quiver round his back. But there are sharp arrows in it, with which he wounds even myself. his [doings] are cruel, all. But much more is the torch, that, although it is little, burns even the sun itself. you catch him, bind and bring him. Do not pity him. And should you see him weeping, have a care lest he deceive you. And if he laughs, drag him along. But if he wants to kiss you, avoid him. His kiss is mischievous. His lips are a poison. But if he says, 'Take these arrows, I make you a present of them,' do ratouch them. His gifts are treacherous; for they are ∉ dipt in fire."

Her lost son Cupid careful Venus cried— "If any in the cross-roads Love has spied, He is my run-away; who brings good news, Shall gain from me, what he will not refuse. The urchin has so very mark'd a show, Him you cannot 'mongst twenty fail to know. Fiery, not white, is his complexion; eyes Sparkling; fair words his treach'rous thoughts disguise; His lips and heart dissent; like honey sweet His tongue; rage in his mind and malice meet; A crafty, lying boy; mischief his play; Curl-headed; knavish-faced; no little way His hand, though little, can an arrow throw; To Hell he shoots, and wounds the powers below; His body he disrobes; his mind he covers; And, like a swift bird, up and down he hovers From man to woman, perching on the heart. A little bow he hath; a little dart; Whose nimble flight can pierce the highest spheres: A golden quiver at his back he bears, And poison'd shafts, with which he does not spare E'en me to wound: all cruel, cruel are; But most his little torch, which fires the sun. Take, bring him bound; nor be to pity won: Let not his tears thy easiness beguile, Nor let him circumvent thee with a smile; If he to kiss thee ask, his kisses fly: Poison of asps between his lips doth lie. If to resign his weapons he desire, Touch not; his treacherous gifts are dipt in fire." T. STANLEY.

#### CCXVI. PYTHAGORAS.

#### THE GOLDEN WORDS.

In the first place honour the immortal gods, as is laid down by law; and reverence an oath; and then the

renowned heroes. Worship too the deities below the earth, by doing customary rites. And honour your parents, and those born nearest of kin. But of others, make him your friend who is the best in virtue. to mild words, and to deeds that are useful. hate your friend for a trifling fault. Know these [precepts] in this way. And accustom yourself to be the master of these points; in the first place, of your belly, and sleep, and lasciviousness, and anger. Do nothing base, either with another or in private; and most of all, have a respect for yourself. Next practise uprightness both in deed and word. Nor accustom yourself to act irrationally about any matter; but know that to all it is fated to die. At one time a person is wont to possess property, at another to perish. But whatever pains mortals have through accidents sent by the deities, endure with patience the share you may have, nor take it to heart. But it is becoming to cure them, as far as you can, and to commune with yourself thus—"Fate does not give very much of these things to the good." Many remarks, both bad and good, fall upon men; at which be not astonished, nor suffer yourself to be restrained [by them]: but if any falsehood is told, conduct yourself with gentle-What I shall say, let it be accomplished in every ness. Let no one deceive you, either by word or deed, to do or say what is not for the better; but take counsel before an act, in order that there may not be foolishness. It is the part of a coward [bad man] to do and say thoughtlessly; but [of a wise man] to complete what will not pain him subsequently. Do nothing that you do not know, but be taught what is requisite; and thus you will pass life the most pleasantly. Nor is it meet for you to have no care for the health of the body; but to make to yourself a moderation in drink, and food, and exercise: and I call that moderation, which will give no pain. And accustom yourself to have a diet simple and

¹ The Greek is  $\phi\iota\lambda\epsilon\tilde{\iota}$ , which, like "amat" in Horace, is properly translated "is wont."

non-luxurious. And guard against doing that which begets envy. Do not expend beyond what is seasonable, like a person ignorant of what is honourable. Nor be illiberal. Moderation in all things is best. And do those things which will not injure you: and calculate before the act. Nor receive sleep upon your softened eyes before you have thrice gone over each act of the day—What have I passed by? What have I done? What necessary act has not been done by me? And beginning from the first, go through them. And then, if you have acted improperly, reproach yourself; but if properly, be glad. So labour; so practise: these precepts it is meet for you to love. These will place you on the footsteps of divine virtue.

#### CCXVII.

## BION. IDYLL. 3D.

While I was still dreaming, the mighty Venus stood by me, leading by the hand Love infant-like, with his head stooping towards the ground; and such a word she said —"Take Love, dear herdsman, and teach him to play." As she said this, she went away. And I, a simpleton, began to teach Love, as if he were willing to learn, what herdsman's lore I knew; how that Pan discovered the transverse flute, Athené the [straight] hautboy, Mercury the shell, and Apollo the reed. This I was teaching him. But he regarded not the stories; but sang himself love ditties, and taught me the desires of mortals and immortals, and the doings of his mother. And I indeed forgot whatever I had taught Love; but whatever Love had taught myself, that I learnt all.

I dreamt I saw great Venus by me stand, Leading a nodding infant by the hand; And that she said to me familiarly— "Take Love, and teach him how to play to me." She vanish'd then. And I, poor fool, must turn To teach the boy, as if he wish'd to learn. I taught him all the pastoral songs I knew And used to sing; and I inform'd him too, How Pan found out the pipe, Pallas the flute, Phoebus the lyre, and Mercury the lute. But not a jot for all my words cared he, But lo! fell singing his love-songs to me; And told me of the loves of gods and men, And of his mother's doings; and so then I forgot all I taught him for my part, But what he taught me, I learnt all by heart.

LEIGH HUNT.

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## EDWARDS' SELECTIONS.

## I. ARCHILOCHUS.

soul, soul, who art tost in cares, where the means escape are difficult, keep thyself up, and protect thylf by throwing the breast before the foe, and stand mly near the enemy in ambush; and neither, when a tor, be openly elated; nor, when vanquished, fall wn in the house and mourn. But neither joy (too ch) in things of joy, nor be dispirited too much in midst of ills; but understand what kind of measure ps men (within bounds).

Soul, oh! soul, when round thee whelming Cares, like mountain surges, close, Patient bear their mighty rage, and With thy strength their strength oppose. Be a manly breast your bulwark; Your defence firm-planted feet; So in serried line of battle Spears with calm composure meet. Yet in victory's golden hour Raise not your proud vaunts too high; Nor if vanquish'd, meanly stooping Pierce with loud laments the sky.

In this address to his soul, Archilochus imitated the Homeric  $\alpha\theta i$   $\mu o \epsilon \kappa \rho a \delta i \eta$ , in  $O\delta$ . Y. 18. So Melhorn understands  $\delta o \kappa o \bar{\iota} \sigma i \nu$ . But such is not elsewhere the ning of that word, which is evidently corrupt.

But in prosp'rous fortune so rejoice, and in reverses mourn, As well knowing what is destined For the race of woman born.

J. H. M.

My soul, my soul, care-worn, bereft of rest,
Arise, and front the foe with dauntless breast;
Take thy firm stand amidst his fierce alarms,
Secure; with inborn valour meet his arms.
Nor, conquering, mount vain-glory's glittering steep;
Nor, conquer'd, yield, fall down at home and weep;
Await the turns of life with duteous awe;
Know—Revolution is great Nature's law.

MARQUIS OF WELLESLEY.

# II. ETON EXTRACTS, 28 EP.

O Life! how can we fly thee,
Save through the gates of Death?
For cruel, countless, are the ills
Encompassing thy path.
Impossible for any one,
Either to suffer or to shun.
Yet beautiful is Nature
In star, in earth, in sea,
In silver moon, and golden sun;
Nought else from care is free.
And if with light man's spirit burns
Awhile, the deeper gloom returns.

DELTA.

### III. SIMONIDES.

There is a saying, that Virtue dwells in rocks, to be ascended with difficulty, and that she is to be seen tending the holy spot. And yet she is not to be looked upon by the eyes of all mortals. He, to whom sweat

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> In Hesiod Έργ. 265.

In lieu of νῦν δὲ μιν θοὰν, which is unintelligible, Ilgen suggested ἐν δὲ μιν θεατὸν— Wilson, in Blackwood's Magazine for Sept., 1833, p. 378, would read ἔνθα τὲ μιν, φανόν τε χορὸν ἀγνὸν ἀμφέπειν οὐδὲ πάντων—εἰ μὴ—μόλη, ἴκητ΄— But μόλη could not follow εἰ μὴ, nor ἴκηται be thus found in the subjunctive without something to govern it. The reading of χορὸν is adopted by Hay and Nemo.

ing the spirit shall not have come from within, (shall ) reach to the pinnacle of manliness.

'Tis said that Virtue dwells on high,
'Mid rocky steeps, that seek the sky,
Where o'er a hallow'd realm she holds her sway.
No mortal eye her form hath met,
Save his, from whose heart galling sweat
Breaks out, and wins to manhood's top the way.
G. Bo.

Virtue delights her home to keep,
Say the wise of the olden time,
High on a rugged, rocky steep,
Which man may hardly climb.
And there a pure, bright, shining band,
Her ministers, around her stand.
No mortal man may ever look
That form august to see,
Until with patient toil he brook
The sweat of mental agony,
Which all must do, who reach that goal,
The perfect manhood of the soul.

HAY.

They say that Virtue doth aspire
To dwell on high and pathless steeps,
And there a bright celestial choir
Around her constant vigil keeps.
Nor is she seen by mortal eyes,
Unless through toil, that gnaws the soul,
He, who would be her votary, rise
To manhood's pure and perfect goal.

# IV. TIMOCREON OF RHODES.

Thou oughtest, O blind Plutus! to be seen neither on th, nor on the sea, nor on the continent; but to in-

Jacobs quotes from Lucretius vi. 94, "sudor e corpore manans." that would lead to ἔκτοθεν, rather than to ἔνδοθεν. Ilgen acutely saw that the sense required οὖ κεν ἵκοιτ' in lieu of

The expression  $\mu\dot{\eta}\tau'$  is  $\dot{\eta}\pi\epsilon i\rho\psi$  is clearly superfluous after  $\mu\dot{\eta}$   $\tau\epsilon$   $\gamma\ddot{\varrho}$ —the continent (of Asia) is evidently a part of the earth. The poet sably wrote  $\mu\dot{\eta}$   $\tau\epsilon$   $\tau\dot{\psi}$  ' $\pi\epsilon i\rho\psi$ , i. e.  $\tau\dot{\psi}$  d $\pi\epsilon i\rho\psi$ , '' the boundless,'' namely,

habit Tartarus and Acheron. For through thee all evils are amongst men.

Would thou'dst ne'er been by mortals seen, Blind wealth, on earth or sea; But doom'd to dwell in deepest Hell: Our woes are all from thee.

G. S.

Blind Plutus, oh! I would that ne'er Thou hadst been seen on earth, or air, Or sea; but dwelt where Acheron flows; For man to thee all mischief owes.

G. B.

## V. PITTACUS OF MITYLENE.

It is the part of intelligent persons, before difficulties arise, to think beforehand, how they may not arise; but of brave men, when they do arise, to put them into a proper state.

'Tis for the wise,
Each difficult event
Foreseeing, to prevent
Ere it arise;
When come, the manly breast
Adjusts it for the best.

н. w.

VI. ETON EXTRACTS, 83 EP.

# VII. LEONIDAS OF TARENTUM.

Being of a good mind, row on the way to Hades at a slow pace; for the way is not hard to pass, nor is it crooked, nor is it filled with wanderings; it is particularly straight, and all sloping downwards, and is travelled even by persons with eyes closed.

With courage seek the kingdom of the dead;
The path before you lies,
It is not hard to find, nor tread;
No rocks to climb, no lanes to thread;

air: and thus earth, sea, and air would be properly united. On the question, whether the air is or is not boundless, see Pseudo-Platon. Sisyph. § 2.

But broad, and straight, and even still, And ever gently slopes down-hill: You cannot miss it, though you shut your eyes.

C. M.

# VIII. WESTMINSTER, 1 BOOK, 11 EP.

### IX. HEDYLUS.

Of Bacchus, the limb-loosener, and of Venus, the limbloosener, is born their daughter, a limb-loosener, the Gout.

Whilst on soft beds your pillow'd limbs recline, Dissolved by Bacchus and the queen of love, Remember, Gout's a daughter of that line, And she'll dissolve them soon my friend, by Jove. J. H. M.

### X. ANTIPATER OF SIDON.

A vine creeping up conceals me, a withered planetree, and I bloom with a foreign leaf, I, who formerly nourished bunches of grapes on my flourishing branches; I, who was with not less leaves than this (vine). Such a mistress however let one nourish hereafter, who alone knows how to requite even the dead.

> See vonder blushing vine-tree grows, And clasps a dry and withered plane, And round its youthful tendrils throws, A shelter from the wind and rain. That sapless trunk in former time Gave covert from the noon-tide blaze, And taught the infant shoot to climb, That now the pious debt repays. E'en so, kind Powers, a partner give To share in my prosperity, Hang on my strength, while yet I live, And do me honour, when I die.

F. H.

Me, a dry plane-tree now, this creeping vine Mantles in robes, whose verdure is not mine; For these bare arms, once leafy as her own, Would nurse her clusters, and their beauty crown. So cherish thou a friend—that friend indeed-A woman's kindness for thy hour of need. HAY.

WESTMINSTER, 4 BOOK, 20 EP.

I know myself the being of a day; But when the rolling heavens my thoughts survey, No more I tread the earth; a guest I rise At Jove's own banquets in the starry skies. HAY.

## XIII. ARCHIAS OF MITYLENE.

Let any one praise the Thracians, in that they lament for sons, who came to light from the womb of a mother; and, on the other hand, deem happy such as, leaving life, Death, not previously seen, the servant of the Fates, has seized upon. For they, who live, are ever passing on to evils of all kinds; while the dead have found a remedy for ills.

> Thracians, who howl around an infant's birth, And give the funeral hour to songs and mirth, Well in your grief and gladness are express'd, That life is labour, and that death is rest. BL.

> The Thracians' custom I applaud, for they Bewail the infant on his natal day: But joy, when death with unexpected blow Consigns the spirit to the shades below. Full well, for every ill besets man's life; But death's the balm of all its varied strife. T. F.

WESTMINSTER, 3 BOOK, 42 EP.

XV.

# XVI. ALPHÆUS OF MITYLENE.

I love not the ploughed fields with their heavy crops, nor the happiness, like what Gyges had, from much gold;

1 To this custom of the Thracians Euripides was the first to allude, in Cresphont. Fr. 1, translated by Cicero in Tusc. i. 48.

I love a life, Macrinus, that is self-sufficient; for the saying—"Nothing too much," delights me very much.

# XVII. WESTMINSTER, 3 BOOK, 20 EP.

Cover'd by winter snows, around her young
With sheltering wings a hen more closely clung,
Till the keen frosts of heaven, which long she tried
To struggle with, prevail'd, and then she died.
Procné, Medea, ye were mothers too;
Blush, when ye learn, what e'en a bird could do. HAY.

## XVIII. CRINAGORAS.

How far, O wretched soul! wilt thou, still flying with ain hopes close to the cold clouds, write down your reams of wealth, some in this way, and others in that? y mortals nothing is to be obtained spontaneously. ut do you go after the gifts of the Muses, and give up lese indistinct phantoms of the soul to simpletons.

How long upon vain hopes, O wretched soul!

Still fluttering too near the cloud's cold chill,
Shall dream on dream of riches thee cajole?

For nought accrues to mortals, as they will.
Seek thou the Muses' gifts, and leave to fools
These visions dim, wrought by thy fancy's tools

E. S.

## XIX. LOLLIUS BASSUS.

Let not the sea carry me along bold in the storm; or have I loved the very great stillness of an inactive dm. Moderation is the best; at least where the doings men are; and greatly have I embraced the measure, hich is sufficient. This do thou, dear Lampis, love, in that the mischievous whirlwinds. There are certain ephyrs even in life that are gentle.

## XX. ETON EXTRACTS, 57 EP.

In lieu of θρασύς the sense requires θρασύν—

The Greek is ἡσπασάμην, literally "I have embraced."
 So Jacobs explains τὴν παλινηνεμίην. But one would prefer εἰν τηνεμίην.

#### XXI. ANTIPHILUS OF BYZANTIUM.

Lo! the beautiful (and) self-elaborated flowing 1 from bees in the air, 2 and the self-fixed cells, not made by hands (of man) 3 a gratis-boon for the life of man, that requires not a spade (to dig), nor an ox (to plough), nor crooked scythes (to reap), but a small bowl, where the sweet stream of the bees 4 flows, as a fountain, abundant from a small hut (hive). Farewell, ye light-borne 5 (creatures), and may ye feed on flowers, the winged workers of ethereal nectar.

Ah! sweet spontaneous effluence of the bee, Air-form'd. Ah! cells by hands unlabour'd, ye. Free boon to man; no need has he of hoe, The plough's slow tilth, or sickle's reaping bow; Thine a small hive, in which their luscious juice, From tiny forms, the teeming bees produce. Gay creatures, hail; and o'er the flowery mead Of ether's nectar light-wing'd artists speed.

F. WRANGHAM.

Lovely, aerial dwelling, which the bees
Fashion of plastic wax, and fix with ease;
Free gift to man, whence many blessings flow,
Without the aid of sickle, axe, or hoe.
Only a little trough, where they may pour
The liquid sweets profuse of every flower;
Blessings be yours; may flowers your wanderings meet,
Ye winged workers of ethereal sweet.

HAY.

<sup>1</sup> Wilson, in Blackwood's Magazine, Sept., 1833, p. 390, translates "place of protection," as if he wished to read ρύμα for ρεύμα—

<sup>2</sup> Although "mellis aërii dona," quoted by Jacobs from Virgil G. iv. 1, seems, at first sight, to defend  $i\nu$   $al\theta i\rho$ , yet, as bees do not make their cells in the air, one would prefer  $i\nu$  i  $\partial \rho i \nu$ , similar to "mella cava manant ex ilice," in Horace.

3 So Jacobs explains κάπλαστοι χειρῶν. But the mention of man would be here out of place. H. Stephens correctly suggested κήρων—and should have suggested likewise εὖπλαστοι—for the cells of bees are peculiarly "well-formed." Wilson adopts κήρων—

<sup>4</sup> As πηγάζει is an intransitive verb, the syntax requires μελισσᾶν, not

5 So Jacobs understands εὐαγέες. He should have suggested εὐγλαγέες— i. e. "sweet as milk."

Oh beautiful bee-homestead, with many a waxen cell, Self-built for hanging, so it seems-that airy citadel! An unbought blessing to man's life, which neither any hoe, Nor axe, nor crooked sickle, e'er is needed to bestow. A tiny vessel, and no more, wherein the busy bee. From its small body, liquid sweets distilleth lavishly. Rejoice, ye blessed creatures, regaling while ye rove. Wing'd workers of nectareous food, on all the flowers ye love. WILSON.

#### XXII. THE SAME.

A staff led me up to a temple, when I was uninitiated, not only in sacred rites, but in the light of the sun. But the goddesses made me a partaker in both, and on that night I knew I was freed from the night upon my eyes; and without a staff I went down to the city, proclaiming the orgies of Ceres by eyes more clearly than by ongue.

## XXIII. THE SAME.

A. Xerxes has given to thee, Leonidas, this purple robe, brough respect 2 for the deeds of thy valour. L. I do ot accept it. This is a favour granted to traitors. May ny shield hold me, even when I am dead. Wealth is 10 funeral dress for me. A. But thou art dead. Why lost thou, even amongst the dead, feel so great a hatred f the Persians? L. The love of liberty dies not.

A. This purple robe, Leonidas, to thee Has Xerxes given; for thy deeds in arms Have won his admiration. L. Not for me Be this the gift. A traitor's limbs it warms Better; and I reject it. In death's sleep My shield throw o'er me, not a garb of gold. A. Why midst the dead thy hate 'gainst Persians keep? L. The love of freedom not in death is cold. G. B.

<sup>2</sup> Jacobs thus explains ταρβήσας, literally "having feared—" He should

we proposed θαμβήσας — " astonished at —"

<sup>1-1</sup> With βέβηλον - τελετής and ήελίου Jacobs compares γάμων μύητος in Oppian: and remarks that the epigram was written upon a ind man, who went up to the temple of Ceres and Proserpine at Eleusis, id there recovered his sight.

# XXIV. ETON EXTRACTS, 31 EP.

# XXV. PARMENIO.

While a child was leaning over the extreme face of a lofty-tiled (house) — the Fates are for infants not a thing of fear—its mother from behind did by her bosom turn aside its thoughts; and twice did her milk contribute life to the child.

# XXVI. WESTMINSTER, 2 BOOK, 18 EP.

### XXVII. ANTIPHANES.

You are counting, unhappy man, with pebbles. But as time, while progressing, produces interest, so does it hoary old age likewise; and, though you have not been drinking, nor binding flowers on your temples, nor (sprinkling) ointment, nor knowing a smooth-faced object of love, you shall die, giving up your wealth in a long will, and taking with you out of many farthings only one?<sup>2</sup>

# XXVIII. WESTMINSTER, 3 BOOK, 5 EP.

# XXIX. ADDÆUS OF MACEDON.

His ox, employed in field-work, when worn down by the furrow and old age, Alcon did not lead to the slaughtering knife, through respect for its labours; but in a meadow of deep grass it showed its delight by lowings, for its freedom from the plough.

The ox with age and labour spent
Died not by butcher's knife;
In gratitude for service lent,
Alcon hath spared his life;
And now along the grassy lea
Joyous he lows, from plough set free.

G. S.

......

<sup>2</sup> The one farthing was supposed to be wanted as the fare for Charon's ferry-boat.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> The Greek is πλουτοῦσαν—μεγάλην διαθήκην. But as πλουτοῦσαν could hardly be thus applied to διαθήκην, the poet probably wrote πλοῦτον σὸν—μεγάλη διαθήκη.

## XXX. GLYCON.

All things are a laugh, and all are dust, and all are nothing. For all are produced from things without reason. Children are cares, if they suffer some great evil; and cares too they are not a few, even when living. A good wife has in herself some delight; but a bad one brings to the husband a bitter life.

## XXXI. SECUNDUS OF TARENTUM.

I Lais, who was of old (Love's) dart to all, am no longer Lais, but am become, conspicuous to all, the Nemesis of years. By Venus—and what is Venus to me, beyond an oath?—Lais is a thing no longer known even to Lais herself.

### XXXII. LUCIAN.

## ON THE GOUT.

O goddess! who hatest the poor, and art the sole subduer of wealth, (and) who knowest how to live well at all times, thou delightest to be supported on strange feet, and knowest how to wear shoes of felt, and ointments are a care to thee. Thee too a garland delights, and the liquor of the Ausonian Bacchus. But these things never exist at any time to the poor. And therefore thou fliest from the threshold of poverty, that has no copper, and art delighted, on the other hand, in coming to the feet of wealth.

XXXIII.	WESTMINSTER,	1	BOOK,	97	EP.
XXXIV.		2	_	100	
xxxv.	ETON EXTRACT	rs,	***	12	_
XXXVI.	<del></del>			38	-
xxxvII.	WESTMINSTER,	1	BOOK,	14	_
xxxviii.			-	13	
XXXIX.	ETON EXTRACT	18,		51	

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Jacobs suggested acutely πελοφορείν, for ὑπλοφορείν—

## XL. LUCIAN.

Let a seal for words not to be spoken lie on the tongue. A watch over words is better than over wealth.

XLI.	ETON EXTRACT	8,		60	EP.
XLII.				73	
XLIII.	WESTMINSTER,	1	BOOK,	<b>52</b>	_
XLIV.	ETON EXTRACT	8,		23	_
XLV.				101	-
XLVI.		•		72	-
XLVII.	WESTMINSTER,	1	BOOK,	12	_
XLVIII.		3	_	68	-
XLIX.	ETON EXTRACT	8.		50	

## L. AMMIANUS.

Should you reach even to the Pillars of Hercules, while extending your boundaries, a portion of land, equal for all men, awaits you; and you shall lie, equal with Irus, possessing nothing more than a farthing, and resolved into earth no longer your own.

## LI. PHILO.4

Grey hairs, united to a mind, are rather honourable; but those not united to a mind, are rather a disgrace to the multitude of years.

LII.	ETON	EXTRACTS,	61	EP.
LIII.			94	_
LIV.			25	—

## LV. PALLADAS.

I was born while shedding tears; and after shedding tears, I am dead; and I have found the whole of life to

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> The Pillars of Hercules, the modern Gibraltar, were once considered the western limits of the old world.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> The Homeric Irus was the name for any poor person.

See at Ep. 27, n. <sup>1</sup>.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>4</sup> This Epigram is more full in Westminster, 2 Book, 34 Ep.

be with many tears. Oh! the race of man, subject to many tears, without strength, an object of pity, dragged below the earth, and resolved (into it).

Tears were my birthright; born in tears,
In tears too I must die;
And mine has been through life's long years
A tearful destiny.
Such is the state of man. From birth
To death all comfortless;
Then swept away beneath the earth,
In utter nothingness.
E. S.

LVI. ETON EXTRACTS, 24 EP.

Naked I entered at my birth;
Naked I hie me back to earth;
Why then should I so anxious be?
Since naked still the end I see. J. W. B.

## LVII. PALLADAS.

Life is an unsafe voyage; for being tost in a storm we often make stumblings in it, more piteous than persons shipwrecked. But having fortune, as the pilot of life, we sail, as it were on a sea, in a doubtful manner; some with a favourable voyage, others, the contrary. And yet all of us depart to one port, which is below the earth.

Life is an unsafe voyage, where we're tost
And suffer more than those in shipwrecks lost.
But should we Fortune take the helm to guide,
Still is the bark oft strain'd from side to side.
Some lucky onwards sail; and back some fall;
One port beneath the earth is reach'd by all. G. B.

LVIII. ETON EXTRACTS, 15 EP.

LIX. WESTMINSTER, 1 BOOK, 8 EP.

#### LX. PALLADAS.

You are rich. And what remains? Do you, when you depart, drag your wealth with you, being dragged to the tomb? Wasting your time, you collect riches;

but you are not able to heap up a more abundant measure of life.

LXI. WESTMINSTER, 2 BOOK, 24 EP.

LXII. --- 3 -- 24 --

## LXIII. PALLADAS.

Alas! for the short pleasure that is in life. Lament the fleetness of time. We sit and lie down, in trouble or in luxury. But time runs on; (and) as it runs against us unhappy mortals, it brings to the life of each an (evil) turn.

# LXIV. THE SAME.

A suffering of the soul (is) the body, Hades, Fate, the burden of Necessity, and a powerful chain, and a punishment by tortures. But when it (the soul) shall have departed from the body, it flies, as if from the bonds of death, to an immortal god.

## LXV. AGATHIAS.

Columns, and painters' brushes, and triangular desks, are the cause of great delight to those, who possess them, as long as they live; for vain-glories benefit not much the spirits of men deceased. But virtue and the grace of wisdom go together even thither, and they remain here attracting a remembrance. Thus neither Plato nor Homer pride themselves on colours or columns, but on their wisdom alone. Happy (are they), of whom the remembrance dwells for ever in the forms of clever books, and not in vain likenesses.

The sense evidently requires ἄχθος ἀνάγκης, not ἄχθος ἀνάγκη— 2 Here γραφίδις means "painters' brushes," not as generally "writers' pens," as shown by χρώμασι, "colours," a little afterwards.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>3</sup> By πύρβεις is meant here, says Jacobs, tables, on which titles and honours were displayed, not, as elsewhere, those on which laws were laid for public inspection.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>4</sup> Jacobs vainly endeavours to defend κεῖθι, "there," against Reiske's κεῖσε, "thither."

### LXVL ETON EXTRACTS, 44 EP.

Of Death—Rest's parent, leech of all disease
And poverty's deep pangs—what means our fears?
Death, before whom all human sorrow flees;
Death, who but once, and only once, appears.
Whereas disease is multiform; again,
And oft it comes; fear then Disease and Pain.

HAY:

## LXVII. AGATHIAS.

Seated by this table of polished stone, you will have a pleasant game in shaking the rattling dice. But when you are the winner, do not be elated; nor when the loser, be grieved, finding fault with the trifling throw. For the mind of a man is seen through in trifles, and the dice tell the depth of the power of mind.

## LXVIII. THE SAME.

All these things are games. The rush of fortune, which takes different turns, is borne along, like throws without reason. And you will perceive a slippery imitation of the life of man, by being now the superior, and now the inferior. We praise then him, who both in life, and at dice (playing), adopts moderation in joy and sorrow.

LXIX. ETON EXTRACTS, 66 EP.

LXX. WESTMINSTER, 1 BOOK, 96 EP.

### LXXI. UNCERTAIN.

WHAT WORDS CLYTEMNESTRA WOULD SAY, WHEN ORESTES WAS ABOUT TO MURDER HER.

Whither dost thou direct the sword? Against my belly or my breast? The belly brought thee forth; the breast has brought thee up.

Where wilt thou point the deadly steel? Shall breast or womb thy vengeance feel? The womb, that bore thee? or the breast, To which thy infant limbs were prest?

E. S.

¹ Instead of σφαλερόν, which is unintelligible, the sense requires φανερόν, "conspicuous—"

# LXXII. ETON EXTRACTS, 62 EP.

## LXXIII. UNCERTAIN.1

O Glaucus! son of Epicydes, for the present indeed it is more gainful to conquer thus by an oath, and to obtain the spoil of money. Swear; since death awaits everathe man, who keeps his oath. But there is of oath are offspring without a name, nor has it hands or feet. And yet it pursues fleetly, until it seizes and destroys the whole race, and the whole house. But better afterwards is the race of the man, who keeps his oath.

# LXXIV. WESTMINSTER, 4 BOOK, 12 EP.

# LXXV. ETON EXTRACTS, EP. 68.

# LXXVI. AN ORACLE OF THE PYTHIAN PRIESTESS.

The holy places of the gods are open to the good; nor is there a need of purifications; no pollution touches virtue. But thou, who (hast) a mischievous heart, depart; for shall a wetted body wash out thy soul?

# LXXVII. AN ORACLE OF THE PYTHIAN PRIESTESS.

Come, pure as to thy soul, to the grove of a pure deity, after you have touched a virgin-like stream, since for the good, a small drop is sufficient.<sup>2</sup> But the bad man not even the whole ocean would with its waters wash.<sup>3</sup>

Enter the pure god's temple sanctified
In soul, with virgin water purified.
One drop will cleanse the good; the ocean wave
Suffices not the guilty soul to lave.

H. W.

## LXXVIII. UNCERTAIN.

If a little of sweet wine be left in vessels, the portion left is turned to vinegar. So after having drawn out the

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> This Epigram is given as from an oracle by Herodotus, vi. 86.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Jacobs correctly saw that κεῖται is an error for ἀρκεῖ, required by the antithesis.

Jacobs quotes Soph. Œd. T. 1227, and Edwards from Shakspeare— "Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood Clean from my hand?

whole of life, and coming to the depth of old age, the old man becomes soured.

If in the cask some generous drops remain,
To vinegar 'twill turn from sweetest wine;
And thus, if to the dregs life's joy you drain,
The peevishness of sour old age is thine. H. W.

LXXIX.	WESTMINSTER,	3	BOOK,	33	EP.
LXXX.		1		40	_
LXXXI.		2	-	17	_
XXXII.		1	_	40	

Hast thou a friend! Thou hast indeed
A large and rich supply;
Treasure to serve you, every need,
Well managed, till you die. W. Cowp

LXXXII. WESTMINSTER, 1 BOOK, 25 EP.

LXXXIV. — 2 — 14 —

LXXXV. — 7 —

LXXXVI. ETON EXTRACTS, 46 —

### LXXXVII. UNCERTAIN.

Every reason is vain, that is not brought to a finish by a thing done; and every action exhibits a thing done, as the reason.

LXXXVIII. WESTMINSTER, 1 BOOK, 41 EP.

LXXXIX. —— 1 — 99 —

### XC. ANACREON.

He is not a friend, who, while drinking wine close to a full bowl, speaks of quarrels, and tear-bringing war; but he, who, mixing together the brilliant gifts of the Muses and Venus, calls to mind a joyousness delightful.

No friend is he to social joy,
Who these gay moments would destroy
By tales of martial woe;
But he, who with a toast and song
The sportive pleasures shall prolong,
Which from you goblet flow. Ph. SMYTH.

### XCI. SIMONIDES.

When the wind roared, while blowing against the well-wrought chest, and the water was agitated (Danaë) sunk with fear; nor with cheeks unwetted did she throw her arms around Perseus, and said-Alas! my child what troubles do I endure! and yet thou slumberes sweetly; and with the feelings of the suckling 1 thou sleepest in a dwelling, cheerless, and bound with bolts of brass, and in darkness, where the night shines with a livid colour. But thou regardest not the wave passing by above thy dry and thick hair, nor the noise of the wind, lying with thy pretty face in a small purple robe. It any thing were dreadful to thee, this at least is dreadful And if thou couldest give a slight ear to my words, I exhort thee—Sleep, my babe; sleep too, thou sea: and sleep mv measureless ills. But may some change of plan 3 ap pear from thee, O Zeus; and, what is a bold word, I pray for judgments in my favour by the hands of my child.

When the wind resounding high Bluster'd from the northern sky; When the waves in stronger tide Dash'd against the vessel's side, Her care-worn cheek with tears bedew'd, Her sleeping infant Danaë view'd; And trembling still with new alarms, Around him cast a mother's arms. My child, what woes doth Danaë weep! But thy young limbs are wrapt in sleep. In that poor nook all sad and dark, While lightnings play around our bark, Thy quiet bosom only knows The heavy sigh of deep repose.

<sup>1</sup> Such seems to be the meaning of γαλαθηνώ ήτορι— But Wilson, is Blackwood's Magazine, Sept., 1833, p. 428, would read γαληναίω τ ήτορι— One would prefer Σθ δ' άωτεῖς σιγηλον λαθινώ τ' ήτορι— Fo the sleep of infants is peculiarly silent and forgetful of pain.

The Greek is τό γε, an evident error for τόδε—
3 One MS. has μεταβουλία, which is, what ματοιοβουλία is not, intelligible.

The howling wind, the raging sea,
No terror can excite in thee:
The angry surges wake no care,
That burst above thy long deep hair.
But could'st thou feel, what I deplore,
Then would I bid thee sleep the more.
Sleep on, sweet boy; still'd be the deep;
Oh! could I lull my woes to sleep!
Jove, let thy mighty hand o'erthrow
The baffled malice of my foe;
And may this child in future years
Avenge his mother's wrongs and tears.

LD. DENMAN.

But when around that Dædalean ark The wind blew roaring, and the upheaved deep O'erwhelm'd the mother's soul with new alarms. Her cheeks bedew'd with mournful brine, She clasp'd young Perseus in her arms, And said, "What woes, beloved child, are mine! But thou dost sleep a balmy sleep, Like thine own peaceful breast profound, Within this joyless home, joyless and dark, With brazen bolts encompass'd round, All undisturb'd; though moonbeams play Upon the wave, no glimmering ray Finds entrance here; nor billows wild. That harmless burst above thy long deep hair, Nor the loud tempest's voice, my child, Awake in thee one thought of care. Thou sleep'st as on a couch; thy beauteous head Still on its purple cloaklet spread; Yet could these terrors terror wake in thee. Or could thine infant ear Catch but the note of fear, These lips pronounce, my words should rather be, Sleep, sleep, my child; and sleep, thou sea; And sleep, oh! sleep, my misery. But hear, great father Jove, my prayer! Frustrate this babe's untimely doom— Spare him, great Jove; I bid thee spare(Oh! what a mother's soul may dare—) Avenger of my wrongs in years to come. J. L. E.

### XCII. THE SAME.

It is the best thing for a mortal man to be in health the second to be born with a good form; the third t be rich without trickery; and the fourth to be in th prime of life in the society of friends.

> The first of mortal joys is health; Next beauty; and the third is wealth: The fourth, all youth's delight to prove With those we love. J. H. M.

## XCIII. THE SAME.

This is the beautiful statue of Milo the beautiful who conquered seven times at Pisa, and never fell or his knees (vanquished).

> Fair statue this of Milo fair: who won Seven times the Pisan prize, and quailed to none. STERLING.

# XCIV. THE SAME.

Praxiteles has moulded accurately the love, which h felt, drawing the model-figure from his own heart, and given me to Phryné, as the payment for myself; and produce a love-philtre, not by drawing a bow, but b having her eyes fixed upon me.

> Well has the sculptor felt, what he express'd: He drew the living model from his breast. Will not his Phryné the rare gift approve, Me for myself exchanging, love for love? Lost are my fabled bow and magic dart; But, only gazed upon, I win the heart. F. H.

## XCV. CALLISTRATUS.

In a bough of myrtle I will carry the sword, like Harmodius and Aristogeiton, when they killed the ty rant, and caused Athens to be under equal laws. ( rest Harmodius! thou hast not died wholly; but in isles of the blessed they say you are, where they (are) Achilles swift of foot, and Diomed the son of leus. In a bough of myrtle I will carry the sword, Harmodius and Aristogeiton, when at the festival-rifice of Athéné they killed Hipparchus the tyranta. Ever your glory through the land shall live, rest Harmodius and Aristogeiton, because ye killed tyrant, and caused Athens to be under equal laws.

I'll wreathe my sword in myrtle bough, The sword that laid the tyrant low; When patriots burning to be free, To Athens gave equality. Harmodius, hail! though reft of breath, Thou ne'er shalt feel the stroke of death. The heroes' happy isles shall be The bright abode allotted thee. I'll wreathe the sword in myrtle bough. The sword that laid Hipparchus low, When at Minerva's adverse fane, He knelt, and never rose again. While freedom's name is understood, You shall delight the wise and good; You dared to set your country free, And gave her laws equality. LD. DENMAN.

In myrtles veil'd I will the falchion wear;
For thus the patriot sword
Harmodius and Aristogeiton bare,
When they the tyrant's bosom gored;
And bade the men of Athens be
Regenerate in equality.
Beloved Harmodius, oh! never
Shall death be thine, who livest for ever.
Thy shade, as men have told, inherits
The islands of the blessed spirits:
Where deathless live the glorious dead,
Achilles fleet of foot and Diomed.

Instead of  $\pi o v$ , the sense evidently requires  $\pi \tilde{a} \zeta$ , similar to "Non is moriar" in Horace.

In myrtles veil'd I will the falchion wear;
For thus the patriot sword
Harmodius and Aristogeiton bare,
When they the tyrant's bosom gored;
When, in Minerva's festal rite,
They closed Hipparchus' eyes in night.
Harmodius' praise, Aristogeiton's name,
Shall bloom on earth with undecaying fame:
Who with the myrtle-wreathed sword
The tyrant's bosom gored;
And bade the men of Athens be
Regenerate in equality.

ELTON.

# XCVI. HYBRIAS THE CRETAN.

My wealth is a great spear and sword, and a beautiful shield, made out of a raw hide, the defence of my skin. With this I plough; with this I reap; with this I tread sweet wine from the vine; by this I am called the lord of the household. And they, who dare not possess a spear and a beautiful shield, made out of a raw hide, all fall on their knees to me, and worship me as their lord, and call me mighty king.

My wealth is here; the sword and spear; The breast-defending shield; With this I plough; with this I sow; With this I reap the field. With this I tread the luscious grape, And drink the blood-red wine; And slaves around in order wait. And all are counted mine. But he, who will not rear the lance Upon the battle-field, Nor sway the sword, nor stand behind The breast-defending shield, On lowly knee must worship me, With servile kiss adored, And peal the cry of homage high, And hail me mighty lord. SIR DANIEL SANDFORD.

Much riches these me yield, My gallant spear and sword, And my brave hide-cover'd shield, The bulwark of its lord. 'Tis thus I reap and plough; 'Tis thus the sweet grape tread; 'Tis thus the household bow, And call me lord and head. By those, who will not dare The spear and sword to wield, And the bulwark will not bear Of the brave hide-cover'd shield, Down on their knees before me, While one and all I bring. Must as their liege adore me, And hail me mighty king.

HAY.

# XCVII. ARIPHRON OF SICYON.

O health! thou most to be honoured amongst the blessed (powers), with thee may I live the remainder of life; and may thou be my careful fellow-dweller. For if there be to man any pleasure in wealth, or in children, and in kingly-rule, equal to the gods, or in the desires, which we hunt after with the hidden nets of Venus; or if there has been seen any other delight given by the gods to man, or respite from labours, with thee, blessed health, all things flourish, and shines the spring of loveliness. But without thee no one is happy.

Health, brightest visitant from heaven,
Grant me with thee to rest;
For the short term by nature given,
Be thou my constant guest.
For all the pride that wealth bestows;
The pleasure that from children flows;
Whate'er we court in regal state,
That makes men covet to be great;
Whatever sweet we hope to find
In love's delightful snare;
Whatever good by heaven assign'd,
Whatever pause from care;

All flourish at thy smile divine, The spring of loveliness is thine; And every joy that warms our hearts, With thee approaches and departs.

BL.

Hygeia, thou most blest of heavenly powers,
Oh! may I spend my life's remaining hours
With thee; and deign thou, goddess ever blest,
To dwell with me, a well-pleased fellow-guest.
Since all the joys, which wealth or offspring brings,
The pomp, the power, the circumstance of kings,
Whereby the monarch vies with gods above,
The eager, furtive, toil-won joys of love,
All the delights, which heaven to man may doom,
Bless'd Hygeia, live with thee and bloom.
Bright shines the Graces' spring, when thou art near,
And happy hours without thee disappear.

HAY.

Oh holiest Health! all other gods excelling, May I be ever blest

With thy kind favour, and in life's poor dwelling Be thou, I pray, my constant guest.

If aught of grace or charm to mortals lingers Round wealth, or kingly sway,

Or children's happy faces in their play, Or those sweet bands which Aphrodite's fingers

Weave round the trusting heart, Or whatsoever joy or breathing space

Kind Heaven has given to worn humanity, Thine is the charm, to thee they owe the grace.

Life's chaplet blossoms only where thou art, And Pleasure's year attains its sunny spring:

And where thy smile is not, our joy is but a sigh.

E. B. C.

TPD

XCVIII. WESTMINSTER, 1 BOOK, 1 EP.

XCIX. --- 3 -- 19 ---

Attic Maiden, honey-fed, why seize and bear away
Thy fellow-prattling grasshopper, to thy callow young a prey?
Fellow-prattlers, winged both, both visitants together,
The summer bird, the summer fly, both fond of summer
weather.

Oh! let it go, it is not just, 'tis surely very wrong,
That the conversant-in-song should die by the conversantin-song.

HAY.

### C. PLATO.

The Paphian Cytherea (Venus) came by sea to Cnidus, desirous of beholding her own image; and after looking round <sup>1</sup> every where in a spot, seen all around, she cried out—Where did Praxiteles see me naked? Praxiteles did not see what was not lawful; but the iron (chisel) cut the Paphian, such as Mars wished.

Bright Cytherea thought one day
To Cnidos she'd repair,
Gliding across the watery way
To view her image there.
But when arrived, she cast around
Her eyes divinely bright,
And saw upon that holy ground
The gazing world's delight,
Amazed, she cried—while blushes told
The thoughts that swell'd her breast—
Where did Praxiteles behold
My form? or has he guess'd?

J. H. M.

#### CI. THE SAME.

The Graces seeking to obtain a sacred enclosure, which would not fall down, found it in the soul of Aristophanes.

The Muses seeking for a shrine,
Whose glories ne'er should cease:
Found, as they stray'd, the soul divine
Of Aristophanes.

J. H. M.

<sup>1—1</sup> In lieu of πάντη, the sense seems to require αὐτην, "herself," and περιστείπτ $\varphi$ , "trodden all round," in lieu of περισκέπτ $\varphi$ —for the spot where the statue stood was, no doubt, much trodden by persons, who came to see it, like the shrine of Thomas a Becket at Canterbury.

#### CII. THE SAME.

Seat yourself by this pine with high boughs, that murmurs, while it bristles by (the breath of) frequent Zephyrs, and near the babbling rills my pipe shall bring a heavy sleep upon thy soothed eyelids.

Sit by this pine, whose leaves are murmuring sweet
And bristling, as the Zephyrs frequent rise;
And by the babbling rills my pipe shall greet
Thy coming, and with slumber seal thine eyes.
G. B.

#### CIII. THE SAME.

Let the rough tops of the oak-grove be silent, and the rills from the rock, and the much-mingled bleating of ewes who have young; since Pan himself is playing on his well-toned pipe, by putting his flexible lips over the united reeds; and the Nymphs who preside over waters, and those who preside over oaks, have formed a dance around with their tender feet.

Sleep, ye rude winds, be every murmur dead On yonder oak-crown'd promontory's head. Be still, ye bleating flocks; your shepherd calls; Hang silent on your rocks, ye waterfalls. Pan on his oaten pipe awakes the strain, And fills with dulcet sounds the pastoral plain; Lured by his notes, the Nymphs their bower forsake From every fountain, running stream, and lake, From every hill and ancient grove around, And to symphonious measures strike the ground. J. H. M.

Hush'd be the Dryad band on wooded rock; Hush'd be the water's dash, and bleating flock; E'en now his moist lips o'er the reeds he ran, Himself the reeds attuning, mighty Pan. In frolic dance their many-twinkling feet, Nymphs of the grove and fount, around him beat.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Scaliger suggested, what Bosch has confirmed, κῶνον for κῶμον...

Keep silence now, ye Dryads' craggy rocks,
Ye gurgling founts, mix'd bleatings of the flocks;
Pan with moist lips his well-join'd pipe runs o'er,
And the blithe reeds the jocund strain out-pour;
While round and round, on light fantastic toe,
Dryads and Hamadryads tripping go.

HAY.

# CIV. THE SAME.

# ON A SATYR STANDING OVER A FOUNTAIN, AND A SLEEPING CUPID.

A hand, like that of Dædalus, designed the Satyr, a son of Bromius (Bacchus), and threw into a mere stone breath in a divine manner; and I am a cousin of the Nymphs; and, instead of the former purple wine, I pour forth pleasant water. Bringing your foot (hither) direct it in a quiet manner, lest perchance you rouse up the boy, who is soothed by a gentle slumber.

From mortals hands my being I derive;
Mute marble once from man I learn'd to live.
A Satyr now, with Nymphs I hold resort,
And guard the watery grottos where they sport.
In purple wine denied to revel more,
Sweet draughts of water from my urn I pour.
But, stranger, softly tread, lest any sound
Awake yon boy, in rosy slumbers bound.
BL.

# CV. ETON EXTRACTS, EP. 34.

By the road-side a mark I stand
For every passing school-boy's hand;
A helpless butt, whereon to try
The skill of their rude archery.
My branches erst so widely spread,
The leafy honours of my head,
Scatter'd around me, shent and broke
By many a pointed marble's stroke.
Plants of the forest, pray that ne'er
Your boughs may fruit or blossom bear.
If to be barren is a curse,
A fatal fruitfulness is worse.

J. H. M.

# CVI. ETON EXTRACTS, 10 EP.

### CVII. MNASALCAS.

O reed! why hast thou rushed thus to the froth-begotten (Venus)? Why art thou present thus far from a shepherd's lip? Here are no precipices or valleys. But all are Loves and Desire; but the rustic Muse dwells on a mountain.

Say, rustic Pipe, in Cytherea's dome
Why sounds this echo of a shepherd's home?
Nor rocks nor valleys here invite the strain;
But all is Love; go, seek thy hills again.
F. H.

## CVIII. THE SAME.

I, hapless Virtue, sit here, close to Pleasure, disgracefully, having cut off my ringlets, and am struck in my mind with a great grief, since pleasure with evil thoughts is judged by all to be better than myself.

In woeful guise at Pleasure's gate,
I, Virtue, as a mourner, wait,
With hair in loose disorder flowing,
And breast with fierce resentment glowing;
Since, in the country round I see
Base sensual joys preferr'd to me. J. H. M.

#### CIX. NOSSIS.

Nothing is more sweet than Love. What are things of wealth, are all secondary. I spit out from my mouth even honey. This says Nossis. He whom Venus has not loved, knows not of what kind are her roses.

What in life is half so sweet As the hour when lovers meet? Not the joys that Fortune pours, Not Hymettus' fragrant stores.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> The Epigram, says Jacobs, is supposed to be written on a shepherd's pipe found in a temple of Venus.

Thus says Nossis. Whosoe'er Venus takes not to her care, Never shall the roses know, In her blooming bowers that grow. J. H. M.

CX. WESTMINSTER, 2 BOOK, 68 EP.

### CXI. NOSSIS.

The tablet has the form of Thymareté. Well has it represented her stately mien, and the beauty of her mild eye. Even the little lap-dog, that guards the house, would wag its tail on beholding it, fancying that it saw the mistress of the mansion.

On yonder tablet graved I see
The form of my Thymareté;
Her gracious smile, her lofty air,
Warm'd as in life, are blended there.
Her little fondled dog, that keeps
Still watch around her while she sleeps,
Would in that shape his mistress trace,
And fawning lick her honour'd face. J. H. M.

# CXII. ANYTÉ.

This is the spot of Venus; since it was a delightful thing for her to be ever looking upon the shining sea, whilst she was bringing to an end a voyage agreeable to sailors. But the sea around feels a fear, while it looks upon the glossy statue.

Cythera from this craggy steep
Looks downward on the glassy deep,
And hither calls the breathing gale,
Propitious to the venturous sail;
While ocean flows beneath, serene,
Awed by the smile of Beauty's Queen.
BL.

### CXIII. THE SAME.

Stranger, rest beneath the rock 1 your tired limbs. A breeze murmurs sweetly amongst the green leaves. And

Instead of πέτραν Meineke would read πεύκαν—" the pine."

from a fountain the cold water drink; for to wayfarers this is an agreeable relief in the heat of summer.\(^1\)

Stranger, beneath this rock thy limbs bestow.

Sweet 'mid the green leaves breezes whisper here.

Drink the cool wave, while noon-tide fervours glow;

For such the rest to wearied pilgrim dear.

Anonymous.

Stranger, beneath the rock thy limbs repose,
Way-worn. The breeze 'midst green leaves sweetly blows.
Cool water from a fountain drink. To tired feet
Such rest in summer's heat is ever sweet. G. B.

## CXIV. THE SAME.

Sit every one beneath the beautiful and blooming leaves of a laurel, and draw the pleasant draught of a seasonable stream, whilst you are resting your limbs, panting with the toils of summer, (and) struck with the breath of the Zephyr.

Rest thee beneath you laurel's ample shade,
And quaff the limpid stream that issues there;
So thy worn frame, for summer's toil repaid,
May feel the freshness of the western air. F. H.

## CXV. ASCLEPIADES.

Drink, Asclepiades. Why are these tears? What are you ailing? Not of you alone has harsh-tempered Venus made a spoil; nor against you alone has spiteful Love directed his bow and arrows. Why still living are you placed amongst ashes? Let us quaff a strong draught of Bacchus. The morn is our finger-guide (for drink-

In lieu of θερμφ, the poet evidently wrote θερινφ.
 Instead of "Ιζεν ἄπας, Jacobs would read "Ιζεν τᾶσδ".

 $<sup>^3</sup>$  In lieu of τυπτόμενα, Runken would read ψυχόμενα: one would prefer τερπόμενα.

As κατεθήκατο means "has laid down," which is here unintelligible, the poet wrote, perhaps, κάκ ἐρῆκε τὰ — Meineke suggests κατετείνατο— 5 Ιn δάκτυλος άψς is an allusion to δάκτυλος άμερα, in a fragment of Alcœus preserved by Athenæus, x. p. 430.

ing); or wait we to see the lamp that puts us to sleep again. Drink we then gaily. After a period not long, we shall, O hapless one, repose through the long night (of death).

Drink, Asclepiades. Why stream thine eyes?
Art thou alone resistless Beauty's prize?
Hast thou alone sustain'd the piercing darts
Which sportive Love directs at human hearts?
Why buried thus alive? The rosy ray
Of morn fades swiftly. Drink thy cares away.
Wait we again the lamps of drowsy night?
With wine, with wine salute the dawning light.
A few short hours, and all our joys are o'er;
We sleep in darkness and shall quaff no more. F. H.

# CXVI. THE SAME.

The remnant of life, whatever it may be, do ye, O Loves, dismiss by the gods, so as to enjoy quietness. But if not, do not strike me with arrows, but with thunderbolts, and reduce me completely to ashes and charcoal. Yes; yes, strike me, ye Loves; for I am willing, if there be any evil greater than this, to endure it, after being reduced to a skeleton by sorrows.

All that is left me of my soul,
That little all, O Love, release;
Release, kind Love, from all control,
And let me be at peace.
Or, if in vain for ease I pray,
Bid not thy shafts, but lightnings, fly,
That so I may consume away
To ashes, where I lie.
Strike then, kind Love; nay, do not spare;
And, if aught worse thou hast in store,
I do not ask thee to forbear;
But rather strike the more.

J. H. M.

# CXVII. THE SAME.

O Night, for I call thee, not any other (deity), to witness how Pythias, the daughter of Nico, has insulted

me, by being a friend deceitfully. I came invited, and not without an invitation. May she suffer in the same way, and standing at my porch find fault with you.

Witness, Night—I ask no more—
What a fool Melissa made me;
When to be her paramour,
First she lured and then betray'd me.
Not uncall'd I sought her door,
I, her chosen paramour.
Witness, Night, who saw me wait
All your long and dreary hours,
Sighing, shivering at her gate.
Grant me this, ye amorous powers—
May she live herself to be
Cheated, as she cheated me.

J. H. M.

## CXVIII. THE SAME.

You spare your virginity. And what profits it? For when you have gone to Hades, you will not find, my girl, a lover (there). The joys of Venus are amongst the living. But in Acheron, we lie, O virgin, bones and dust.

Still glorying in thy virgin flower?
Yet, in the gloomy shades below,
No lovers will approach thy bower;
Love's pleasures with the living flow.
Virgin, we shall be dust alone
On the sad shore of Acheron.

J. H. M.

### CXIX. THE SAME.

Snow, hurl hail, make darkness, burn with lightning, shake the clouds, that render all things on earth of a livid colour. For if you kill me, I will then cease. But if you leave me to live, and yet distribute things worse than these, I will revel. For a deity, who is even thy master, O Jove, draws me along, persuaded once by

 $<sup>^1</sup>$  The Greek is at present αΐθε, κεραυνοῦ. It was originally αΐθε κεραυνοῦ. Compare Ep. 342, κεραυνοῦ βάλλε—

whom you passed, as gold, through nuptial chambers of brass.1

Snow on; hail on; cast darkness all around me; Let loose thy thunders; with thy lightnings wound me; I care not, Jove, but thy worst rage defy; Nor will I cease to revel, till I die. Spare but my life, and let thy thunders roar, And lightnings flash, I'll only revel more. Thunderer! a god more potent far than thee, To whom e'en thou hast yielded, maddens me. J. H. M.

# CXX. THE SAME.

This is a likeness of Venus. Come, let us see if it be not of Berenicé. I am in doubt to which of the two a person would say it is more like.

This form is Cytherea's. Nay,
'Tis Berenicé's, I protest.
So like to both, you safely may
Give it to either you like best. J. H. M.

## CXXI. THE SAME.

This is the sweet labour of Erinna. It is not much, as being that of a virgin's nineteen years old, but of greater power than many others; and had not Hades come to me quickly, who would have obtained an equal name?

#### CXXII. LEONIDAS OF TARENTUM.

Catch well thy prey, hare-hunter; and if thou art in pursuit of birds, and comest with bird-lime under this double hill,<sup>2</sup> call from the cliff upon me, the woodguardian Pan, and I will hunt together with dogs and reeds.

<sup>1</sup> This alludes to the story of Danaë, told by Horace, "Inclusam Danaen." &c.

<sup>2</sup> By a double hill Brunck understands a valley between two hills. Instead however of τοῦθ ὑπὸ δισσὸν ὅρος, the poet wrote perhaps τοῦδ ὑπ΄ ἔτ΄ ἄσσον ὅρου, i. e. still nearer under this hill. Toup merely reads λισσὸν for δισσὸν—

Good luck to you, sportsman, while chasing the hare, Or plying for birds in this dell the limed snare; Me, the forester Pan, from a crag if you call, I'll help you to quarry with dogs, reeds, and all.

## CXXIII. THE SAME.

Behold the old Anacreon, abundantly shaken by wine with a garland (on his head), upon a well-turned marble (seat). How the old fellow looks with eyes lascivious and moist, and has drawn his robe down to his heels; but one of his slippers he has, like a drunken man, lost; and the other fitted to his wrinkled foot. And he is singing either of the lovely Bathyllus, or Megisteus, while raising on high the lyre, ill-suited to love, with his hand. But do you, father Dionysus, guard him. For it is not reasonable that a servant of Bacchus should, through Bacchus, fall.

Come, see your old Anacreon, How, seated on his couch of stone, With silvery temples garlanded, He quaffs the rich wine rosy-red. How, with flush'd cheek and swimming eye, In drunken fashion from his thigh He lets his robe unheeded steal. And drop and dangle o'er his heel. One sandal's off, one scarce can hide The lean and shrivell'd foot inside. Old Anacreon! hark, he sings Still of love to th' old harp-strings. Still, Bathylla, still, Megisté, How he coax'd ye, how he kiss'd ye. Gentle Bacchus, watch and wait, You must watch, and hold him straight; Hold him up; for if he fall, C. M. You lose your boldest Bacchanal.

In lieu of στρεπτόν, Jacobs has ingeniously suggested στεπτόν—

Jacobs explains τὰν δυσίρωτα by "to which his unsuccessful loves

mag." But such a meaning would be perfectly inadmissible. The

sonceal a corruption not difficult to be corrected.

See on this rounded pedestal The old Anacreon crown'd With garlands, while his senses In floods of wine are drown'd. His swimming eyes are twinkling With sparks of soft desire, While at his ancles dangling He drags his loose attire. And, like a man wine-stricken, One buskin he hath on A foot so old and shrivell'd: The other buskin's gone. And in his hand upraising His harp, he softly sings Bathyllus or Megisteus, Or the pains which loving brings. Protect him, father Bacchus; 'Tis neither meet nor fair, A Bacchanalian votary Should fall from lack of care.

R PROBLEM N

HAY.

Upon this rounded pedestal behold Anacreon placed; Fill'd full of wine, as if in life, and with a garland graced. The old man he looks swimmingly around with amorous eyes,

And drags about his ancles his garments, as he hies.

Of his two buskins one, you see, like a drunkard he hath tint,
And the other—what a shrivell'd foot—gramercy, is got in 't.
He needs must sing too, lifting up his love-resounding lyre,
For Bathyllus or Megisteus hath his soul set all on fire.

Fly, father Bacchus, to his aid, or you'll be blamed by all;
Shame to your godship 'twere to let such votary get a fall.

WILSON.

## CXXIV. THE SAME.

Do not, way-farer, drink here the warm water from a pond surrounded by mud, and frequented by sheep, but go a little further over the high ground, where heifers

This is the only meaning one can give to περίπλεον. But the author wrote perhaps πυρός πλέον, which he meant to unite to θερμόν—" more hot than fire—"

feed; there by that shepherd's pine you will find a stream babbling though a rock, with a pleasant fountain, and colder than the snow of the North.

Not here, O thirsty traveller, stop to drink,
The sun has warm'd, and flocks disturb'd its brink;
But climb you upland, where the heifers play,
Where that tall pine excludes the sultry day;
There will you find a bubbling rill, that flows
Down the smooth rock, more cold than Thracian snows.

BL.

Too lonely is this place; nor cool, nor clear
The torrent's water; wanderer, drink not here;
Climb but yon knoll, the heifer's pasture sweet;
There by yon pine, the shepherd's noon-day seat,
Thou'lt see from out its rocky fountain flow
The gurgling wave, more cold than Scythian snow.
G. S.

### CXXV. THE SAME.

Apelles having seen the well-bedded Venus, as she escaped from the bosom of her mother, and shining with the foam (of the sea), moulded a form of beauty, most desirable, not painted, but alive. For well does she, with the ends of her fingers, squeeze out her hair, and well does calm desire shine from out her eyes; and her bosom, the messenger of the prime of youth, is swelling. And Athené and the wife of Jove will say—We are inferior, O Jove, in the trial.

From her mother's bosom flying, Glistening with the salt sea-foam, Our Apelles Venus spying, Bade his daring pencil roam O'er her beauties, rapture giving, Not to paint but catch them living.

<sup>2</sup> In the text, given by Edwards, μητρός is omitted



<sup>1</sup> Bosch compares εὐλεχῆ Κύπριν with εὐλέκτρου νύμφας in Soph. Antig. 796.

'Tis thus her fingers small she weaves
In her long and dripping tresses;
'Tis thus her full round bosom heaves,
Like rich fruit, that Autumn blesses.
While her goddess-rivals say—
"Mighty Jove, we yield the day."
J. H. M.

From her own mother's bosom just escaped
Came genial Venus, while adown her skin
The foam-bells sparkled. Her Apelles saw
In all her kindling beauty, and there fix'd
Not her bright semblance, but her breathing self.
See with what grace her finger-tips express
The moisture from her hair, and beautiful
Is passion's lustre, mildly beaming forth
From her large eyes; and oh! that swelling breast
Heralds perfection by its quince-like round.
Minerva's self, and Jove's own queen exclaim—
Yes, Jupiter, to her we yield the palm.

HAY-

# CXXVI. THE SAME.

The fiery sun, while rolling his chariot-wheels, has caused to disappear the stars and the holy circle of the moon. And Homer has reduced to nothingness the crowd of minstrels by holding up the most brilliant light of the Muses.

Rolling his chariot round, the fiery sun
Blots out the stars, and the moon's holy light;
The host of bards thus Homer has outdone,
Holding the Muses' torch so high and bright.
F. H.

CXXVII. WESTMINSTER, 3 BOOK, 39 EP.

Eurotas erst to Cypris said—
"Or clad in arms appear,
Or hence depart. This city raves
For buckler, sword, and spear."
"Nay," faintly laughing, she replied,
"Though I unarm'd remain,
Yet Lacedæmon shall no less
Be held my favour'd reign."

Ne'er yet was Cytherea seen
Array'd in horrid mail;
And shameless they, who Sparta's name
Brand with so false a tale.

J. H. M.

#### CXXVIII. MELEAGER.

If quick wings are stretched about your back, and the far-darting points of Scythian arrows, shall I fly from you, Love, beneath the earth? For what avails it? Since not even Hades, the all-subduer, has escaped your power.

If on thy back are stretch'd quick-flying wings, And Scythia's arrows with far-darting stings, Beneath the earth from thee, Love, shall I fly? No; Hades, conquering all, can't thee defy. G. B.

# CXXIX. LEONIDAS.

This is the season for sailing. For the twittering swallow has already come, and the pleasant Zephyr; and the meadows are in flower, and silent has become the sea, broken (lately) by waves and the rough gale. Take up the anchors, sailor, and let loose the ropes, and set sail, giving out the whole canvass. This do I, Priapus, enjoin, who inhabit the harbour, in order that you, O man, may set sail for every kind of traffic.

Haste to the port! The twittering swallow calls,
Again return'd; the wintry breezes sleep;
The meadows laugh; and warm the Zephyr falls
On Ocean's breast, and calms the fearful deep.
Now spring your cables, loiterers; spread your sails;
O'er the smooth surface of the waters roam:
So shall your vessel glide with friendly gales,
And, fraught with foreign treasure, waft you home.
BL.

'Tis time to sail. Soft blows the breeze;
The twittering swallow now is heard;
The fields are green, and still the seas,
By no rough blast or billow stirr'd.

Cut cable, mariner; aboard;
Weigh anchor; set thy canvass free;
Priapus bids, the harbour's lord;
Off, off, with every argosy.

G. S.

This is the time for sailing. Back again
The twittering swallow comes, and Zephyrs mild;
The meadows are in flower; and still the main,
Lately with blustering winds and billows wild.
Draw up the anchor, sailor; ropes let go;
And all the canvass let the breeze fill well:
To thee Priapus, near the port, says so;
That thou of traffic may the profits tell.

G. B.

### CXXX. THE SAME.

The skipping and well-bearded husband of a female goat, once in the enclosure of a vineyard nibbled all the tender branches. To whom a voice from the ground spoke thus much: "Nip off, O thou most wicked one, with thy jaws our fruit-bearing branch; for the root, still secure, will send up again sweet nectar, enough to pour upon thee, O goat, when sacrificed."

#### CXXXI. THE SAME.

Ye water-nymphs, the race of Dorus,<sup>2</sup> may ye come and irrigate this garden of Timocles. For Timocles, the gardener, ever brings from these gardens gifts to you, damsels, in season.

#### CXXXII. DIOTIMUS OF MILETUS.

Thou old nurse of a loved one, why do you bark at me, while approaching (you), and harshly throw me into

¹ Jacobs quotes opportunely from Virgil — "pecori—maritum," and from Horace, "olentis uxores mariti."

<sup>2</sup> By Δώρου γένος Jacobs understands "the race of some unknown stream, that bore probably that name." Graefe would read διερδυ γένος—He should have suggested δῶρ ὧν γάνος—"whose gifts are water—"—For thus the gifts of the Water-Nymphs would answer to the gifts of the gardener. Meineke suggests Δώτου, referring to Steph. Byz. in Δώτιον.

The sense requires φίλης, not φίλη, as remarked by Jacobs.

twice as many pains. For you are leading a very beautiful virgin, on whose steps I am treading. See, how I am going along my own path. It is sweet merely to look upon (her) form. What grudging of eyes (is there), thou wretched one? We look upon the forms of even the immortals.

Guardian of yon blushing fair, Reverend matron, tell me, why You affect that churlish air, Snarling, as I pass you by? I deserve not such rebuke; All I ask is but to look. True, I on her steps attend; True, I cannot choose but gaze; But I meant not to offend; Common are the public ways. And I need not your rebuke, When I follow but to look. Are my eyes so much in fault, That they cannot choose but see? By the gods we're homage taught; Homage is idolatry. Spare that undeserved rebuke, E'en the gods permit to look. J. H. M.

#### CXXXIII. PAMPHILUS.

Why, hapless daughter of Pandion, dost thou all day long warble in sorrow the sweet notes through thy mouth. Has a regret for thy virginity come upon thee, which the Thracian Tereus enjoyed, by dreadfully violating thee?

Why all day long, Pandion's hapless child,
Pour out thy sorrows in so sad a ditty?
Is it for that sweet flower lost—oh tale of pity—
By Tereus torn, the Thracian spoiler wild.
J. H. M.

CXXXIV. WESTMINSTER, 2 BOOK, 100 EP.

<sup>1</sup> Meineke suggests δη for δίς.

### CXXXV. THEOCRITUS.

Art thou willing, by the Muses, to play something pleasant to me with the double pipe? and I, lifting up the tambourine, will begin to make a noise; and do you, Daphnis, a herdsman, sing near, pleased with the air from the wax-bound (reeds). And let us, standing near to the shaggy-necked cave, deprive Pan, the goatherd, of sleep.

# CXXXVI. THE SAME.

O thou unhappy Thyrsis, what avails it, should you waste away your two-eyed visage by tears and moaning? The female kid, a lovely youngling, has gone; has gone to Hades. For a rough-haired wolf has throttled it with its paws, while the dogs are howling. What avails it? since not a bone, nor even ashes of the departed, are left.

What boots it, hapless Thyrsis, though your eyes Should waste in tears, your breast dissolve in sighs? Lost is the kid—for ever lost above—

Torn by the wolf's sharp fangs—the kid you love.

Hark, how the dogs upbraid thy fruitless moans;

He left not e'en the ashes of his bones.

C. M.

Ah! wretched Thyrsis, what avail thy sighs?
Ah! what avail thy twain, tear-moisten'd eyes?
Thy kid, dear kid, hath enter'd Orcus' jaws;
For the fierce wolf has clutch'd her in his claws,
While the dogs bark; ah! nought avail thy groans;
Ne'er shalt thou see the ashes of her bones.

HAY.

#### CXXXVII. MOSCHUS.

Mischievous Love, having laid aside his torch and arrows, took up an ox-driving stick, and placed a wallet adown his shoulders; and, having united the hard-working necks of bulls under a yoke, he went sowing the wheat-bearing furrow of Ceres; and looking up, he

<sup>2</sup> Brunck correctly reads αίγοβόταν, in lieu of αίγιβάταν—

As the MSS. vary between λασιαύχενος and λασίας δρυός, it is evident they conceal some other reading, still to be discovered.

twice as many pains. For you are leading a very beautiful virgin, on whose steps I am treading. See, how I am going along my own path. It is sweet merely to look upon (her) form. What grudging of eyes (is there), thou wretched one? We look upon the forms of even the immortals.

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By Tereus torn, the Thracian spoiler wild.
J. H. M.

CXXXIV. WESTMINSTER, 2 BOOK, 100 EP.

1 Meineke suggests di for dic.

If then some clown bawls out—"Here, master, here, Lies panting at your feet the stricken deer—"He takes no heed, but starts for newer game. Such is my love, and such his arrows' aim; That follows still with speed the flying fair, But deems the yielding slave below his care. J. H. M.

The hunter, used to frost and snow,
Tracks o'er the mountains every roe
And every timid hare.
But say to him—"Ho! there,
Look to your stricken game—"he takes no heed.
My passion, Epicydés, is the same;
I chase each flying nymph with eager speed,
But pass with disregard the yielding dame. II. W.

#### CXXXIX. THE SAME.

So may you sleep, Conopion, as you cause me to lie at these cold portals. So may you sleep, most unjust one, as you cause your lover to lie; and with not even the shadow of pity have you given him to meet. The neighbours pity me. But you not even the shadow of it. But your grey hair will shortly remind you of all these matters.

Such sleep, Conopion, on thine eyelids wait,
As sits on his, now shivering at thy gate.
Such sleep, thou false one, as thou bidst him prove,
Who vainly sues thy stony breast to move.
Not e'en a shade of pity thou'lt bestow.
Others may weep to see me suffer so;
But thou—not e'en a shade. Oh cruel fair!
Be this remember'd with thy first grey hair. J. H. M.

# CXL. THE SAME.

The Graces-are four. For, in addition to the three well known, one, has lately been moulded; and still

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> As ἀντιάω is not elsewhere united to an accusative—for in the Homeric ἐμὸν λέχος ἀντιόωσαν the sense is, "meeting me, as my concubine—" in ἠντιάσας perhaps lies hid ἢν ἐπ' ἄσαις, "has been for my pains."

dropping with myrrh is the happily living Berenicé, an object of envy amongst all; without whom, not even the Graces themselves are Graces.

Four are the Graces. With the three of old Be Berenicé's heavenly form enroll'd, Breathing fresh odours. They no more would be Graces themselves without her company. F. H. M.

The Graces, three erewhile, are three no more; A fourth is come, with perfume sprinkled o'er. 'Tis Berenicé, blest and fair; were she Away, the Graces would no Graces be. G. S.

#### CXLI. HEDYLUS.

Let us drink: for we may find, while at wine, something novel, and something neat, and something sweet to say. Wet me then with casks of Chian, and say, "Indulge, Hedylus, in fun; I hate to live, by not being drunk, in vain."

Drink we. 'Midst our flowing wine, Something new, or something fine, Something witty, something gay, We shall ever find to say. Flasks of Chian hither bring, Sprinkling o'er me, whilst you sing—"Jovial poet, sport and play; Sober souls throw life away."

J. H. M.

## CXLII. ALCÆUS.

No more, O Nymph-begotten Satyr, shalt thou through pine-producing Phrygia play, as erst, a strain, speaking through the well-bored reeds; nor, as before, shalt bloom in thine hands the work of the Tritonian Athèné. For thou art kept down as to thy hands by chains, not to be loosened; because thou, a mortal, didst meet Phœbus in a divine contest: and the pipe which sounded a strain, equally sweet with the harp, has given after the contest not a garland, but Hades.

No more through Phrygia's pine-bearing land
Shalt thou, as erst, O Nymph-born Satyr, play;
Nor bid through well-bored reeds the strains expand
From what Athéné fashion'd; for in chains,
Not to be loosen'd, are thy fingers bound;
And pipes, that breathed the harp's mellifluous strains,
Have garland none for thee, but Hades found;
Since a mere mortal thou didst dare to call
To contest Phœbus, lord of music all.

G. B.

# CXLIII. WESTMINSTER, 2 BOOK, 62 EP.

#### CXLIV. ALCÆUS.

Who has thus fettered you and made you unholily a captive? Who has bound your hands in folds, and devised your dirty face? Where are your rapid arrows, infant? Where the bitter and fire-bearing quiver? Surely the sculptor has laboured vainly, who in this net hath bound you, who cause the gods to be tost wavelike with madness.

#### CXLV. THE SAME.

Breathe, Pan, the mountain-treader, a strain with thy pleasant lips; breathe it, delighted with the shepherd's reed, and pour forth melody with thy sweet-sounding pipe; and rattle away, directing the harmony of thy fellow-minstrel's words. And around thee, according to the beat of the rhythm, let a divine footing break out from these Water-Nymphs.

#### CXLVI. DIOSCORIDES.

Who has tied up to this oak the newly despoiled arms? Whose Dorian small-shield has an inscription on it? 'Who of the brigade at Thyria has approached after the bloody battle?' We are left, the only two of

<sup>1—1</sup> In lieu of θυρεᾶτις ὑφ' αἵματος, which is unintelligible, the sense requires θυρέα τις ἀφ' αἵματος— For it appears from Herodotus, i. 82, where the story is told to which Dioscorides alludes, that the Spartan, Othryades, before his own death, which took place after the Argives had run away from the battle-field, wrote with his own blood on his shield,

the Argives. Search every corpse that has fallen some one, left still alive, shall cause to shine 1 a ba glory at Sparta. Stop your going. For the victo the Laconians is proclaimed on this 2 shield by drot the blood of Othryades, and he who laboured a work is gasping near. Oh ancestral Jove, hat marks of a fight, where victory is not.

CXLVII. WESTMINSTER, 3 BOOK, 40 EP.

#### CXLVIII. ANTIPATER OF SIDON.

Venus is not at Sparta, as in other cities, placed statue, dressed in soft garments; but on her hea has a helmet instead of a veil, and instead of g boughs, a spear. For it is not meet that she, we the wife of the Thracian Mars, and a Lacedæme should be without arms.

A Spartan Venus! yes, for there she stands,
Not in soft vestments, as in other lands;
A helmet's weight and not a veil she wears;
No golden myrtle, but a lance she bears.
So should it be; a warlike Spartan's dame
And Mars' own queen should be equipp'd the same

### CXLIX. THE SAME.

The deep neck of a bull, and the iron-like shot of Atlas, and the hair and the solemn beard of Her and the eyes of a lion in the Milesian giant, not evolympian Jupiter beheld without alarm, what tim cophon conquered men in boxing at Olympia.

that he was the conqueror; whom the Epigrammatist feigns i two Argives, who had fied, but afterwards returned to the field, for a dying state.

¹ Jacobs takes ἔλαμψε in a transitive sense.

Meineke suggests ἀσπίδι τὰδε in lieu of ἀσπίδος ἄδε—
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## CL. THE SAME.

Who hath bound your two hands to a column with bands not to be escaped from? Who hath (put out) fire by fire, and overcome craft by craft? Do not thou, silly one, let fall a tear down thy sweet face. For thou art delighted with the tears of young persons.

#### CLI. THE SAME.

Some say that your nurse, Homer, was Colophon; others, the beautiful Smyrna; others, Chios; others, Ios; and others have bawled out for Salamis with its happy allotments; others again for Thessaly, the mother of the Lapithæ. And some have shouted for one land, and some for another. But if I must speak unhesitatingly the knowing oracles of Phœbus, the great heaven is your country, and you were not from a mortal parent, but from Calliopé your mother.

From Colophon some deem thee sprung;
From Smyrna some, and some from Chios;
These noble Salamis have sung,
While those proclaim thee born in Ios;
And others cry up Thessaly,
The mother of the Lapithæ.
Thus each to Homer has assign'd
The birth-place just which suits his mind.
But if I read the volume right,
By Phœbus to his followers given,
I'd say—They 're all mistaken quite,
And that his real country 's heaven;
While for his mother, she can be
No other than Calliopé.

J. H. M.

#### CLII. THE SAME.

As much as the trumpet sounds above the flute, made

Why Salamis should be called εὔκληρος even Jacobs has failed to show.

<sup>&#</sup>x27; From this expression Jacobs infers that the Epigram was written upon a Cupid in bonds.

the Argives. Search every corpse that has fallen, lest some one, left still alive, shall cause to shine a bastard glory at Sparta. Stop your going. For the victory of the Laconians is proclaimed on this shield by drops of the blood of Othryades, and he who laboured at this work is gasping near. Oh ancestral Jove, hate the marks of a fight, where victory is not.

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A Spartan Venus! yes, for there she stands, Not in soft vestments, as in other lands; A helmet's weight and not a veil she wears; No golden myrtle, but a lance she bears. So should it be; a warlike Spartan's dame And Mars' own queen should be equipp'd the same.

HAY.

### CXLIX. THE SAME.

The deep neck of a bull, and the iron-like shoulders of Atlas, and the hair and the solemn beard of Hercules, and the eyes of a lion in the Milesian giant, not even the Olympian Jupiter beheld without alarm, what time Nicophon conquered men in boxing at Olympia.

that he was the conqueror; whom the Epigrammatist feigns that the two Argives, who had fled, but afterwards returned to the field, found in a dying state.

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<sup>4</sup> Jacobs correctly refers the "Milesian giant" to Nicophon himself.

Where has thy grandeur, Corinth, shrunk from sight? Thy ancient towers, and thy rampart's height? Thy godlike palaces and fanes? Oh! where Thy mighty myriads and majestic fair? Relentless war has pour'd around the wall, And hardly spared the traces of thy fall. We, Nymphs of Ocean, deathless yet remain, And sad and silent sorrow near thy plain. BL.

Where are thy splendours, Dorian Corinth? where
Thy crested turrets? thy ancestral goods?
The temples of the blest? the dwellings of the fair?
The high-born dames? the myriad multitudes?
There's not a trace of thee, sad doom'd one, left;
By rav'ning war at once of all bereft.
We, the sad Nereids, offspring of the surge,
Alone are spared, to chaunt the Halcyon dirge.
H. W.

#### CLIV. THE SAME.

This is a small dwelling—since I am located near the dark wave, the mistress of the moistened shore—but dear to me; for I rejoice at the ocean widely fearing, and sailors being saved through me. Propitiate Venus; and I will breathe favourably upon you, either in love-matters, or on the wide-gaping sea.

Small is this dome, where o'er the billowy main,
Sole empress of the sea-beat shore, I reign,
Yet dear; for much I love the roaring sea,
And much the shipwreck'd seaman saved by me.
Worship thou Venus. Her propitious gales,
Lover or mariner, shall fill thy sails.
FR. WRANGHAM.

Simple this shrine, where by the dark-white wave
I sit the mistress of a briny shore,
Simple, but loved; for I delight to save
The sailor, and to hear the billows roar.
Propitiate Venus; I will prove to thee
A friend, when toss'd by love, or on the clear blue sea.

HAY.

#### CLV. THE SAME.

Thee, O swallow, the mother of young ones lately born—thee, just now warming thy offspring under thy wing, did a serpent with many folds, after having entered within the nest where nurslings are tended, deprive of what had been thy labour pains; and when it came rolled up to destroy thee too, while lamenting, it fell into the violent breath of a fire from a hearth. Thus did the evil-doer die. See how Vulcan, as a protector, saved the race, that came from his son Erichthonius.

# CLVI. THE SAME.

Lampon, the hunting dog of Midas, did thirst destroy, although it had laboured much for its life. For with its feet it had dug up the moist ground; but the sluggish water did not hasten from a blind fountain; and it fell giving up the task. The water bubbled up, however. Surely the Nymphs brought upon Lampon their anger for the fawns that had been killed.

#### CLVII. MELEAGER.

I am lying down. Tread with thy heel upon my neck, thou savage deity. I know thee, by the gods, as being difficult to bear. I know too thy arrows of fire. But if thou hurlest fire-brands against my heart, thou wilt not burn it now. It is all a cinder.

Ay, tread on my neck, tyrant Cupid. I swear, Though so little, your weight is no trifle to bear. But I laugh at your darts, tipp'd with flaming desire; Since my heart, burnt to ashes, is proof against fire.

B. KEEN.

#### CLVIII. THE SAME.

Why is it strange, if Love, the man-destroyer, shoots

¹ Such might perhaps be the meaning of  $\tilde{a}\theta\rho\sigma\sigma_{\mathcal{C}}$ . But one would prefer  $a\tilde{v}$   $\beta\sigma\rho\dot{\sigma}_{\mathcal{C}}$ — for  $\theta$  and  $\beta$  are sometimes confounded in MSS.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Progné was the daughter of Pandion, whose grandfather, Erichthonius, was the son of Neptune.

his fire-breathing arrows, and laughs bitterly with his saucy eyes. Does not his mother love Mars? and is she not the wife of Vulcan, and thus common to fire and swords? Does not the Sea, the mother of his mother, roar roughly under the lashings of the winds? And no one is his father, and he is the father of no one. Hence he possesses the fire of Vulcan, and cherishes anger equal to the waves, and (has) the blood-stained weapons of Mars.

No wonder Love, the ravisher of hearts, For slaughter raging, hurls fire-breathing darts; With bitter scorn envenoms every wound, And laughs at every death he scatters round. For Mars, the homicide, his mother vows A lawless flame, while Vulcan is her spouse. Common to fire and sword, the daughter she Of the wild, boisterous, tempest-scourged Sea. But who or whence his sire, can no man trace. No wonder then, since such is Cupid's race, His arrows Mars, hot Vulcan's forge supplied His fire, his fury the remorseless tide. J. H. M.

### CLIX. THE SAME.

Terrible is Love, terrible. But what avails it, if I should say, again and again, mourning often, terrible is Love? For surely the boy laughs at this, and is pleased, when often ill-treated; and is nourished, should I speak abuse. And it is a wonder to me, how you, Venus, who appeared through a blue wave, produced out of a moist substance, fire.

Mighty is Love; most mighty; once again I cry, most mighty, writhing with my pain, And deeply groaning; who, for mischief born, Mocks at our woes, and laughs our wrongs to scorn. The cold blue wave, from which thy mother came, Proud boy, should quench, not feed, that cruel flame.

J. H. M.

Cruel is Love; but where's the use,
Still, "Love is cruel," thus to say?
The urchin laughs; nay, on abuse
He thrives, revile him as you may.
Venus, thou daughter of the sea,
Oh! how can fire thus spring from thee?

G. S.

### CLX. THE SAME.

By Venus, I will burn all things of yours, Love, by firing them, both the bow and quiver that holds the Scythian arrows. Yes, I will burn them. Why do you laugh in a silly manner, and turn up your lip, grinning with a Satyr-like look? Perhaps you will have a Sardonic¹ laugh. For surely I will cut off your quick wings, the guides of desires, and I will rivet a fetter, bound with brass, around your feet. And yet I shall have a Cadmean victory,³ if I join you as a near-dweller to my soul, a lynx near goat-folds.³ But come thou, hard to be conquered, and take your light sandals and stretch thy rapid wings towards others.

Love, by the author of your race,
Of all your sweetest joys the giver,
I vow to burn, before your face,
Your arrows, bow, and Scythian quiver.
Yes, though you point your saucy chin,
And screw your nostrils like a Satyr,
And show your teeth, and pout, and grin,
I'll burn them, boy, for all your clatter.
I'll clip your wings, although they be
Heralds of joy; your legs I'll bind
With brazen bolts; you shan't get free.
Alas! I have but caught the wind.

<sup>2</sup> By a Cadmean victory, was meant one equally fatal to both com-

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> The Sardonic laugh would be best paraphrased in English, by "a laugh on the wrong side of the mouth."

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>3</sup> With this proverb Jacobs compares "ovem lupo committere," in Terence.

Oh! what had I with Love to do,

A wolf among the sheep-folds roaming?

There, take your wings, put on your shoe,

And tell your playmates you are coming. J. H. M.

# CLXI. THE SAME.

Let the die be cast. Light (a torch); I will go, behold, with boldness. What thought hast thou, O man, heavy with wine? I will revel, I will revel. Whither, O soul! are you turning yourself? What has reasoning to do with Love? Light quickly. Where is the former study of reason? Let the great labour of wisdom be cast aside. This one thing only do I know, that Love has brought down even the proud bearing of Jove.

The die is cast. Boy, light the torch. I go. Away, away, Untimely fears. Thou drunken fool, what art thou thinking? stay.

I go to mix with Comus' band. With Comus' band? Beware. Intruding Reason, hence! your counsels Love would gladly spare.

Boy, light the torch; be quick. Oh! where has godlike Reason fled?

And Wisdom, where? They prostrate lie among the mighty dead.

But this I know, the same decree binds e'en the gods above; The strength of Jove himself has bent before all-conquering Love.

J. H. M.

## CLXII. THE SAME.

By thee, O Bacchus, will I bear with thy boldness. Lead. Commence the revels. A god holds the reins of a mortal heart. Born thyself in fire, thou lovest the fire which is in love; and having again bound me, thou

leadest me thy suppliant. Surely thou art by nature a traitor, and not to be trusted; and telling me to conceal thy mysteries, thou art now willing to disclose mine.

Bacchus, I yield me to thy sway;
Master of revels, lead the way.
Conqueror of India's burning plain,
My heart obeys thy chariot rein.
In flames conceived, thou sure wilt prove
Indulgent to the fire of love;
Nor count me rebel, if I own
Allegiance to a double throne.
Alas! alas! that power so high
Should stoop to treacherous perfidy!
The mysteries of thy hallow'd shrine
I ne'er profaned. Why publish mine? J. H. M.

#### CLXIII. THE SAME.

Give this message, Dorcas; look you, Dorcas, tell her again, a second and a third time, all. Run. Delay not. Fly. Stop a little, Dorcas; a little. Whither, Dorcas, are you hastening, before you have learnt all? Add to what I have said just now—I am silly still more—say nothing wholly—but that—say all. Do not spare yourself from saying all this. And yet, why do I send you, Dorcas? when, see, I am going myself with you onwards?

Haste thee, Dorcas! haste, and bear
This message to thy lady fair;
And say besides—nay, pray, begone,
Tell, tell her all—run, Dorcas, run.
Whither so fast? a moment stay,
Don't run with half your tale away;
I've more to tell. Alas! I rave;
I know not what to do or have.
Go, tell her all, whate'er you know,
Whate'er you think; go, Dorcas, go.
But why a message send before,
When we're together at the door?

J. H. M.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> In lieu of προάγων, where προ could hardly be thus united to σύν, one would prefer πόδ' ἄγων.

#### CLXIV. THE SAME.

Dorcas, say to Lycænis, "See, how you have been caught loving, as if you were with a coat of plaster.' Time does not conceal a feigned love."

# CLXV. ETON EXTRACTS, 175 EP.

'Tis a sweet strain, by Pan of Arcady,
Which warbles from thy lyre with thrilling sound,
Zenophilé; oh! how can I be free?
Since Loves on every side enclose me round,
Forbidding me to breathe a single hour
In peace, since first thy beauty, then thy lyre,
Thy face, and then—oh! words of feeble power—
Thy perfect all has set me all on fire.

HAY.

#### CLXVI.

The three Graces <sup>2</sup>(have given) a triple crown to my mistress <sup>2</sup> Zenophila, the symbols of a three-fold beauty. One has placed upon her Desire, on account of her colour; another, Love on her form; and another, on her discourse sweet-spoken words. Triply fortunate is she, whose bed Venus has furnished; <sup>3</sup> language, Persuasion; and sweet beauty, Love.

The Sister-Graces for my fair
A triple garland wove,
When with each other they to make
A perfect mistress strove.
A tint, to mock the rose's bloom;
A form, like young Desire;
A voice, whose melody outbreathes
The sweetness of the lyre.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Jacobs vainly endeavours to defend  $i\pi i \pi i \pi \tau \pi \pi$ , instead of which Brunck properly proposed  $i\pi i \tau \eta \pi \tau a$ , referring most opportunely to Cicero, Epist. Attic. vii. 1.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup>—Instead of στεφάνωμα συνεύνα, where Jacobs denies that σύνευνος can be applied to a female, he would read στεφάνωμ' ἐπένησαν, "knitted a crown," and thus supply the verb wanting at present.

In lieu of ωπλισεν, Jacobs suggests ωπασεν, "gave—" One would prefer ἐπλασεν, "moulded—"

leadest me thy suppliant. Surely thou art by nature a traitor, and not to be trusted; and telling me to conceal thy mysteries, thou art now willing to disclose mine.

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Conqueror of India's burning plain,
My heart obeys thy chariot rein.
In flames conceived, thou sure wilt prove
Indulgent to the fire of love;
Nor count me rebel, if I own
Allegiance to a double throne.
Alas! alas! that power so high
Should stoop to treacherous perfidy!
The mysteries of thy hallow'd shrine
I ne'er profaned. Why publish mine? J. H. M.

#### CLXIII. THE SAME.

Give this message, Dorcas; look you, Dorcas, tell her again, a second and a third time, all. Run. Delay not. Fly. Stop a little, Dorcas; a little. Whither, Dorcas, are you hastening, before you have learnt all? Add to what I have said just now—I am silly still more—say nothing wholly—but that—say all. Do not spare yourself from saying all this. And yet, why do I send you, Dorcas? when, see, I am going myself with you onwards?

Haste thee, Dorcas! haste, and bear This message to thy lady fair; And say besides—nay, pray, begone, Tell, tell her all—run, Dorcas, run. Whither so fast? a moment stay, Don't run with half your tale away; I've more to tell. Alas! I rave; I know not what to do or have. Go, tell her all, whate'er you know, Whate'er you think; go, Dorcas, go. But why a message send before, When we're together at the door?

J. H. M.

In lieu of προάγων, where προ could hardly be thus united to σὸν, one would prefer πόδ' ἄγων.

#### CLXIV. THE SAME.

Dorcas, say to Lycænis, "See, how you have been caught loving, as if you were with a coat of plaster.' Time does not conceal a feigned love."

# CLXV. ETON EXTRACTS, 175 EP.

'Tis a sweet strain, by Pan of Arcady,
Which warbles from thy lyre with thrilling sound,
Zenophilé; oh! how can I be free?
Since Loves on every side enclose me round,
Forbidding me to breathe a single hour
In peace, since first thy beauty, then thy lyre,
Thy face, and then—oh! words of feeble power—
Thy perfect all has set me all on fire.

#### CLXVI.

The three Graces <sup>2</sup>(have given) a triple crown to my mistress <sup>2</sup> Zenophila, the symbols of a three-fold beauty. One has placed upon her Desire, on account of her colour; another, Love on her form; and another, on her discourse sweet-spoken words. Triply fortunate is she, whose bed Venus has furnished; <sup>3</sup> language, Persuasion; and sweet beauty, Love.

The Sister-Graces for my fair
A triple garland wove,
When with each other they to make
A perfect mistress strove.
A tint, to mock the rose's bloom;
A form, like young Desire;
A voice, whose melody outbreathes
The sweetness of the lyre.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Jacobs vainly endeavours to defend ἐπίκτητα, instead of which Brunck properly proposed ἐπίτηκτα, referring most opportunely to Cicero, Epist. Attic. vii. 1.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup>—Instead of στεφάνωμα συνεύνα, where Jacobs denies that σύνευνος can be applied to a female, he would read στεφάνωμ' ἐπένησαν, "knitted a crown," and thus supply the verb wanting at present.

In lieu of ωπλισεν, Jacobs suggests ωπασεν, "gave—" One would prefer επλασεν, "moulded—"

Thrice-happy fair! whom Venus arm'd
With joy's ecstatic power,
Persuasion with soft eloquence,
And Love with beauty's flower.
J. H. M.

#### CLXVII. THE SAME.

I make a proclamation against Love, the wild boy. For now, just now, he went away early in the morning, flying from his bed. The boy is, with sweet tears, ever talking, quick, fearless, laughing slyly, with wings on his back, (and) bearing a quiver. But from what father he is, I cannot tell. For neither the Air, nor Earth, nor Sea, say that they begat the daring (urchin). For he is hated in every way by all. But look to him, lest somehow he place other nets upon your souls. And yet, behold, he is about his lair. Thou hast not escaped me, archer, concealed in the eyes of Zenophila.

Love, I proclaim, the vagrant child, Who, even now, at dawn of day, Stole from his bed and flew away. He's wont to weep, as though he smiled, For ever prattling, swift, and daring; Laughs with wide mouth and wrinkled nose; Wing'd on the back, and always bearing A quiver, rattling as he goes. Unknown the author of his birth; For Air, 'tis certain, ne'er begot The saucy boy; and as for Earth And Sea, both swear they own him not. To all and every where a foe. But you must look, and keep good watch, Lest he should still around him throw Fresh nets, unwary souls to catch. Stay, while I yet am speaking, lo! There, there he sits, like one forbidden; And did you hope to 'scape me so-J. H. M. In Lesbia's eyes, you truant, hidden.

In lieu of ἄλλα, one would have expected οὐλα, "destructive--".

OYEZ. Take notice, Love, the runaway,
Fled from his bed-chamber at break of day.
The boy is an adept at wheedling, crying;
Talks much, is swift of foot, and given to lying;
Audacious, cunning, and with malice fraught,
He laughs at mischief his own wiles have wrought.
With wings for flight equipp'd; and for attack,
With darts, he bears a quiver on his back.
Who is his father, I could ne'er discover;
Earth, Air, and Sea, alike disown the rover.
He's every body's foe. Ah, maids, beware;
Youths, too, take heed. For you he spreads the snare.
But look, can I be wrong? No. There I spy
The truant archer, hid in Lesbia's eye.

B. Keen.

#### CLXVIII. THE SAME.

Now the white violet is in bloom; in bloom too the narcissus; and in bloom the lily that frequents the hills. And now Zenophila, loved by friends, amongst flowers a flower in its prime, is in bloom, the sweet rose of Persuasion. Ye meadows, why do ye joyous laugh for your herbage? For the maiden is better than sweet-breathing garlands.

Now the white snowdrop decks the mead;
The dew-besprent narcissus blows;
And on the flowery mountain's head
The wildly scatter'd lily grows.
Each loveliest child of summer throws
Its fragrance to the sunny hour;
But Lesbia's opening lips disclose
Divine Persuasion's fairer flower.
Meadows, why do ye smile in vain,
In robe of green and garlands gay?
When Lesbia moves along the plain,
She wears a sweeter charm than they. J. H. M.

See, the snow-flake blossoms gaily; Blossoms too narcissus dank; Blossom all the lilies daily, Straying over mountain-bank, Nay, but now, the flower of flowers,
Fair Zenophilé, is seen;
Sweetest rose-bud from the bowers
Of the love-bewitching queen.
Meadows, vain your sunny smiles
On those tresses bright to wear;
For the maid hath mightier wiles
Than the wreaths that scent the air.

G. F. D. T.

The snowdrop peeps from every glade;
The gay narcissus proudly glows;
The lily decks the mountain shade,
Where blooms my fair—a blushing rose.
Ye meads, why vainly thus display
The buds that grace your vernal hour?
For see ye not my Zoé stray
Amidst your sweets, a sweeter flower. Shepherd.

Now the white violets bloom, now bloom the flowers,
The hyacinths that delight in dewy showers;
Now bloom hill-loving lilies, and the rose,
Love's and Persuasion's flower, in blushing sweetness glows.
Zenophilé, thou heart enslaver, say,
Why laugh the meads in all that vain array
Of beauty? since my girl is lovelier far,
Than sweetly-breathing garlands ever are.

HAY.

#### CLXIX. THE SAME.

The goblet is pleasant and glad. It says it touches the sweetly-prattling mouth of Zenophila, dear to Love. Happy is it. I wish she would place her lips to my lips, and without drawing breath drink out the soul that is in me.

Blest is the goblet, oh! how blest,
Which Heliodora's lips have prest.
Oh! might thy lips but meet with mine,
My soul should melt away in thine. J. H. M.

#### CLXX.

Let him be sold, even while slumbering on his mother's breast. Let him be sold. Why should I bring up this bold thing? For he is naturally with a sly leer, and wings under him; and he scratches the surface (of the skin) with his nails, and in the midst of weeping frequently laughs; and still in addition he is not to be turned aside; ever prattling; keen-looking, wild, and not tamed even by his dear mother; (and) is in every respect a prodigy. He shall therefore be sold. If any trader, sailing away, wishes to buy the boy, let him come forward. And yet, see, he is supplicating, bathed in tears. I will not sell you. Be of good cheer. Remain here a fellow-boarder with Zenophila.

Sell him, whilst on his mother's breast He gently sinks in placid rest. Sell him. Why should I keep a child So bold, so graceless, and so wild? How broad his nose! how keen his eyes! And now he laughs, and now he cries; With fluttering wings and active nails He every mortal wight assails. The prattling rogue's so bent on riot, His mother cannot keep him quiet. Sell him. Who 'll buy the infant slave, And bear him cross the wintry wave? But, see, he prays with flowing tears. I will not sell thee. Calm thy fears. With me, dear boy, thou still shalt stay, And with thy lovely mistress play.

#### CLXXI. THE SAME.

Within my heart has Love himself moulded the sweetly-prattling Heliodora, a soul (within) a soul.

### CLXXII. THE SAME.

Pour into (the cup) and speak again and again of Heliodora; speak; mingle her sweet name with unmixed (wine); and place around me, wetted with ointments, and being (a reveller) yesterday, a garland in remembrance of her. See, the rose, loved by lovers,

weeps, because it beholds her elsewhere and not in my bosom.

Fill high the goblet; fill it up;
With Lesbia's name divine
Thrice utter'd crown the sparkling cup,
And sweeten all the wine.
Tie round my brows the rosy wreath,
Which yesterday we wove
With flowers that yet of odours breathe,
In memory of my love.
See how yon rose in tears is drest,
Her lovely form to see
No longer folded on my breast,
As it was wont to be.

J. H.

J. H. M.

Fill—give the health—once more, once more—Mix Heliodora's name with wine;
The ruby juice untemper'd pour,
And round my brow the garland twine;
Memorial of the gift it blooms
With flowers that yesterday o'ertopp'd their stems;
But now, dipp'd moist in new perfumes,
Shed odour drops from their anointed gems.
Lo! the rose weeps, the lover-loving flower,
To see the nymph away, who shared my bower.

ELTON.

CLXXIII. WESTMINSTER, 1 BOOK, 86 EP.

### CLXXIV. MELEAGER.

I will twine the white violet; I will twine the tender narcissus with myrtles; I will twine also the laughing lilies. I will twine too the sweet crozus; and I will twine, in addition, the purple hyacinth; and I will twine the roses, loved by lovers; in order that on the temples of Heliodora with perfumed locks a garland may throw flowers on her hair with beautiful ringlets.

I'll wreathe white violets; with the myrtle shade Bind soft narcissus; and amidst them braid The laughing lily; with whose virgin hue Shall blend bright crocus, and the hyacinth blue. There many a rose shall interwoven shed Its blushing grace on Heliodora's head, And add fresh fragrance, amorously entwining Her cluster'd locks, with spicy ointments shining. J. H. M. I'll twine white violets, and the myrtle green; Narcissus will I twine, and lilies sheen; I'll twine sweet crocus, and the hyacinth blue; And last I'll twine the rose, love's token true; That all may form a wreath of beauty, meet To deck my Heliodora's tresses sweet. G. S.

### CLXXV. THE SAME.

By Love, I would rather hear the voice of Heliodora close to my ears, than the harp of the son of Latona.

#### PARQDIED BY H. W.

Dear Jenny Lind! I'd rather hear you sing, Than Paganini fiddle "on one string."

#### CLXXVI. THE SAME.

I asserted once in stories, that the sweet prattling Heliodora conquered the Graces themselves by her graces.

The sweetly prattling Heliodore, 'tis true, Does e'en the Graces by her grace subdue. G. B.

### CLXXVII. THE SAME.

O bee, living amongst flowers, why touch the skin of Heliodora, and leave the buds just expanded in the spring? Surely you point out that it is both sweet, and possesses ever the bitter sting of love, to be with difficulty endured by the heart. Yes, I think, you have said so. Go then, loved by lovers, with your foot back again. We have known of old your tidings.

Wandering bee, who lov'st to dwell In the vernal rose-bud's cell.

<sup>1</sup> This seems scarcely intelligible. Hence for ἐν μύθοις perhaps the poet wrote οὐ μεθυσὸς—"not drunk;" i. e. in sober earnest,

Wherefore leave thy place of rest,
To light on Heliodora's breast?
Is it thus you mean to show,
When flies the shaft from Cupid's bow,
What a sweet and bitter smart
It leaves within the wounded heart?
Yes, thou friend to lovers, yes,
I thy meaning well can guess:
'Tis a truth too soon we learn;
Go; with thy lesson home return.

J. H. M.

Little bee, on blossoms faring,
Why neglect the spring to seek?
Why to settle art thou daring
On my Heliodora's cheek?
Is it, thou art me assuring
Love has something sweet to bring,
But withal, past heart's enduring,
Leaves a bitter in his sting.
Yes, I ween, this was your presage;
Get thee hence, thou lover's friend;
Long ago I've known your message;
Hence begone, I cannot mend. G. F. D. T.

#### CLXXVIII. THE SAME.

Thou vocal Tettix, drunk with drops of dew, thou singest the Muse, that lives in the country, and prattles in the desert; and sitting with thy serrated limbs on the tops of petals, thou givest out the melody of the lyre with thy dusky skin. Come then, friend, and speak some new playful thing to the Wood-Nymphs, and chirrup a strain responsive to Pan, in order that, after flying from Love, I may find mid-day slumber here, reclining under a shady plane-tree.

Oh! shrill-voiced insect, that with dew-drops sweet Inebriate, dost in desert woodland sing, Perch'd on the spray-top with indented feet, Thy dusky body's echoings, harp-like, ring. Come, dear Cicada, chirp to all the grove, The Nymphs and Pan, a new responsive strain,

That I in noon-day sleep, may steal from Love. Reclined beneath the dark o'erspreading plane. ELTON.

Tipsy with dew-drops, through the desert shrill, Noisy Cicada, thou thy strain dost trill; And from thy dusky sides with jagged feet, Perch'd on an air-hung spray, draw'st music sweet. With some new chirrup, friend, the Dryads cheer, Rival to Pan's, some carol bid them hear; That 'scaped from Love, secure at noon-tide laid, I may woo slumber 'neath the plane-tree's shade.

FR. WRANGHAM.

Loud-sounding grasshopper, 'tis thine, with dew-drops drunk, to fill

The speaking solitudes afar, with thy rural notes so shrill: Thou sitt'st on high, and ne'er thy feet, broad, flat, and saw-like, tire

In striking from thy dusky wings clear notes, as from a lyre; Come then, some new and sportive song, to the Wood-Nymphs now essay,

Thou loved one, while thy rival Pan gives back th'alternate

That Love may for a while forbear to pierce this heart of mine.

While L in quest of noon-tide sleep, in the plane-tree's shade recline. HAY.

Fill'd with the morning's roseate dew, thy song I heard along the solitary hills Resounding, and the lonely crags, far off From haunts of men. For thou the leafy shade Lovest, and woodland solitudes; there best Thy lyre attuning, and with joyous feet Striking thy wings sonorous. For my sake Sing to the Nymphs, who haunt the forest glades; Sweet insect-warbler, sing another song, Pan's own pipe rivalling; and sing for me, That, flying Love importunate, in peace My noon-day slumbers I may take, stretch'd out

In some cool grot, or where the streamlet winds
Beneath you Platane's broad incumbent shade.

JOHN MITFORD.

## CLXXIX. THE SAME.

O thou cricket, that cheatest me of my regrets, the soother of slumber! O thou cricket, that art the Muse of the ploughed fields, and art with shrill wings the self-formed imitation of the lyre, chirrup me something pleasant, while beating your vocal wings with your feet. How I wish you would, O cricket, release me from the troubles of much sleepless care, weaving the thread of a voice, that causes Love to wander away. And I will give you for morning-gifts leek ever blooming, and drops of dew cut up for thy mouth.

Thou locust, soother of my love, whose music slumber brings—

Thou locust, minstrel of the fields, endow'd with shrilly

wings---

Thou artless mimic of the lyre, some song of beauty sing, By striking with thy pliant feet each music-speaking wing. Thou locust, trill me from thy chords a love-releasing strain, That thus thou may'st remove my care, my ever wakeful pain;

And I'll the evergreens to thee as morning gifts assign,
And dew-drops split in parts to fit that little mouth of
thine.

# CLXXX. WESTMINSTER, 2 BOOK, 22 EP.

### CLXXXI. MELEAGER.

The bull himself bellows as a suppliant at thy altar, ethereal Jove, as if about to release his soul from death. Dismiss then, son of Saturn, the ploughing animal. For thou wert thyself, O king, the sailing bull of Europa.

The suppliant-bull, to Jove's high altar led, Bellows a prayer for his devoted head. Spare him, Saturnius; this the form you wore, When fair Europa through the waves you bore. J. H. M.

. .

<sup>1</sup> So the sense requires us to read, ρυσόμενος for ρυόμενος.

# CLXXXII. WESTMINSTER, 2 BOOK, 2 EP.

# CLXXXIII. POSEIDIPPUS.

Yes, yes, shoot at me, Loves. I lie one with many (others) a mark. Do not foolishly spare me. For if ye are victors over me, ye will be archers of renown amongst men, and lords of the mighty quiver.

# CLXXXIV. THE SAME.

Being well armed, I will fight even against thee, nor will I be faint-hearted, although a mortal. Do thou then, Love, approach me not. If thou layest hold of me, when drunk, take me away, thy captive. But as long as I am sober, I possess reason, arrayed against thee.

# CLXXXV. THE SAME.

O Cecropian flagon, pour forth the dew-like vapour of Bacchus; pour forth; (and) let the drinking, paid for by joint-shares, become like dew. (But) let Zeno, the swan of wisdom, be silent, and the muse of Cleanthes. Love, sweet and sour, is a cure for us.

# CLXXXVI. WESTMINSTER, 4 BOOK, 28 EP.

- A. Whence did he come? and what the sculptor's name?
- B. Lysippus; and from Sicyon he came.
- A. Thy name? B. All-potent Opportunity.
- A. On tiptoe why? B. I'm ready aye to flee.
- A. But why that two-fold nature, winged feet?
- B. Than heaven's own blasts my movements are more fleet.
- A. The razor in thy right hand, tell me why?
  B. Sharp is its edge; but sharper still am I.
- A. Why hair on front? B. That he, who meets me, may Hold fast, by Jove. A. Why bald behind? now say.
- B. When once my winged feet have borne me past, Man tries in vain behind to hold me fast.
- A. Sculptured on whose account? B. Thine, friend; and see, My site's the temple's porch, that all may learn of me.

<sup>1</sup> Instead of Ευσπλον Jacobs suggests Ευσπλω—He should have read Ευσπλος ών—

A. Who is the sculptor, say, and whence?

B. From Sicyon. A. What is he,
By name? B. Lysippus. A. Who art thou?

B. I am Opportunity.

A. Why is a razor in thy hand?

B. More keen my edge is set.

A. Why hast thou hair upon thy brow?

B. To seize me by, when met.

A. Why is thy step so high and light?

B. I am running all the day.

A. Why on each foot hast thou a wing?

B. I fly with the winds away.

A. Why is thy head, then, bald behind?

B. Because men wish in vain,

When I have run on winged feet, To catch me e'er again.

A. Why did the artist form thee so?

B. To place me in this hall,
That I a lesson thus might give
To thee, friend, and to all.

T. C.

# CLXXXVII. ARCHELAUS; OTHERS SAY, ASCLEPIADES.

Lysippus has moulded the daring and the whole form of Alexander. What meaning has this brass here? He in brass is, while looking up to Jupiter, like to a person about to say—"I place the Earth under me; do you, Jupiter, keep Olympus."

What power, Lysippus, hath thy bronze!
The conqueror's daring mien
And Alexander's glorious self
Embodied here is seen.
The living metal seems to say,
With eyes uplift to Jove—
Mine are the realms of earth below;
Thine be the realms above.

G. S.

### CLXXXVIII. DORIEUS.

Such was Milo, when he lifted up from the earth as a weight a four-year-old heifer, at a feast sacred to Jove; and carried on his shoulders the monstrous animal, as if it were a young lamb, easily through the whole public meeting. This was a wonder. But he performed a still greater wonder than this, O stranger, when present at the sacrificial festival at Pisa. For the bull, with which, not as yet put under the yoke, he had made a procession, he cut up for its flesh, and ate all of it alone.

# CLXXXIX. DIODORUS ZONAS.

Give me a cup, made of the clay, from which I came, and under which I shall lie when dead.

# CXC. WESTMINSTER, 3 BOOK, 15 EP.

Spare the parent of acorns, good wood-cutter, spare;
Let the time-honour'd Fir feel the weight of your stroke,
The many-stalk'd Thorn, or Acanthus, worn-bare,
Pine, Arbutus, Ilex—but touch not the Oak.
Far hence be your axe; for our grandams have sung,
How the Oaks are the mothers, from whom we all sprung.
J. H. M.

#### CXCI. DIODORUS ZONAS.

1

Nymphs, daughters of Nereus, did ye on the bank see Daphnis, how he washed off the dirt that was on him, like down? when he leapt into your streams, burnt by the dog-star, slightly suffused with red as to the apple-like swelling of his cheeks. Tell me, was he not beautiful? or have I (Pan) become a goat, not only in my legs, but still more in my heart?

#### CXCII. PHILODEMUS.

I fell in love with Demo of a Paphian family. It is no great wonder. And secondly with Demo of Samos. This is no great thing. And thirdly, again, with Demo of Ionia. Are not all these playthings? And fourthly

Schæfer has suggested ἐγεννάθην for ἐγυιώθην—

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> The Greek is  $Ei\pi a\tau i \mu o_i$ ,—It was probably  $Ei\pi a\tau i \mu'$ , ob—

<sup>2</sup> This is inserted to show who is the party speaking.

with Demo of Argolis. Surely the Fates themselves have named me Philo-Demus (Demo-loving); since ever a warm desire for a Demo possesses me.

# CXCIII. ETON EXTRACTS, EP. 178.

### CXCIV. PHILODEMUS.

Not yet is thy summer naked of buds, nor has the grape, which first shows forth the beauties of a maiden, become dark; but already are young Loves sharpening their rapid arrows, Lysidicé, and a secret fire is smouldering. Let us fly, who are ill in love, while the arrow is not yet on the string. I am the foreteller of a great conflagration shortly.

Not yet the blossoms of the spring decay'd, Nor full the swelling treasures of the vine; But the young Loves prepare their darts, sweet maid, And light their fires upon thy virgin shrine. Oh! let us fly, while yet unstrung their bows. And yet conceal'd the future splendour glows.

J. H. M.

#### CXCV. THE SAME.

Artemidorus has given us cabbage, Aristarchus pickled fish, and Athenagoras little bulbous roots; Philodemus, a small heart; Apollophanes, two minæ worth of pork; and there were still three from yesterday. Eggs, and garlands, and sandals,2 and myrrh take from us, boy; I am willing to come at the tenth hour.

### CXCVI. THE SAME.

O Melicerta, the daughter of Ino, and thou, Leucothoë with blue eyes, who rulest the main, a deity warding off evil, and ye choirs of Nereids, and ye waves,

Of a goose," says Jacobs.
 This is added, says Jacobs, because sandals were not worn at Rome, except at suppers and wine-parties.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>3</sup> So Meineke, by reading παῖ for καὶ—

i. e. in the evening.

and thou Neptune, and thou Thracian Zephyr, the mildest of winds, propitiously carry me, while escaping over the wide wave, safe to the sweet land of the Peiræus.

# CXCVII. THE SAME.

The stone contains three immortals. For the head marks correctly Pan, with goat's horns; the breast and belly, Hercules; Mercury, with winged feet, has obtained by lot what remains of the thighs and shins. Do not any longer, stranger, refuse to sacrifice. For of one sacrifice do we three gods partake.

# CXCVIII. THE SAME.

There is already the rose, and the chick-pea in its prime, and the stalks of the first-cut cabbage, Sosylus; and 'the shining mæne,' and the salt-cheese lately prest, and the delicate-grown' leaves of the crisp lettuce. But we do not go to the sea-shore; nor are we, Sosylus, as ever formerly, in a spot that has a look-out. And yet Antigenes and Bacchius were playing yesterday; but now we are carrying them out to bury to-day.

#### CXCIX. THE SAME.

To-morrow to a slender nest-like hut does a museloving friend draw thee, dearest Peison, at the ninth hour, when celebrating his twentieth birthday. But should you miss the teats (of a sow), and the quaffing of wine, produced at Chios, still will you see very true friends; still will you hear strains more mellifluous than those in the land of the Phæacians. But if you

<sup>1—1</sup> The Greek is μαίνη ζαλαγεῦσα: where Scaliger acutely suggested σιλαγεῦσα: for he knew that most of the fish of the Mediterranean, when taken first out of the water, have a brilliant appearance. Jacobs would identify μαίνη with μαινῖς, which was a small fish, perhaps not unlike the English white-bait.

Instead of άφροφνη—for the lettuce could not be said to be sprung from "foam"—Meineke has suggested άβροφνη—

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>3</sup> To dine on the sea-shore, Jacobs says, was an act of luxury. The object was, perhaps, to be able to cook the fish as soon as it was caught,

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>4</sup> This, says Jacobs, was deemed a delicacy at Rome.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>5</sup> Here is an allusion to Homer, Oδ. Θ. 248.

will turn your eyes upon us, Peison, we will celebrate our twentieth (birthday) rather richly instead of frugally.

To-morrow, Piso, at the evening hour,
Thy friend will lead thee to his simple bower,
To keep with feast our annual twentieth night;
If there you miss the flask of Chian wine,
Yet hearty friends you'll meet, and while you dine,
Hear strains like those in which the gods delight;
And if you kindly look on us the while,
We'll reap a richer banquet from thy smile.

J. H. M.

#### CC. ARCHIAS.

It is of brass; but see what boldness of a boar has the modeller produced, while giving a form to a breathing wild beast, that bristles with the hairs on its neck, gnashes with its sharpened tusk, sends from its eyes a terrible brilliancy, (and) has its lips moistened with foam. It is no wonder that it destroyed a select host of young men.<sup>1</sup>

'Tis bronze; but mark with what fierce prowess fired,
By cunning hands, and with what life inspired.
Erect his bristles stand; his tusks for fight
He gnashes, and his eyes flash horrid light;
All bathed his lips in foam. Heroes, no more
We marvel, that ye fell by such a boar.

G. S.

### CCI. THE SAME.

From her nurse, the sea, Apelles saw Venus herself brought forth naked. And such he moulded her, squeezing her ringlets, still wet with the foam of the water, with her tender hands.

When from the sea, her nurse, appear'd in view Venus, Apelles saw her naked charms; And moulded her, still wet with Ocean's dew, And her locks squeezing with her tender arms. G. B.

<sup>1</sup> This alludes to the body of young men, who went out to hunt the Calydonian boar. See Ovid Metam. viii. 271, and foll., whose description of the animal is taken from Hesiod's Shield of Hercules, v. 388—392.

# CCIL. ETON EXTRACTS, 163 EP.

Rock-loving Echo, antitype of sound,
Pan's mistress, that gives back his jound strain,
The speaking image of all mouths around,
The favourite play-thing of the happy swain,
Lives there in stone. Speak, stranger, while you gaze;
It too will speak; hark! now go your ways.

HAY.

# CCIII. WESTMINSTER, 2 BOOK, 12 EP.

Say not a word, when Echo you pass near,
Who babbles, and is still. Whate'er I hear
I answer. If from you there comes no sound,
I'm silent. Where can tongue be juster found? G. B.

### CCIV. ARCHIAS.

On this wave-beaten rock did sailors place me, Priams, as the guardian of the Thracian Bosporus; to rhom, when calling upon me, I have frequently come a quick helper, O stranger, bringing the pleasant ephyr down on the stern. Wherefore, as is right, you hall behold my altar not without the steam of fat, nor anting the garlands of the spring, but ever with ankincense and the fire of sacrifice. And yet not even an ecatomb so pleases the deities, as does a slight honour.

### CCV. THE SAME.

I, Priapus, little to look upon, am dwelling upon a pur of land on the sea-shore, with a life not the least ostile to sea-birds, with a pointed head, without feet, ach as the sons of hard-labouring fishermen would have arved on desert strands. But if any person, fishing ith a basket or a rod, shall call upon me to assist, I ome quicker than the wind, and I behold what is runing under the water. Truly the deities have a charactr from their acts, not their form.

In ἀνδάνεται, which is not found elsewhere in the passive or middle ice, lies hid ἄνδανέτι: and hence for τιμή the syntax requires τιμής—

<sup>2</sup> By τὰ θέοντα, Jacobs understands, "vessels running over the sea." e should have suggested γὰρ τὰ παθόντα in lieu of καὶ τὰ θέοντα— it is not when vessels are running over the sea, but when they are ffering in it, that the aid of a deity is required.

# CCVI. THE SAME.

The (horse called) Eagle, who formerly shone (in glory) more than the steeds, whose feet are as fleet as hurricanes—who formerly concealed his limbs under (costly) trappings —whom the oracle-singing Pytho crowned as the prize of Phœbus, when it started, like a bird, swift on wing, and Nemea, the nurse of the grim lion, and Pisa, and the Isthmus, that has a doubled seashore, is now fettered in his neck by a clog, as if it were a rein, and grinds with a rugged stone the fruit of Cercs, enduring a fate equal to that of Hercules; for he, after having accomplished deeds so many, fitted himself to a slavish yoke.

# CCVII. THE SAME.

I, O man, who carried away the crown at the Alphéus. I, who was formerly twice proclaimed (victor) at the water of Castalia—I, who was formerly bruited at Nemea—I, formerly the (race)-horse at the Isthmus—I, who formerly ran equal to the winged winds—am now, when become old, turning round, as you see the stone that runs in a circle, (and) am driven along, the insolence of crowns.

<sup>1</sup> Amongst the ancients, as amongst the moderns, names were given to horses, indicative of some peculiar power they exhibited.

In lieu of καθαψάμενος, which is scarcely intelligible as regards the sense, and inadmissible on the ground of syntax, the author probably

wrote καλυψάμενος—

The word μίτρα is elsewhere applied to a head-dress.
 Compare in Horace, "Jubæ tellus—leonum Arida nutrix."

So Horace has "bimaris—Corinthi."

Instead of ἐλᾶ, which Jacobs vainly defends, Pierson suggested ἀλεῖ—
 <sup>7</sup> The horse is addressing his master, a miller, as shown by Æsop's Fab.
 193, ed. Coray. Jacobs objects to ὧ 'νερ— but is unable to suggest any thing satisfactory.

thing satisfactory.

The river Alphéus was near Pisa, where the Olympic games where celebrated, and the fountain Castalia near the spot where the Pythian

took place.

9—6 Such is the literal version of the Greek στεφέων ὕβρις ἐλαυνόμενος— But the poet probably wrote στεφέων θ' ὕβρις ἔλεν με γάνος, i. e. "and insulting conduct has taken away from me the glory of crowns."

Beside Alphéus victor I was named,
And by Castalia's waters twice proclaimed;
Known to the Nemean and Isthmian course;
Not the wing'd wind could match the favourite horse;
Now, in my age, I turn this circling stone,
And shame the glory of each youthful crown.

G. S.

### CCVIII. LEONIDAS OF ALEXANDRIA.

Thou, O swallow, who hast flown through the whole of the earth and islands, art bringing up thy young in the picture-frame of a painted Medea; and dost thou expect that this Colchian will keep any faith with thy young ones, who did not spare even her own children?

Thou sielie fowle, what means this foolish paine,
To flie to Colche to hatch thy chickins there?

A mother thou mayst hap returne again;
Medea will destroy thy broode, I feare.

For she, that spared not to spoil hir owne,
Will she stand friend to fowles, that are unknowne?

Tuberville.

# CCIX. POMPEIUS; SOME SAY, MARCUS THE YOUNGER.

Although I lie here, Mycéné, the dust of a desert, and although I am more obscure to the sight than every hillock, yet any one, who has looked upon the renowned city of Ilus, whose walls I have trodden down, and made empty every dwelling of Priam, will know from thence how strong I was formerly; and though old age has exposed me to insult, I am satisfied with Mæonides (Homer) as a witness (in my favour).

# CCX. ETON EXTRACTS, 150 EP.

### CCXI. ANTIPATER OF THESSALONICA.

The diviners by stars say I shall breathe (live) for thrice ten and twice three (years). But for me even the third decad is sufficient. For this is the limit of the life of man. But the limits beyond this are for Nestor; and even Nestor arrived at Hades.

### CCXII. WESTMINSTER, 2 BOOK, 94 EP.

#### CCXIII. ANTIPATER OF THESSALONICA.

Antipater has given a little book, as a birthday present, to Peison, having laboured at it for one night. And may he receive it kindly, and praise the poet; since the great Jove is soothed by a little frankincense.

#### CCXIV. THE SAME.

These women, who spake like gods in their hymns, has Helicon brought up, and the Macedonian rock of Pieria, (namely,) Praxilla, Mœro, the mouth¹ of Anyté, the female Homer; Sappho, the ornament of the Lesbian damsels with their lovely locks; Erinna; the renowned Telesilla; and thee, Corinna, who sang the martial shield of Athéné; the sweet-tongued² Nossis; and Myrtis the sweet-sounding, all workers on the pages that flow (live) for ever. The great Heaven has produced nine Muses; and nine, too, the Earth, an unperishing source of delight to mortals.

The Heliconian springs and rocky steeps
Of Macedonian Piërus have heard
The god-voiced strains of women, and with songs
Praxilla nurtured—Myro—Anyté,
The female Homer—thee of Lesbian dames
Famed for their flowing ringlets—Sappho first
In glory—and Erinna—Telesilla,
Great in thy growing fame—Corinna, thee—
Thee, the bright songstress of the warlike shield,
Athena's—Nessis mild and woman voiced—
And gentle Myrtis last—meet makers all
On the bright page of ever-living song.
Nine Muses mighty Uranus produced,
And nine the Earth—a deathless joy to man. Hay.

Jacobs quotes appositely "os Pindari," from Velleius Patere. i. 18.
As every poetess might be called θηλύγλωσσος, it is strange that Jacobs did not suggest θ' ἡδύγλωσσον—from the usual confusion in A and Δ.

#### CCXV. THE SAME.

Praise the strong verse of the untiring Antimachus, worthy the (stern) eyebrow of ancient demigods, worked on the anvil¹ of the Pierian (Muses), if thou hast obtained by lot an acute ear; if thou admirest a voice, in which there is no laughter;² if thou seekest a road untrodden and untravelled by others. And though Homer holds the sceptre of song, and Jove is superior to Neptune, yet Neptune, inferior to him, is the (next) highest of the immortals. And the inhabitant of Colophon is placed under Homer indeed; but he is the leader of the mass of other minstrels.

### CCXVI. THE SAME.

O books of Aristophanes, the labour of a god, on which the ivy of Acharnæ has shed in abundance its green foliage. See how much of Bacchus does the page present; and how the tales, filled with austere Graces, send a sound. Oh thou the best in spirit, and a Comic writer equal to the habits of Greece! who hast both a hate of, and a laugh against, things worthy (of either).

The plays of Aristophanes! around that work divine,
Th' Acharnian ivy's clustering wreaths in verdant glory
twine.

What inspiration in the page! 'Tis Bacchus' self! What sounds

Of graceful poesy, which yet with dreaded wit abounds. Genius of Comedy! how just, how true to all that's Greek, Whate'er in satire or in jest thy personages speak. H. W.

### CCXVII. THE SAME.

Orpheus soothed wild beasts, but thou (soothest) Orpheus (himself). Phœbus conquered the Phrygian, but he yields to thee, Glaphyrus, a name suited to thy art and

<sup>1—1</sup> Compare Horace's expression—"tornatos incudi reddere versus."
2 Jacobs refers to Quinctilian, x. 53, where Antimachus is similarly described.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>3</sup> Namely, Marsyas.

Jacobs refers to Juvenal, vi. 77.

body. Athéné would not have thrown away the pipe, had she played such notes as thou dost, giving a varied pleasure; and Sleep himself, on hearing thee, would slumber in the arms of Pasitheé.

# CCXVIII. ETON EXTRACTS, 13 EP.

# CCXIX. ANTIPATER OF THESSALONICA.

Juno once said, when cut up 1 by the beauty of Ganymede, and having in her heart the soul-eating sting of jealousy, "Troy has produced a male flame for Jupiter; therefore will I send a flame against Troy, (namely,) Paris the bringer of calamity; and there shall come to the people of Ilium not an eagle,2 but vultures, to a feast, when the Greeks shall take away the spoils of their labours."

# CCXX. ALPHEUS.

I will snatch, Love, the burning torch from your hand, and I will rob you of the quiver that hangs about your shoulders, if you, the offspring of fire, are really asleep, and if we mortals have for a little time rest from your arrows. But even thus I fear you, the plotter of craft, lest you should conceal<sup>3</sup> some things against me, and see even in sleep an unpleasant dream.

# CCXXI. APOLLONIDES.

On this day cut off, Caius, the first pleasant harvest of your cheeks, and the youthful curls of your chin, and your father Lucius shall receive in his hand your prayedfor down, which has been growing for many a day; and persons will make you presents of gold, but I of joyous elegiac verses; for the Muse is not worse than Plutus.

<sup>2</sup> This alludes to the eagle, which was sent by Jupiter to carry Ganymede to heaven, as mentioned by Horace, Od. iii. 2.

3 The Greek is μή τινα κεύθης—where Jacobs says that τινα agrees with δόλον, to be got out of δολόπλοκε. But this is impossible. The author wrote, perhaps, μή τιν' ἄχη θῆς—"lest you bring some sorrows—"
4 Literally, "sun."

<sup>1</sup> The word in Greek is πριομένα, "sawn," for which the proper English here is "cut up-"

#### CCXXII. THE SAME.

I am the god of rustics; why do you make libations with cups of gold? Why pour out the wine of the Italian Bacchus? and tie to a rock the curved necks of bulls? Spare them. We are not delighted with these sacrifices. I am Pan, living near hills, formed of mere wood, feeding on lambs, and drinking new wine from an earthen pitcher.

#### CCXXIII. THE SAME.

I, "the pure"—for the Nymphs have given this name to me above all other rills—did, when a robber had murdered persons reclining near me, and washed in holy water his blood-stained hand, turn back that sweet stream; nor do I still bubble up for way-farers; for who would call me still "the pure"?

#### CCXXIV. CRINAGORAS.

The risings (east) and settings (west) are the measures of the world; and the deeds of Nero have gone through both boundaries. The rising sun has seen Armenia subdued by his hands, and the setting, Germany. Let the double strength of war be celebrated. The Araxes and Rhine know that they are drunk by nations in slavery.

#### CCXXV. THE SAME.

Not if the Ocean were to lift up its whole mass of water, nor if Germany were to drink up the whole Rhine, would they injure the power of Rome ever so little, as long as it remains confident that Cæsar will give 1 favourable omens. Thus even oaks, sacred to Jupiter, stand firmly at their roots, while the winds scatter the dry leaves.

#### CCXXVI. BIANOR.

Lo! the young cow causes to roll2 in the soil the earth-

1 The sense requires σημανέειν, not σημαίνειν—

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Jacobs, who vainly endeavours to defend ἐρέσσει, should have suggested ἐλίσσει. The words are constantly interchanged, from the contusion in MSS. between ρ and λ. Hence, too, for χέρσου we must read χέροψ—

cutting instrument, and leads likewise the calf under its udder, while fearing the ruling herdsman, (and) waiting for the young thing, (and) sparing both cleverly. Stop, thou plougher of a doubled distance, thou turner-up of the soil; do not pursue the animal doubly weighted with a double labour.

### CCXXVII. BASSUS LOLLIUS.

The oaths of the Fates, that are not to be broken, sealed the last sacrifice of Priam at the Phrygian altar. But the sacred fleet has now for you, Æneas, an Italian port, the prelude<sup>2</sup> of a heavenly country. To a good purpose has the Trojan tower been destroyed. For a city, the queen of all the world, has been raised up in arms.

# CCXXVIII. ETON EXTRACTS, 35 EP.

#### CCXXIX. ANTIPHILUS.

When the hand of Timomachus was painting the murderous Medea, drawn in opposite directions by jealousy and (love for) her children, it undertook an endless task, that it might trace a twofold conduct, one inclining to anger, the other to pity. But it fulfilled both. Look on the form. Amidst the threat there is a tear, and in the midst of pity passion holds a place. "The delay is sufficient," said a wise man. The blood of children was becoming to Medea, but not to the hand of Timomachus.

When bold Timomachus essay'd to trace The soul's emotions in the varying face, With patient thought and faithful hand he strove To blend with jealous rage maternal love.

¹ Instead of διώξης, "pursue," one would have expected διώσης, "drive on—"

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Jacobs explains πάτρης φροίμων by "the beginning of the Roman empire." But this is scarcely admissible. Perhaps the poet wrote, "Ορμον ἔχων πάτρης φρούριον εὖρε νέης—i. e. "having a port, has found the guard of a new country—" not "Ορμον ἔχει πάτρης φροίμιον οὐρανίης.

Behold Medea. Envy must confess,
In both the passions, his complete success.
Tears in each threat; a threat in every tear;
The mind with pity warm, or chill with fear.
"The dread suspense I praise," the critic cries;
Here all the judgment, all the pathos lies.
To stain with filial blood the guilty scene,
Had marr'd the artist, but became the queen.
J. H. M.

The fell Medea's soul to trace,
Its conflict waging in her face;
To paint the wife's, the mother's mind,
At once to hate and love inclined,
Timomachus, might task thy skill;
Yet did thy hand its part fulfil.
Pity and rage are mingling here;
The menace struggling with the tear.
Painter, the murderous thought we see;
Enough. The deed beseems not thee. G. S.

# CCXXX. THE SAME.

Thou winter-torrent, with a violent movement, why st thou erect thy crest thus highly, closing up the te-paths of way-farers? Surely thou art drunk with twers, and dost not bring for the Nymphs a clear eam, but hast obtained a contribution from clouds dark ink; I shall behold thee dried up by the sun, that ows how to test the genuine and the not genuine water rivers.

### CCXXXI. POLEMO.

The agreeable panoply of the poor is this bread-dish, d garland of leaves wet with dew, and this sacred ne, the out-work of a dead skull, the uppermost guard life. Drink, says the carving, and eat, and lie with wers around you. Such do we become on a sudden.

#### CCXXXII. DIODORUS.

The colour and the charm of Zeuxis. But Satyreius, er painting me in a small piece of crystal, gave this

beautiful and clever production to Arsinoë; and I am the likeness of the queen; and I want not even a little of her greatness.

# CCXXXIII. LEONIDAS.

#### ON VENUS ARMED.

For what purpose hast thou, Cytherea, put on these arms of Mars, and bearest this weight in vain? Although naked, thou didst disarm Mars. If, then, a god failed, in vain dost thou bring arms against men.

Fair queen of love, those arms you bear
The god of war is wont to wield.
Oh! shake not thou the sounding spear;
Oh! hold not thou the blazing shield.
Thy naked power taught Mars to yield;
The mighty Tamer bow'd before thee.
When gods before thy charms have kneel'd,
Must they be arm'd, e'er men adore thee?

J. H. M.

The arms of Mars why, Venus, wear?
Why such an useless burden bear?
Mars, though a god, thy naked charms
Spoil'd of his arms;
Then, against mortals, spear and shield,
Why dost thou wield?
J. W. B.

CCXXXIV. WESTMINSTER, 1 BOOK, 88 EP.

# CCXXXV. ANTIPHANES OF MACEDONIA.

To thee, Ino, did Venus herself, after loosening the cestus of desire from her bosom, give it to keep, in order that you might subdue men by philtres that soothe the mind; but thou hast used it against me alone.

The love-creating cestus from her breast
Venus untied, and, Ino, gave it thee,
That its allurements might create unrest
In every man, and more than all in me. HAY.

CCXXXVI. WESTMINSTER, 3 BOOK, 26 EP.

#### CCXXXVII. PHILIP.

More quickly shall heaven extinguish the stars, or the sun perchance make the look of the night brilliant (as day), and the sea have its water to be drawn up by man with a sweet flavour, and a dead man run back to the country of the living, than shall oblivion of the pages of the olden time seize hold of the widely renowned name of the Mæonian Homer.

Sooner shall heaven put out its starry light,
The sun, with noon-day splendour deck the night;
Sooner the salt-sea taste, like fountains, sweet,
Or to the living turn the dead their feet,
Than shall oblivion seize on Homer's name,
And of the page of old destroy the fame. G. B.

### CCXXXVIII. THE SAME.

Oh! ivy, that after leading, as in a dance, thy foot, secretly, creepingly, and crookedly, dost strangle the bunch-producing beauty of Bacchus' (vine), thou dost not bind us, but destroyest thyself; for who would choose ivy for his temples, unless he had mixed (the wine of) Bacchus?

#### CCXXXIX. THE SAME.

Either a god came to earth from heaven, to show his likeness, Phidias, or thou didst go (up) to see the god.

Say, Phidias, did the god come down to thee?

Or didst thou mount to heaven his form to see?

H. W.

### CCXL. THE SAME.

In addition to all his labours, Juno wished this the last, namely, to see the daring Hercules deprived of arms. Where is the lion's cloak, and the arrow that rattled on his shoulders, and the branch of a tree with its heavy foot, that was the wild-beast destroyer? Of all has Love stript thee. And yet it is not strange, that, after making Jupiter a swan, he has despoiled Hercules of arms.

Each toil attempted, and each toil surpast,
Juno reserved this labour for the last.
Spoil'd of his arms she wish'd him; and she view'd,
And smiled to see, the son of Jove subdued.
No more Alcides, formidably drest,
Arms with the lion's skin his milder breast;
His winged quiver seems an useless freight;
Nor feels he of his club the force, but weight.
Deposed by Love, apart each weapon lies.
Nor wonder thou, dread empress of the skies;
If Jove was humbled to a swan by Love,
Why may not Love disarm the son of Jove? OGLE.

# CCXLI. THE SAME.

O Venus, fond of smiles, (and) the attendant on the marriage-bed, who has decked thee, a honey-dropping deity, with the arms of war? The pæan¹ is dear to thee, and Hymen with his golden locks, and the sweet-toned beauties of shrill flutes. Why, then, hast thou put on this man-destroying dress? Surely after robbing the daring Mars, thou art not boasting of what Venus is able to do.

#### CCXLII. MÆCIUS.

Why so ill-tempered? why these random tearings of the hair, Philœnis, and suffusion of moisture in the eye? Surely you have not seen your lover holding another woman to his bosom! Tell me. We know a remedy for sorrow. You are in tears; but you do not speak. In vain you take upon you to deny. Eyes are more trust-worthy than the tongue.

Why art thou sad? Why thus disorder'd flow Those lovely tresses o'er thy breast of snow? Why hangs the tear on Lesbia's clouded eye? In stranger arms does faithless Cleon lie? In me a sovereign remedy you'll find, A pleasing vengeance for the jealous mind.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Jacobs, justly objecting to παιάν, would read παστάς, " the nuptial room—"

Silent you weep; your secret is explain'd, Your eyes speak volumes, though your tongue is chain'd. F. H.

Why lowers my lovely Glycera? And why
Those tresses torn and that dejected eye?
I have a charm for bleeding hearts, that mourn
Love's fickle wanderings, cold neglect and scorn.
Oh! vainly mute; those speaking eyes reveal
The pang that gloomy silence would conceal.

BL.

CCXLIII. ANTONIUS OF ARGOS.

I, who was formerly the acropolis! of Perseus, who went through the air2—I, who fed the star, baneful to the descendants of Ilus—am given up as a dwelling-place for goat-flocks of the desert, paying late a penalty to the gods of Priam.

# CCXLIV. MUNDUS MUNATIUS.

I, who was of old a city with much gold—I, who received the family of the Atridæ, sprung from a heavenly race—I, who destroyed the god-built Troy—I, who was once the secure palace of the demigod Hellenes—lie here, Mycéné, a pasture-place for sheep and kine, preserving the name alone of my former <sup>3</sup> great (deeds). Truly, Ilion, hast thou been a care to Nemesis, since thou hast been <sup>4</sup> and art a city, while Mycéné is no longer seen.

# CCXLV. ADDÆUS.

<sup>5</sup>Tryphon induced me, an Indian Beryll, to become

<sup>1</sup> Namely, Mycéné.

<sup>2</sup> Jacobs refers to Ovid Met. iv. 615, "Aera carpebat tenerum stridentibus alis."

3 The sense evidently requires τῶν πρὶν ἐμῶν μεγάλων—in lieu of

τῶν ἐπ' ἐμοὶ μεγάλων—

Instead of ἐσσὶ καὶ ἐσσὶ, where the repeated present tense is unintelligible, the poet doubtless wrote ής σὺ καὶ ἐσσὶ— as translated.

\*— Such is the literal translation of an Epigram, that Reiske, Bernard, and Pauw could not understand, and Brunck and Jacobs have failed to explain satisfactorily. For though the two last scholars saw that it was written on the sea-nymph Galéné, engraved on a beryll, they did not see the literal errors in it. Thus, for μαλακαῖς χεροῖν ἀνῆκε κόμαις, the poet probably wrote μαλακάς χεὶρ συνένεικε κόμας—" the hand brought

Galéné, and with soft hands he sent up hairs; behold, both lips, sailing though the moist sea, and bosom with which I soothe the absence of wind. But should the envious stone give me a nod, as I am ready to start, you will know me quickly swimming.5

### CCXLVI. HERMOCREON.

Sit under this shady plane-tree, stranger, as you pass by, whose leaves the Zephyr moves with its gentle breath; where Nicagoras has placed me, the renowned son of Maia, as the defender of his fruit-producing field and property.

## CCXLVII. DEMOCRITUS.

When Venus came out naked from the azure wave, her hair dropping with the foam of the sea, thus did she lay hold with her hands of the ringlets hanging down her white cheeks, and squeeze out the salt-water of the Ægean, showing only her bosom—for such was lawful. <sup>1</sup> But if she (were) such, let the mind of Mars be confused.1

#### CCXLVIII. TULLIUS FLACCUS.

A. In silence draw. B. On what account? A. Do not draw any longer.2 B. Why so? A. I have obtained

together (my) tender hair;" and instead of τοῖσιν θέλγω άνηνεμίην, where the sea-nymph is absurdly said to soothe a calm, common sense leads to τοῖς ἄλς θέλγεται ἐν μανίμ—" with which the sea is soothed in its madness:" while in ην δέ μοι ή φθονερή νεύση λίθος, which Jacobs explains by, "should the stone, which retains me enviously, assent;" there seems to lie hid, ην δί με μη φθονερη κλείση λίθος—" if the curious stone did not shut me in—" Lastly, in lieu of νοτερην πλείοντα θάλασσαν, where Jacobs would read λειοῦντα—perhaps the poet wrote νοτερή πιγελώντα θαλάσση—" smiling upon the moist sea—"

1—1 In the Greek, thus literally translated, there are some errors, which

no scholar has noticed as yet, much less corrected.

<sup>2</sup> Scaliger, dissatisfied, it would seem, with the sense and metre—for ἀρύεσθαι has not elsewhere the second syllable long-suggested ἀρείου, or rather, as Jacobs conceives, ipsiov. From which it is easy to arrive at μή μ' ἔτ' ἔρου τι—" do not ask me any thing further "—in lieu of μηκέτ αρύου.

by lot the sweet drink of Quietness. B. (Thou) the fountain (art) with harsh feelings. A. Taste, and you will say still more that I am with harsh feelings. B. Oh, the disagreeable water. A. Oh, the chattering.

#### CCXLIX. STATYLLIUS FLACCUS.

Thou, that bringest sleepless cares upon mortals, art sleeping, the child of the mischievous foam-begotten (Venus); not lifting up the burning torch, nor twanging the arrow not-to-be-guarded-against, from the horn-tips, bent in opposite directions. Let others feel confident; but I fear, O thou proud in spirit, lest thou see, while sleeping, a dream bitter to myself.

Dost thou, that bid'st us mortals wake to weep,
Fell child of foam-born Venus, dost thou sleep?
No flaming torch thou hold'st up; on thy string
No fatal arrow now is quivering.
Others may courage take. Dread boy, 'gainst me,
E'en in thy sleep, some dream of woe thou 'lt see. G. S.

#### CCL. MARCUS ARGENTARIUS.

Why hast thou, bird, taken away my pleasant sleep? The sweet vision of Pyrrha has gone away flying from my bed. Is this the payment thou givest for thy bringing up, since I placed thee, ill-fated one, to rule over the whole egg-getting flock in my dwelling. By the altar and sceptre of Sarapis, thou shalt no longer crow by night; thou shalt stain with blood the altar, by which I have sworn.

#### CCLI. THE SAME.

Whilst I was once turning over the book of Hesiod in my hands, I saw on a sudden Pyrrha coming to me. And throwing down the book on the ground with my

As ήδὸ here is at variance with the subsequent πικροῦ νάματος, the author probably wrote τήδε, "here—"

Instead of άτηρης, which is not a Greek word, the language requires άτηρης, as suggested by Meineke in Delect. Poetar. Anthol. p. 223.

hand, I bawled out these words—"Why art thou, old Hesiod, giving me trouble?"

Of late perusing Hesiod's "Works and Days,"
Advancing, Pyrrha met my raptur'd gaze;
I dropp'd the book, and cried for all to hear—
"Hence with thy works o' days, when Pyrrha's near."

J. W. B.

#### CCLII. THE SAME.

Thou flagon, my old partner at supper, the lover of the tapster's measures, thou pretty prattler, with a gentle smile and a long throat, thou sharer in the mysteries of my poverty at a small expense, thou hast come, however, after a long time to my hand. Would thou hadst been present, unmixed and unwatered, as a maiden, who comes undefiled to her husband.

#### CCLIII. THE SAME.

Thou wilt lie, when dead, occupying five feet (of earth); nor shalt thou (enjoy) the pleasures of life, nor behold the light of the sun. So that take thou and drain with joy the cup of genuine Bacchus (wine), O Cincius, holding thy very beautiful wife in thy arms. But if thou hast any notion of immortal wisdom, know that Cleanthes and Zeno have gone to the depths of Hades.

#### CCLIV. THE SAME.

Loosen the long stern cables from the vessels in a safe port, and, after letting out the well-running sails, pass over the sea, O trader; for the storms have gone away, and mildly-smiling Zephyr is just now rendering gentle the blue wave. And now the offspring-loving swallow is building its marriage-dwelling of mud and dry thatch, while twittering with its lips; and flowers are springing

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> There is a play in the word ἀνύμφευτος, which means "unmarried," and "unwatered;" for, as Jacobs remarks, the writer has put into the mouth of the friend of the flagon some words usually adopted by a lover to his mistress.

up on the land; wherefore do thou, obeying Priapus, lay hold of every kind of a sailing business.

#### CCLV. THE SAME.

I am revelling, while looking upon the golden dance of the stars in the west, 'nor have I with my heel pressed heavily the dances of others;' and after crowning the hair of my head with flowers thrown upon it, I have put into movement the noisy tambourine with tuneful hands; and in doing so I pass a life, like that of the world; for the world itself is not without a lyre and a crown.'

### CCLVI. THE SAME.

SH PH PR. FF- 11.

ĭ

Thou wert, O pleasant flagon, broken near wine-drinkers, after having poured forth Bromius (wine) from the whole of thy belly; for a stone with a heavy crash came, like a thunderbolt, from a distance against thee, (sent) not from the hands of Jove, but of Dion. And there was a laugh against thee and frequent jokes on thy being broken, and a great uproar arose amongst friends. I do not lament for thee, O flagon, that hast produced Bacchus the reveller, since thou and Semelé have suffered equally.<sup>3</sup>

#### CCLVII. THE SAME.

No longer do thou, O blackbird, whistle in the oak; no longer utter thy notes reposing on the highest bough. This tree is thy enemy; but haste thither, where the vine springs up, shaded by its dark-green leaves. Upon

<sup>&</sup>quot;—1 Although both Schæfer and Jacobs justly object to οὐδ' ἄλλων λάξ ἐβάρυνα χοροὺς, neither have been able to suggest a satisfactory emendation. Perhaps the author wrote οὐδ' αὐλῶν λῆξε μέριμνα χοροῖς, "nor has a care for flutes ceased in dances."

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> This will be understood by bearing in mind, as remarked by Jacobs, that the poet compares the rule of life with that of the celestial sphere, where, amongst the constellations that were supposed to join in a dance, were the Lyre and the Crown.

For Semelé, during her intimacy with Jove, was destroyed by a thunderbolt.

its branch fix thy foot; and about it sing, pouring forth shrill notes from thy mouth. For the oak produces the lime-substance, hostile to birds; but the vine the grape; and Bacchus loves the trillers of song.

#### CCLVIII. THE SAME.

Beautiful are the laurels: beautiful does the water bubble forth under the roots (of the trees), and the thick wood is shady far and wide, run down by the Zephyrs. To way-farers there is a defence against thirst and toil, and the heat of the sun.

### CCLIX. TULLIUS GEMINUS.

Me Love in return for love did Praxiteles give to Phryné, a god to a mortal, after discovering that even a god was a reward. Nor did she give a denial to the artist. For her mind felt a fear, lest the god 2 should take up arrows, his allies, in the place of art; and she dreads no longer the child of Venus, but thine, Praxiteles. through knowing that art is its mother.

#### CCLX. THE SAME.

A. Where, Hercules, is thy great club-branch, and the Nemean cloak, and the quiver full of arrows? Where thy stern growl? Why has Lysippus moulded thee thus with humbled looks, and mingled (thy) grief with (his) bronze. Thou art in trouble at having been made naked of thy arms. Who has destroyed thee? B. It is Love, the winged, who is really singly a heavy labour.

<sup>1</sup> In lieu of ἐπίδρομον, which Jacobs vainly endeavours to explain, the poet evidently wrote ὑπότρομον, "trembling under-"

 <sup>3-3</sup> This seems scarcely intelligible. Hence one would prefer δντα τέχνη σύμμαχα, τόξα βάλη, i. e. "should hurl arrows, being the allies of art—" in lieu of ἀντὶ τέχνης σύμμαχα τόξα λάβη.
 3-3 In lieu of ὅντως εἰς βαρὺς, one would prefer ὧν παῖς, ὡς βαρὺς,

<sup>&</sup>quot;although a child, how heavy-'

### DIALOGUE BETWEEN A TRAVELLER AND HERCULES.

rav. Where's now the club by great Alcides borne?
The skin from the Nemean lion torn?
Where the bent bow? The full-fraught quiver where?
The walk majestic and disdainful air?
Who dared the mighty Hercules debase
With abject posture and dejected face?

ferc. In molten brass Lysippus made me bow, And cast this cloud of sorrow on my brow.

'rav. Spoil'd of your arms, you mourn'd the secret shame:
But who the mighty son of Jove could tame?

Verc. Love of his arms the son of Jove despoils,
The only heavy toil of all my toils.

OGLE.

#### CCLXI. ERYCIUS.

A. Tell me, thou neatherd, by Pan, whose is that arge statue made of beech, to whom you are making a bation of milk? B. It is of the Tirynthian hero, the on-slayer. Do you not, stupid, see his bow and arrows, and club of wild olive? A. All hail, Alcides, the heiferater; and guard these stalls and make them with ten housand kine (sprung) from a few.

# CCLXII. THE SAME.

Strike, hunters, with good aim the wild beasts, ye, rho have come to this look-out, (sacred to) Pan, who wells on hills, whither ye go, trusting to nets or iron, r as liming (birds) with the stick placed secretly. And et any one of you call upon me. I know how to arrange he capture and javelin and nets and sticks.

#### CCLXIII. LUCIAN.

#### ON HIS OWN BOOKS.

I, Lucian, wrote these, acquainted with things old and solish; for what are thought wise by mankind are solish. There is no wit in man to judge between them. But what you wonder at, this is to others a subject of aughter.

# CCLXIV. LUCILLIUS.

"Of Heliconian Muses let us begin to sing," did Hesiod, as the story goes, write, while tending sheep. "Goddess, the anger sing," and "Sing, Muse, the man," did Calliopé say with the mouth of Homer. And I too must write a prelude. But what shall I write, while beginning to put forth a second book? "Ye Muses of Olympus, the daughters of Jove, I should not have been saved, if Nero, a descendant of Cæsar, had not given me copper."

Pan. State truly, Nymphs, to me inquiring, whether Daphnis passing by has rested here his white kids? Nymphs. Yes, yes, Pan the pipe-player; and on that elm he has carved some writing on the bark, saying, "Pan, Pan, go to Malea," by the hill Psophidion; I shall come there." Pan. Fare ye well, Nymphs; I take my steps (thither).

Pan. Come tell me, Nymphs, and let the truth appear;
Did Daphnis stop his goats, when pasturing here?
Nymphs. Yes, piper Pan; and on that poplar tree,

You'll find some words he wrote, and meant for

thee—

"To Malea and to Psophis, Pan, come on; I'll soon be there."

Pan. Thanks, Nymphs; adieu; I'm gone. HAY.

# CCLXVI. STRATO.

Although you boast of your beauty, know that even the rose comes into flower; and yet, when faded, it is quickly thrown on the dung-heap. For the flower and beauty obtain by lot an equal time; and time, through envy, causes them to fade equally.

#### CCLXVII. RUFINUS.

Where is now Praxiteles? where are the hands of Polycleitus, that formerly gave breath to art itself? Who

1, 2 Malea was a town, and Psophidion a village near Psophis, all three in Arcadia.

all model the sweet-scented ringlets of Melité, or her yes of fire, and the brilliancy of her neck? Where are ne moulders? where the stone-cutters? It were beming for such a form to have a temple, like a statue of ne blessed (gods).

# CCLXVIII. WESTMINSTER, 3 BOOK, 45 EP.

I send to thee, my Rhodoclé, this wreath entwined with flowers,

Which I with mine own hands have newly cull'd among the bowers:

The lily and the rose, and that sweet bud that woos the wind,

With the violet and dew-besprinkled daffodil combined.

When then the chaplet shades thy brow, cast haughty looks away:

For thy beauty, blooming like the flowers, will like the flowers decay.

F. T. PRICE.

To thee this garland, Rosamond, I send,
Twined by my hand, where beauteous flow'rets blend;
Lily and rose, anemoné the wet,
Narcissus lithe, and purple violet:
Then, as thou wear'st it, cease thy haughty tone;
The wreath and thou both bloom, and both are gone.
Fr. Wrangham.

This crown of fairest flowers, my Rhodoclé, By mine own fingers wreath'd, I send to thee; The lily, and anemoné moist with dew, The rose, narcissus, and the violet blue. Then put it on, and, while it gems thy hair, Be not vain-glorious over-much, my fair; Since, like thyself, the flowers that crown thy brow, Bloom for awhile and die—the flowers and thou.

HAY.

My Rhodoclea! take this flowery band, Which I have fashion'd with my proper hand, Of lilies and of roses, fitly set Amongst narcissi, and anemonés wet With dews, and many a purple violet. But, lady! wreathe it humbly round thy brow; Thou know'st it soon will fade—and so must thou.

WILSON.

A wreath of flowers I send to thee, Woven by myself, my Rhodoclé. How bright the rose appears Beside the lily! anemoné set Near the narcissus and blue violet, All wet with dewy tears.

Thus, rich with many a living gem,
Place on thy head the diadem;
Thyself a fairer flower
By far than all, that blended bloom.
But be not proud; 'tis Beauty's doom
To wither in an hour.
Wilson.

# CCLXIX. RUFINUS.

Let us, Prodicé, wash and deck ourselves with garlands, and quaff the wine unmixed, and take still larger glasses. Short is the life of those in joy; then to what remains old age puts a stop, and lastly death.

Now as we rise from the reviving wave,
Braid we our locks, my Prodicé, with flowers;
Drain we deep bowls of wine, and wisely save
From slow-paced Care Youth's transitory hours.
For withering Age upon our path attends;
Joys drop by joys, and Death the picture ends. F. H.

### CCLXX. THE SAME.

Thou hast of Venus the beauty, of Persuasion the mouth, the body and the early bloom of the vernal flowers, and the voice of Calliopé, the mind and the moderation of Themis, and the hands of Athéné; and together with thee, Philé, there are four Graces.

Persuasion's lips, the bloom of beauty's Queen, Calliopé's sweet voice, the Hours' gay mien, Minerva's hands are yours, and Themis' mind, And four the Graces in my Philé join'd. J. Addison.

### CCLXXI. THE SAME.

Rhodopé exalts herself on her beauty, and should I ay at any time "Hail," she greets me with disdainful yebrows. Should I ever suspend garlands over her oors, she in a passion treads them down with her disdainal feet. O ye wrinkles, and unpitying old age, come uickly; hasten, and do you persuade Rhodopé.

Cold Rhodopé, of beauty vain, replies,
Whene'er I greet her, with disdainful eyes.
The wreaths I wove, and on her door-post bound,
Scornful she tore and trampled on the ground.
Remorseless age and wrinkles, to my aid
Fly, swiftly fly, and Rhodopé persuade.

BL.

# CCLXXII. THE SAME.

I am armed against Love with reasons around my east; nor shall he conquer while one is against one; id I a mortal will stand up with an immortal. But if has Bacchus as an assistant, what can I do single-inded against two?

The dart of Cupid I deride,
And dare him singly to the field:
If Bacchus fight on Cupid's side,
'Tis surely no disgrace to yield. BL.
With love I war, and reason is my shield,
Nor ever, match'd thus equally, will yield:
If Bacchus joins his aid, too great the odds;
One mortal cannot combat two such gods. FAWKES.

#### CCLXXIII. THE SAME.

Thou hast the eyes, Melité, of Juno, the hands of théné, the breasts of the Paphian (Venus), the ancles Thetis. Happy is he who sees thee; thrice happy ho hears thee: he who loves thee is a demigod; an imortal he who embraces thee.

The Queen of heaven's bright eyes illume thy face; Great Pallas lends thine arms her polish'd grace; Thetis thine ancle's slender strength bestows,
And Venus in thy swelling bosom glows.
Happy the lover, of thy sight possest;
Who listens to thy melting voice, thrice blest;
Almost a god, whose love is met by thine;
Who folds thee in his arms, indeed divine.

J. H. M.

# CCLXXIV. ETON EXTRACTS, 177 EP.

#### CCLXXV. RUFINUS.

Having seen opportunely Prodicé alone, I became a suppliant, and, touching her ambrosial knee, said, "Save a man lost all but a little, and give me the breath of life, which is escaping." And, on my saying so, she wept; but after wiping away the tear, she secretly with her delicate hands cast me out.

When blest I met my Prodicé alone,
On the cold earth a timid suppliant thrown,
I clasp'd her beauteous knees, and bade her save
A wretch, at her disposal, from the grave.
Listening she wept. But soon her tears were dried,
And with soft hands she push'd me from her side.

F. H.

When kneeling I touch'd her ambrosial knee;
O pity, said I, a man dying, my treasure,
And save him the breath of life, hastening to flee.
Thus I spoke: and she wept. Soon the weeping was o'er;
When she rose, and with lily hands show'd me the door.

I Prodicé found once alone, and at leisure;

G. C. S.

# CCLXXVI. JULIAN THE EMPEROR.

Who, and from whence art thou, Dionysus? For, by the genuine Bacchus, 'I know thee not at all.' The son of Jove I know alone. He smells of nectar, but thou of a goat. Surely Celts, in their poverty of grapes, have formed thee of grain. Hence it is meet to call thee

 $<sup>^{1}</sup>$ — The Greek is at present Ob σ' ἐπιγιγνώσκω. It was originally Οὐ σέ τι γιγνώσκω.

<sup>1</sup>Demetrius, not Dionysus; and Bromus, born of grain, not Bromius, <sup>1</sup> (of grapes).

CCLXXVII. WESTMINSTER, 4 BOOK, 2 EP.

#### CCLXXVIII. PALLADAS.

The women jeer at me as an old man, telling me to look at the remains of youth in a mirror. But, whether I carry white hairs or black, I care not, when coming towards the end of life; but I put a stop to annoying cares by sweet-scented myrrh, and garlands with beautiful leaves.

The laughing women call me old,
And bid me in the glass behold
The ruins of my former state;
But let the locks my temples bear
Be gray or black, I little care,
And leave it to the will of Fate.
Yet this I know; though Nature's call
Subjects me to the lot of all,
Still, as my ebbing days decline,
I'll make the most of my short hours,
Be bathed in odours, crown'd with flowers,
And drown old care in floods of wine. J. H. M.

# CCLXXIX. ABLABIUS ILLUSTRIUS.

# ON A DISK OF ASCLEPIADES AT ROME.

Vulcan, having laboured for a time, finished me. But Venus secretly took it away from the bed-room of her husband, and gave it to Anchises, as the remembrance of a hidden courtship, and Asclepiades found me amongst the descendants of Æneas.

#### CCLXXX. CYRUS.

I wish my father had taught me to tend thick-woolled sheep, that I might, while sitting under an elm,

<sup>1—1</sup> In Δημήτριον, Διόνυσον, and Βρόμον and Βρόμιον, there are plays on words, which cannot be preserved in English.

or under a rock, soothe my sorrows by playing upon reeds. Let us, Pieridés, fly the well-inhabited city; let us seek another country. I proclaim to all that destructive drones have done a hurt to the bees.

Would that my sire had taught his son to keep,
'Neath sheltering rocks or elms, the fleecy sheep;
To seek the solace of dull care and grief
In the pipe's music, and there find relief.
Ye Muses, come; together let us flee
The well-built city's splendid misery;
Seek we another home to sing at ease;
For here the wretched drones destroy the bees. H.

#### CCLXXXI. THE SAME.

Venus, having washed herself here together with the Graces and her son with the golden arrow, gave its loveliness as a reward.

CCLXXXII. WESTMINSTER, 4 BOOK, 21 EP.

CCLXXXIII. ETON EXTRACTS, 182 EP.

Once on a time while wreathing
A garland for the hair,
Cupid among the roses
I found, and seized him there;
And by the wings I plunged him,
And drank him in the wine;
And ever since he tickles
With his wings this heart of mine.

### CCLXXXIV. JULIAN OF EGYPT.

Maria, an object of desire, makes much of herself. But may you, venerable Justice, follow up her proud bearing; not with death, O queen, but the reverse, may she arrive at the hairs of old age; and may her countenance become hard with wrinkles. May gray locks pay for these tears. May beauty, the cause of sinning, pay for the sinning of the mind.

### CCLXXXV. THE SAME.

You see the true form of the wretched Niobé, as if still lamenting the fate of her children. If (the statue) has not obtained a soul, lay not this blame to the art. It has represented the womanly feeling in stone.

#### CCLXXXVI. THE SAME.

When Timomachus painted Medea, he introduced into the likeness the twofold feelings of a form without life. For he combined the jealousy felt on account of a bed, and the love at the same time for her children, and showed by her looks that she was drawn in opposite directions.

CCLXXXVII. WESTMINSTER, 1 BOOK, 10 EP.

CCLXXXVIII. MARIANUS SCHOLASTICUS.

Love once washed his Cyprian mother in this bath, after having himself secretly warmed the beautiful water with his torch. And when sweat had poured from her ambrosial skin, mixed with the clear water, 'how great a spring of breath did it light up.' From thence they ever 'boil up a rose-like vapour,' as if the golden Paphian (Venus) was still being washed.

As in this fount Love wash'd the Cyprian dame, His torch the water tinged with subtle flame; And, while his busy hands his mother lave, Ambrosial dews enrich the silver wave, And all the undulating bosom fill; Such dews did her celestial limbs distil. Hence how delicious float these tepid streams! What rosy odours! what nectareous steams!

2—2 From the Greek words ροδόεσσαν άναζείουσιν άϋτμὴν, where there is nothing to govern άναζείουσιν, may be easily elicited ρόδ' ἄησι νέα ζείουσαν ἄϋτμὴν—" new roses breathe a bubbling vapour."

<sup>1—1</sup> The Greek is φεῦ πνοιῆς ὅσσον ἑλαμψεν ἔαρ—where πνοιῆς—ἔαρ, says Jacobs, means "a sweet odour." But that it could not do. Perhaps the poet wrote θεοῦ πνοιὰς ὡς Σύρ ἀνῆψε μύρα—" it sent up the breath of the goddess, like Syrian myrrh:" where θεοῦ is a monosyllable.

So pure the water and so soft the air, It seems as if the goddess still were there. OGLE.

#### CCLXXXIX. THE SAME.

Here, under the plane-trees, did Love, when tired, sleep in a gentle slumber, after handing over his torch to the Nymphs; and the Nymphs said to one another—Why do we hesitate? ¹Would we had extinguished together with him the fire of the heart of mortals—¹ But when the torch had burnt even the water, the Nymphs, presiding over Loves, poured from thence into a bath warm water.

The little Love-god, lying once asleep,
Laid by his side his heart, in flaming brand,
Whilst many Nymphs, that vow'd chaste life to keep,
Came tripping by; but in her maiden hand
The fairest votary took up that fire,
Which many legions of true hearts had warm'd;
And so the General of hot desire
Was sleeping by a virgin hand disarm'd.
This brand she quenched in a cool well by,
Which from Love's fire took heat perpetual,
Growing a bath, and healthful remedy
For men diseased. But I, my mistress' thrall,
Came there for cure; and this by that I prove,
Love's fire heats water; water cools not love.

Shakspeare.

# CCXC. JOANNES BARBUCALLUS.

#### ON THE IMAGE OF POLYMNIA.

This is the likeness of you, Polymnia, and you are that of a Muse; for there is one name to both, and one shape.

CCXCI. THE SAME.

Here do I, a hapless city, that am no city, lie together with the dead inhabitants, in a thoroughly wretched

<sup>1—1</sup> As αίθε could not be united to an aor. 1, σβέσσαμεν, with reference to a future act, there is probably an error, it would not be difficult to correct, in the words αίθε δὶ τούτψ σβέσσαμεν, είπον, ὁμοῦ—

Vulcan has, after a beating down by Neptune, ued me. Alas! from beauty so great I am become But do ye, passers-by, grieve over my fate. Make ation of tears for Berytus that has perished.

## CCXCII. NILUS SCHOLASTICUS.

# THE LIKENESS OF A SATYR IN MOSAIC AT ANTIOCH.

All satyrs are fond of saucy jokes. And do you say on looking at each person, you burst forth into augh? B. While possessing an object of wonder, laughing (at the thought) how, from stones brought her, some from one place and others from another, e become suddenly a satyr.

A. Satyrs deal in pert grimaces; Saucy satyr, prithee say, Why you look in all our faces, Thus to laughter giving way?

B. When was such a laughing matter,
When was such a wonder known?
All at once I'm grown a satyr,
Out of these odd bits of stone.

H. W.

### CCXCIII. COMETAS CHARTULARIUS.

hyllis directed her eyes towards the sailing. The became a wanderer, and Demophoon was a faithless But now, beloved one, I am the faithful Denoon by the sea-shore; and how hast thou, Phyllis, me faithless?

CCXCIV. WESTMINSTER, 3 BOOK, 43 EP.

#### CCXCV. AGATHIAS.

#### ON ARIADNE THE HARP-PLAYER.

ever the maiden had taken the quill in hand, and ned the harp, she would have played against the

lieu of συμφερτός the sense requires συμφερτής.

Jacobs quotes opportunely Ovid. Heroid. Epist. from Phyllis to phoon, "Demophoon, ventis et verba et vela dedisti; Vela queror, verba carere fide."

strings of Terpsichoré. And if she had burst forth into voice with the loud tone of tragedy, she would have fashioned the swell of Melpomené. And if a trial of beauty had taken place, Venus herself would have been conquered rather (than her), even though Paris had been the judge. But let there be silence on our part, lest Bacchus should hear and feel a jealousy on account of the bed of Ariadné.

#### CCXCVI. THE SAME.

I am moaning through the whole night. But when the dawn of morning comes, gratifying me so that I can have a little respite, swallows twitter round, and throw me into tears, by driving off a sweet and heavy sleep; and my moistened eyes roll about; and again the thought in my bosom turns upon Rhodanthé. Cease, ye envious chatterers; for I did not cut out the tongue of Philomela; and do ye lament Itylus on hills, and moan while sitting at the old dwelling of Epops, so that I may sleep a little; and perhaps a dream will come, that shall throw me into the arms of Rhodanthé.

All night I sigh with cares of love opprest;
But when the morn indulges balmy rest,
These twittering birds their noisy matins keep,
Recall my sorrows and prevent my sleep.
Cease, envious birds, your plaintive tales to tell,
I ravish'd not the tongue of Philomel.
In deserts wild, or on some mountain's brow,
Pay all the tributary grief you owe
To Itys in an elegy of woe.
Me leave to sleep; in visionary charms
Some dream may bring Rhodanthé to my arms.

FAWKES.

The live-long night I moan; but when the morn Would visit with short sleep mine eyes forlorn, The swallows twitter round, above, below; And from my jaded lids the tear-drops flow,

 $<sup>^1</sup>$  The Greek in Jacobs' text is staldovta fuldssetai. But the author probably wrote staldov6' eilissetai.

And orbs wet-dropping keep the watch of woe.

And then again before my heart is brought
Rhodanthé's image in tumultuous thought.
Ill-natured babblers, cease. Who ever said
I tore the tongue from Philomela's head?
Go to the hills, and Itylus bemoan,
Or sitting on the Hoopoe's rugged throne,
Speak out your sorrows, that of ease a gleam
May on me fall; when, should there come a dream,
I in Rhodanthé's arms enclasp'd may seem. G. C. S.

#### CCXCVII. THE SAME.

I am not fond of wine. But when thou wishest me to e drunk, do thou, first tasting (the cup), bring it to me, ad I receive it. For if thou shalt touch it with thy ps, it is not easy to be sober, nor to escape from the weet cup-bearer. For the cup conveys to me a kissom thee, and it tells me the pleasure it has received.

Farewell to wine! or, if thou bid'st me sip, Present the cup, more honour'd, from thy lip. Pour'd by thy hand, to rosy draughts I fly, And cast away my dull sobriety.

For, as I drink, soft raptures tell my soul, That lovely Glycera has kiss'd the bowl.

BL.

I love not wine; but thou hast power To make me drunk at any hour. Touch first the cup with thine own lip, Then hand it round for mine to sip, And temperance at once gives way; My sweet cup-bearer wins the day. That cup's a boat which ferries over Thy kiss in safety to thy lover, And tells by its delicious flavour, How much it revels in thy favour.

G. C. S.

#### CCXCVIII. THE SAME.

Never may you, the wick of a lamp, produce wickungi, nor call up rain, lest you stop my bridegroom's

<sup>1</sup> There is no single word in English to express the Greek μύκης, es

coming. You are ever jealous of Venus; for when Hero united herself to Leander—the rest, O soul, omityou were a partaker in the rites of Vulcan; and I believe it: since to annoy Venus, 'you flatter the pain of the master.1

# CCXCIX. THE SAME.

A. Why dost thou sigh! B. I am in love. A. With whom? B. A maiden. A. Is she beautiful? B. She seemed beautiful to my eyes. A. Where did you become acquainted with her? B. I went to a supper, and I saw her there reclining on a couch common to both of us. A. Did you expect to gain her? B. Yes, yes, friend. But I am seeking a friendship not open, but concealed. A. You are avoiding rather a lawful marriage. I know full well that of possessions the portion that is left is much.<sup>2</sup> B. You know it? A. You are not in love; you have told a falsehood. For how is the soul able to be mad with love, that reasons correctly?

### CCC. THE SAME.

Do you too, Philinna, suffer from desire? Are you too ill, wasted away with eyes dried up? Or do you enjoy slumber most sweet, while of my cares no account or number is taken? Perhaps you will find an equal fate; and I shall behold the cheek of you unenvied, moistened with many tears. For Venus is in other respects of an ill-temper; but she has obtained by lot one good thing, to hate women who give themselves airs.

### CCCI. THE SAME.

Hastening to know whether Ereutho with beautiful eyes loved me, I tried her heart with a fiction of a

applied to the excrescence in the wick of a candle or lamp; which was anciently considered a sign of coming rain, as shown by Aristoph. Σφήκ. vs. 262, and Virgil G. i. 390, quoted by Jacobs.

1—1 How the lamp could do so, it is not easy to understand, much less

Even Jacobs has failed to unfold the meaning of the words between the numerals.

profitable kind. I shall go, (said I,) to a foreign land; but do you remain a steady girl, and preserve the remembrance of my love. When she grieved greatly and was excited, and struck? her own face, and tore the grape-like (knot) of her well-plaited hair, and begged me to stay. And I, as a person slow of persuasion, expressed by a nod, with a face full of airs, that I would stay. (And) happy am I in my love. For that which I was eager to accomplish by all means, I conceded as 5 a great favour.

> In wayward mood by artifice I strove To try the fervour of my Helen's love: And, "Oh farewell, my dearest girl," I cried, "Forget me not, when seas and lands divide." Pale at the news, she wept, and in despair Her forehead struck, and tore her silken hair; And sigh'd, "Forsake me not." By sorrow prest I nod compliance with her fond request; I yield by generous selfishness inspired, And hardly grant her what I most desired. BL.

I long'd to try Ereutho's heart, If me alone she loved. And by a sleight of crafty art My doubts I thus removed. "I go to foreign lands," I said, "Be constant aye to me; And ne'er forget, my lovely maid, The love I bear to thee." She started, shriek'd, her forehead smote, And her locks of clustering hair She scatter'd, and—"Oh! leave me not," She cried with frantic air.

4.5 Here both the sense and syntax require πάντως, ως—not πάντων, ٠¿c.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Jacobs refers opportunely to Terence, Eunuch. II. i. 107, "Rus 160- Noctes diesque ames me; me desideres."

One would expect here τήξε, "was wet," instead of πλήξε— In lieu of μόνον, the sense evidently requires μενείν. Compare Eurip. Iph. T. 1298, ἐξένευο ἀποστήναι: and Aristoph. Babylon. Fr. ενεύει με φεύγειν. Homer Il. i. 616, νεῦσε-στορέσαι-λέχος. Suid. in Προσανατίθείς—'Ο δέ-κατένευσε ποιήσειν.

Then I, like one full loth to brook
Entreaty, answer'd—"Nay;"
But yet my faltering, down-cast look
Declared that I would stay.
How happy is my love! since she
Should thankfully receive,
What was to happy happy me,
The greatest bliss to give.

HAY.

CCCII. THE SAME.

"Nothing too much"—a wise man said; but I, being an object of love, and beautiful, was lifted up by my high thoughts, and I fancied that in my hands lay the whole life of the maiden, who was perchance gainful. But she was lifted up still more, and held up her haughty eye-brow, as if finding fault with her former conduct. And now I, who was the stern-looking, the iron-(hearted), the slowly-persuaded, the former flyer in the air, fell on a sudden, and all things have become changed; and falling at the knees of the maiden, I cried out—"Be kind-hearted; it was my youth that erred."

# CCCIII. THE SAME.

There is not so great a labour to young men, as there comes upon us females with a tender soul. For them there are equals in age, to whom they tell the anguish of cares with the language of confidence, and they attend to pastimes that soothe them, and they wander in the streets, lounging amongst coloured pictures. But for us it is not lawful to look even upon the light of day; and we are hidden in the house, wasted away with dark thoughts.

Go, idle, amorous boys;
What are your cares and joys,
To love that swells the longing virgin's breast?

Jacobs considers this Epigram as a continuation of the preceding.
2 In lieu of the unintelligible τῆς τάχα κερδαλέης, one would prefer ταις τεχνοκερδαλέαις, i. e. χεροί, in allusion to πλάσματι κερδαλέω in the preceding Epigram.

A flame half-hid in doubt,
Soon kindled, soon burnt out,
A blaze of momentary heat at best.
Haply you well may find,
Proud privilege of your kind,
Some friend to share the secret of your heart;
Or, if your inbred-grief
Admit of much relief,
The dance, the chase, the play assuage your smart.

The dance, the chase, the play assuage your smart,
Whilst we poor hapless maids,
Condemn'd to pine in shades,

And to our dearest friends our thoughts deny, Can only sit and weep, While all around us sleep,

Unpitied languish, and unheeded die.

J. H. M.

Ah! youths never know the weight of care
That delicate-spirited women must bear.
For comrades of cheery speech have they,
To blandish the woes of thought away;
With games they can cheat the hours at home;
And whenever abroad in the streets they roam,
With the colours of painting they glad themselves.
But as for us poor prisoned elves,
We are shut out from sunlight, buried in rooms,
And fretted away by our fancy's glooms. G. C. S.

### CCCIV. THE SAME.

A Bacchante, not skilled in shaking the cymbals with her hand, has a stone-cutter placed in a modest state. For thus she hangs forward, and is like to a female calling out this—"Go away; and I will sound when no one is standing by."

### CCCV. THE SAME.

# ON HIPPOLYTUS CONVERSING WITH THE NURSE OF PHÆDRA.

Hippolytus is addressing harsh language in the ear of an old woman; but we are unable to hear it. But

as far as one may understand from the eye of a personenraged, he is giving this order—"Say no more whatis not right."

### CCCVL THE SAME.

ON THE REPRESENTATION OF A SATYR WHO IS APPLYING A PIPE TO HIS EAR, AND, AS IT WERE, LISTENING TO IT.

Is your reed, O little satyr, sending forth a sound of its own accord? Or why have you thus inclined your ear to the reed? But he smiles and is silent, Perhaps he would have spoken a word; but through his delight he is kept in a state of forgetfulness. For it is not the wax (of the picture) that prevents him. But he willingly loves silence, while delighting his whole soul by being engaged on the instrument.

#### CCCVII. THE SAME.

Yield to me,<sup>4</sup> thou holy hill-top of Daphné, that liest away from the sea, the beauty of a desert spot where rustics dwell. For here are Nymphs, that preside over trees, and the Nereids have made their common place of meeting near the sea. For they have contended about me. And (Neptune) the god with azure hair has acted as judge, and placed me as a boundary between both.

## CCCVIII. THE SAME.

O city, where are thy famous b walls? Where the temples of much wealth? Where the heads of the slaughtered oxen? Where the myrrh-boxes of the Paphian (Venus)? and her upper garment all gold? and

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> The Greek is  $\delta\tau\tau\iota$ , vainly defended by Dorville on Chariton, p. 587. The poet wrote  $\tau o \bar{\nu} \tau o$ —

<sup>2</sup> Ålthough λέγειν might perhaps stand—for the infinitive is sometimes put for the imperative—yet one would prefer—λέγε.

<sup>3</sup> Heyne properly proposed τέρψας for τρέψας, vainly defended by Jacobs.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>4</sup> This is supposed by Jacobs to be spoken by the personified garden of Justinian, near the temple of Juno.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>5</sup> The sense evidently requires κλεινά in lieu of κεΐνα— On κλεινός applied to cities, see Valckenaer on Phoen. 1746.

where the image of the indigenous <sup>1</sup> Triton-born (Pallas)? All hath the bustle (of War), and the flow of Time, and powerful Fate seized upon, throwing round thee a strange kind of misfortune. And so much has grievous Envy subdued thee; but thy name alone <sup>2</sup> and glory it is not able to hide.

O city, where are those walls of thine,
And thy temples rich with slaughter'd kine?
And where are the perfumes, the vest of gold,
That the Paphian queen adorn?
And where the image, thou hadst of old,
Of thy native Triton-born?

The toils of War, and the ruins of Time, and the might of Destiny.

Have seiz'd on all, and brought in their stead far different hap to thee.

Thus far bitter Envy hath conquer'd thee.
But alone survives thy name;
And Envy itself shall conquer'd be;
For it cannot hide thy fame.

E. S.

Where, hapless city, are thy walls renown'd?
Where in rich temples heads of victim'd kine?
Where the rose ointments for thy Venus found?
And where her vest, that once all gold did shine?
And where the likeness of the Triton-born
In tapestry woven? All hath War and Strife,
And flow of Time, and strong Fate from thee torn,
And round thee thrown a stranger's lot and life.
Thee hostile Envy has o'ercome. Thy name
And glory it can't hide, that still remain. G. B.

### CCCIX. THE SAME.

If thou art descended from Sparta, stranger, do not laugh: for not upon me alone has Misfortune brought

<sup>2</sup> Jacobs vainly endeavours to defend ἄρα μοῦνον by passages not in

point. He should have suggested—āρ', à μεῖνεν—

¹ Although  $i\nu\delta\dot{a}\pi\iota\sigma_{\zeta}$  is found in the other writers of this age, yet the deity, who was born near the stream of the river Triton, as we learn from Eschylus, in Eum. 291, could not be a native of Corinth. Hence there is no doubt an error in  $i\nu\delta\alpha\pi\iota\eta_{\zeta}$ , which it is easy to correct by reading  $i\nu$   $\delta\alpha\pi\iota\sigma\iota\nu$ —

this to pass. But if from Asia, do not weep: for all the city of the sons of Æneas has nodded by Dardan sceptres. But though the envious war of hostile (bands) has made empty the holy groves of the gods, and my walls, and the dwellers therein, I am again a queen; and do you, O fearless Rome, my child, place upon the Greeks the yoke-harness of thy justice.

CCCX. ETON EXTRACTS, 70 EP.

CCCXI. WESTMINSTER, 4 BOOK, 18 EP.

## CCCXII. DEMOCHARIS.

Nature, herself the modeller, has given to you, O painter, the power to represent the Pierian (Muse) of Mitylené. The transparency of her eyes is like that of a fountain, and this clearly marks a fancy full of a successful aiming; and the flesh, which is naturally smooth and not laboriously luxuriant, has the ease (of style) portrayed by it, and from her countenance, mixed up with what is joyous and intellectual, she proclaims a Muse united to Venus.

Nature herself this magic portrait drew,
And, painter, gave thy Lesbian Muse to view.
Light sparkles in her eyes; and Fancy seems
The radiant fountain of those living beams;
Through the smooth fulness of the unclouded skin,
Looks out the clear ingenuous soul within.
Joy melts to fondness in her glistening face,
And Love and Music breathe a mingled grace.

F. H.

## CCCXIII. PAUL THE SILENTIARY.

Neither is the rose in need of a garland, nor art thou, adorable maiden, of an outer garment, nor a head-dress

In lieu of κολῶσα, which Brunck would correct into λιπῶσα, and Jacobs into χαλῶσα, the sense seems to require κομῶσα—

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> How Troy could be said to have nodded to its fall by the Dardan sceptres of the sons of Æneas, it is difficult to understand. Hence it is evident the poet wrote πᾶσ' ἀνένεικε, "has entirely recovered—" not πᾶσα νένεικε—

set with precious stones. Gems fade before thy colour; nor does gold impart splendour, when thy hair is not to be combed. The Indian hyacinth possesses the beauty of a dark splendour, but far inferior to thine eyes; and thy dewy lips, and the honey-mingled harmony of manners is the cestus of the Paphian (Venus). By all these I am subdued; by the eyes alone am I soothed, in which there dwells honey-dropping hope.

We ask no flowers to crown the blushing rose,
Nor glittering gems thy beauteous form to deck.
The pearl, in Persia's precious gulf that glows,
Yields to the dazzling whiteness of thy neck.
Gold adds not to the lustre of thy hair,
But, vanquish'd, sheds a fainter radiance there.
The Indian hyacinth's celestial hue
Shrinks from the bright effulgence of thine eye,
The Paphian cestus bathed thy lips in dew,
And gave thy form ambrosial harmony.
My soul would perish in the melting gaze,
But for thine eyes, where hope for ever plays.
BL.

No garland needs the rose; nor thou, my fair, That gem-bespangled net-work for thy hair. On thee that robe is but an useless cost, Who art, "when unadorn'd, adorn'd the most." Thy skin bedims the pearl; and dim the glare Of gold beside thy wild luxuriant hair. The Indian gem its flaming grace may prize, But pale its lustre when before thine eyes. Thy dewy lips, harmonious form and soul, Honey'd as Venus' zone, thy perfect whole, O'erwhelm me all; thine eyes alone, my fair, In their soft language bid me not despair.

No wreath the rose doth need to grace her brow; No broider'd robe nor jewell'd head-dress thou. Not whitest pearl can with thy skin compare, Nor gold so bright as thy loose flowing hair.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Such is the meaning assigned to άποκτήτου, from which it is easy to elicit άπ' εὐνήτου, "well-platted—"

The loveliest hyacinth of Indian fields To thy full-beaming pupil's lustre yields. That dewy lip, that form of melting mould, Thy magic girdle, Venus, here behold. All these undo me; only in thine eyes Comfort I find; there sweet hope ever lies.

G. S.

## CCCXIV. THE SAME.

From the time when Chariclo, while laughing and talking to me, as I was drinking, put round me her own garland secretly, a destructive fire has been devouring me; for the garland had, as I fancy, something which burnt up likewise Glaucé, the daughter of Creon.1

## CCCXV. THE SAME.

Alas! alas! Envy wards off the honey-sweet talk, and the look of the eyes, which speak in secret.2 And standing near, we are astonished at the look of the old woman, like the many-eyed herdsman (Argos) of (Io), the daughter of Inachus. Stand thou and keep a look-out; but in vain vex thy heart. For thou canst not extend thine eye to the soul.

#### CCCXVI. THE SAME.

Chrysis, after plucking a single hair of her golden locks, bound my hands, like those of a war-captive. And I at first laughed, thinking to shake off easily the chains of my adored Doris. But when I was unable to burst through them, I gave a groan, as if riveted to a fetter of brass not to be loosened. And now, thricewretched, I am hung by a hair, and frequently dragged, wherever my mistress pulls me.

In wanton sport, my Doris from her fair And glossy tresses tore a straggling hair;

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> The poet alludes to Eurip. Med. 1183.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Jacobs aptly refers to Ovid's expression, "Verba superciliis sine voce loquentia dicam."

Compare Pope's "But beauty draws us by a single hair."

nd bound my hands, as if of conquest vain, nd I some royal captive in her chain. t first I laugh'd—" This fetter, lovely maid, lightly worn, and soon dissolved," I said. said: but ah! I had not learn'd to prove ow strong the fetters that are forged by love. hat little thread of gold, I strove to sever, 'as bound, like steel, about my heart for ever; nd from that luckless hour, my tyrant fair as led and turn'd me by a single hair. J. H. M.

#### CCCXVII. THE SAME.

rore I would remain far away from thee, O damsel the twelfth morning, ye gods. But I, wretched, not endure it; for the morrow seemed to me, I by thyself, more distant than the twelfth moon. eg, my dear, of the gods not to engrave these oaths back of the page of the Furies; and do thou my mind by thy favours, lest the whip of the I (gods) cause a wheal upon thee, O adored one.

When I left thee, love, I swore
Not to see that face again
For a fortnight's space or more;
But the cruel oath was vain;
Since the next day I spent from thee,
Was a long year of misery.
Oh, then, for thy lover pray
Every gentler deity,
Not in too nice scales to weigh
His constrained perjury.
Thou, too, oh pity his despair;
Heaven's rage and thine he cannot bear. J. H. M.

### CCCXVIII. THE SAME.

y say that a man, who has been bitten by the ning poison of a dog, sees the image of a wild n water. And perhaps maddening Love has fixed

obs refers to Valckenaer on Herodot. v. 58. the whip of the deities, compare Prom. 703, Μάστιγι θείφ.

his sharp fang in me, and by madness despoiled me of my mind. For thy loved image does the sea present to me, and the eddies of rivers, and the cup of the winebearer.

They say that one, who hath chanced to suffer
The venomous bite of a rabid hound,
Will see a creature of horrible feature
Imaged on all the waters round.
So me hath rabid Cupid bitten,
And smitten my soul with his raging bane;
And an image I trace on the river's face,
In the glistening wine, on the level main.
But the image which wakens my soul's distress,
Is an image of exquisite loveliness.
G. C. S.

## CCCXIX. THE SAME.

Cleophantis is delaying long, and the third wick is beginning already to sink down, wasted away slowly. Would that the lamp of my heart were extinguished with the wick, and that it had not been burning me a long time by sleepless desires. How often has Hesperus sworn that Venus would come! But she has no regard for men or gods.

## CCCXX. THE SAME.

I, who formerly, with a mind not to be softened, did in my youth disavow the pleasant laws of the madness-producing Paphian (deity)—I, who was formerly not to be approached by the limb-devouring darts of Love, do now bend in middle age my neck to thee, O Venus. Receive me with a smile; because thou art now a victor over Pallas, more than thou wast formerly for the apple of the Hesperides.

The youth, who, with unmitigated mind, Inciting Paphia's gentle sway declined,

<sup>1</sup> This is scarcely intelligible. Opportunely then does one MS. offer  $i\lambda\theta i\nu$ : where lies hid  $i\lambda\xi i\iota\nu$ —and hence one would prefer d πόσ lμ $i\nu$  Κυθέρει $a\nu$ —for thus Diophantes would be called Venus.

Who proved so unassailable when blooming. And set at nought Love's arrows, limb-consuming, Now, Cypris, with his wise head frosted over, Bends low to thee his neck, and turns a lover. Thou thwartest Pallas wise, Take me and laugh. E'en more than when she lost the Hesperid golden prize.

G. C. S.

I, who with heart unsoften'd in my prime, Of Venus, bringing madness, spurn'd the power— I whom no dart could reach in former time Of Love, the heart-consuming—in the hour Of middle age, to thee my neck I bow, O Cyprian queen! Laugh, and receive thy slave; More is thy triumph seen o'er Pallas now, Then when the Hesperian apple glory gave. G. B.

#### CCCXXI. THE SAME.

Does thine hair a head-dress bind? With a violent eling I am wasted away, on beholding the likeness of e tower-bearing Rhea. Is thy head without a coverg? By the auburn colour of thy tresses, I drive from y breast my mind, that has melted away. Dost thou nceal thy pendent locks with a white veil? A fire not is intense lays hold of my heart. A triad of Graces end upon thy triple state; and every state sends forth own fire.

#### CCCXXII. THE SAME.

Being about to say to thee—" Fare thee well"—I Il back again the voice, so as to return; and again I main near thee. For I shudder at the terrible disace from thee, as at the bitter night of Acheron. y light is like the day; but a portion of it is voiceless; thou, then, bring the prattling, which is sweeter than e Sirens, and on which all the hopes of my very soul ing.

When I meant, lovely Ida, to bid thee farewell, My faltering voice the sad office denied;

From my lips broken accents of tenderness fell,
And I remain'd motionless close by thy side.

Nor wonder, sweet girl, at the baffled endeavour;
The pang of the moment, that tears me away,
Can only be equall'd by that, which for ever
Shuts out from my soul the blest prospect of day.
Oh! Ida, 'tis thou art my day. 'Tis to thee
I look for the light, that should make me rejoice;
Thy presence the day-spring of pleasure's to me;
But raptures of paradise dwell in thy voice.
Thy voice—oh! how sweeter than aught that is feign'd
Of Sirens or Mermaids, that float on the wave;
It holds all my joys, all my passions enchain'd,
And is able alike to destroy me or save. J. H. M.

#### CCCXXIII. THE SAME.

## ON A GARDEN NEAR THE SEA-SIDE.1

The sea washes the seats on the land; and the back of the land, although sailed over, blooms with groves in the midst of the sea. How clever was he, who mingled the sea-deeps with the land, and sea-weeds with gardenplants, and the streams of the Nereids with the rills of the Naiads.

This lovely spot old Ocean laves,
And woody coverts fringe the waves.
Happy the art, that could dispose
Whate'er in sea or garden grows,
And summon'd to the enchanted land
The Naiads' and the Nereids' band.
BL.

0 7970

# CCCXXIV. WESTMINSTER, 2 BOOK, 72 EP.

Here strive for empire o'er the happy scene
The Nymphs of fountain, sea, and woodland green.
The power of grace and beauty holds the prize,
Suspended even to her votaries,
And finds amazed, where'er she casts her eye,
Their contest forms the matchless harmony.

BL.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> This too, like Ep. 307, says Jacobs, was written on the gardens of the palace of Justinian.

Between the Naiad, Nereid, Dryad throngs A strife is waged to which the spot belongs; Grace umpire sits, the question to decide; But its mix'd charms her wavering choice divide.

Fr. Wrangham.

## CCCXXV. WESTMINSTER, 2 BOOK, 69 EP.

## CCCXXVI. LEONTIUS.

Touch, O cup, the mouth dropping with honey; you have found it; draw it, like milk; I do not begrudge you; but I wish I had your lucky fate.

## CCCXXVII. THE SAME.

## ON THE STATUE OF A LIBANIAN DANCER.

You have the name of Libanus, the form of the Graces, the manners of Persuasion, O damsel, and the cestus of Venus under your loins; and in dances you frolic, like a light Cupid, drawing to you all (men) by vour beauty and art.

#### CCCXXVIII. THE SAME.

The Cytherean (Venus) loved Anchises and the Moon Endymion: such do the people of the past tell in tales. But now some new tale will be sung, how that Victory has fallen in love with the looks and the chariot of Porphyrius.

### CCCXXIX. THE SAME.

Dionysus, on seeing a satyr, having so great 2 a pain, and pitying him, turned him into stone. But even thus he did not cease from pains hard to be borne. For still does he suffer, the hapless one, although he is a

1 As ἀείσεται is not elsewhere found in a passive sense, the poet probably wrote νέον τις μῦθον, not νέος τις μῦθος—

1 The pain, says Heyne, was probably from a thorn that had stuck in the foot. How strange he should not have proposed modiv for rodov-

### CCCXXX. ARABIUS SCHOLASTICUS.

#### UPON ATALANTA AND HIPPOMENES.

BTBTI

Did you, Hippomenes, throw this golden prize to the damsel, as a marriage-gift, or to delay her speed? The apple has accomplished both purposes; since it withdrew the maiden from her rapid movement, and was the symbol of the yoke of Venus.

### CCCXXXI. THE SAME.

## ON A STATUE OF PAN.

It was possible to hear clearly Pan playing on the pipe; for the moulder had mixed up breath with the But (Pan), on seeing Echo flying away, stands1 not knowing what to do, (and) he has refused (to give) the useless voice of the pipe.

## CCCXXXII. MACEDONIUS, THE CONSUL.

A. To-morrow I will see thee. B. That (morrow) is never mine, while your habit of putting off is ever increasing. In this way alone do you gratify my longing; but to others you grant other favours, disowning my confidence in you. A. At evening I will see thee. B. What is a woman's evening? It is old age filled with wrinkles without measure.

#### CCCXXXIII. THE SAME.

A. Why is thy sword drawn from the sheath? B. (I swear) by thyself, maiden, it is that I may not do any act foreign to Venus, but that I may show how Mars, although hot with rage, is obedient to gentle Venus. This is, while I am in love, my fellow-traveller; nor do I want a mirror; 2but in it I see myself, how beautiful

<sup>1</sup> Since ἄστατον is plainly superfluous after φεύγουσαν, it is probable

that the poet wrote "orarai.

<sup>2-2</sup> Such is the literal translation of the Greek, καὶ καλὸς ὡς ἐν ἔρωτι. But the youth would scarcely thus bepraise himself. The poet would rather have put the compliment into the mouth of the damsel, by writing —παῖ, καλὸς ἰσον ἔρωτι—

(I am) in love; 2 yet should you release yourself from me, the sword will sink into my side.

A. Why from its sheath is drawn thy sword? B. I swear, By thee, to do no wrong to Love, my fair. "Tis but to show how Mars, with fury wild, By gentle Venus soften'd, is a child. While in Love's paths I tread, it sticks to me. I want no mirror. Here myself I see.

Handsome, as Love, boy, turn from me aside
 The sword. B. Then in my breast itself shall hide.

G. B.

### CCCXXXIV. THE SAME.

Thou art, Parmenis, (constant) not in deed. On hearing thy name I thought it beautiful; but thou art more bitter than death; and thou flyest from one, who loves, and pursuest another, who does not love, until thou flyest again from him, even when he is in love. Yet is thy mouth naturally a hook, full of points; and as soon as I bite, it holds me fast, hanging from thy rosy lip.

Ruthless to me as death, in sound how fair, Inconstant Constance, is the name you bear! Beloved, you fly; not courted, you pursue, That you may fly again, when loved anew. H. W.

#### CCCXXXV. THE SAME.

I have not wished for gold and ten thousand cities of the earth, nor what Homer<sup>3</sup> says that Thebes possessed; but that the round cup might bubble with Lyæus (wine), while its lip is washed with an ever-flowing

<sup>3</sup> In Iλ. I. 381.

The Vat. MS. has σὸ δ' ἢν ἀπ' ἐμεῖο λυθῆναι, which, as being without sense or syntax, Planudes altered into—λυθείης, not knowing that ἢν—λυθείης is a barbarism, vainly defended by Schæfer in Meletem. Crit. p. 87. Perhaps the poet wrote, σὸ κεῖν' ἀπ' ἐμοῦ πάλι τεῖνον Τὸ ξίφος. Β. ἡμετέρην— Meineke, preserving, in other respects, the common readings, would merely change λυθείης into λιασθῆς, referring to Buttman's Lexilog. p. 72.

<sup>2-2</sup> This distich Jacobs justly considers to be quite irrelevant,

stream, of which (cup) the talkative choir of old men have drunk together; but the clever men labour, as workers at vines. (May) this loved happiness ever (be) to me in great quantity; and I care not for the golden Consuls, while I hold fast the flask.

I ask not gold; I ask not power; I never pray'd great Jove to shower On me the wealth that Homer sings, The grandeur of the Theban kings. I shall be well contented, so My cup with ceaseless bumpers flow, And my moist lips for ever shine In honour of the god of wine, And friends, who share my inmost soul, Share likewise in the fragrant bowl. But let the grave and dull possess Their toil-won wealth, short happiness. These are my riches; these I'll love, As long as I'm allowed by Jove. For while the sparkling bowl I drain, The boasts of pride and pomp are vain.

J. H. M.

不以此四天西班出村山

#### CCCXXXVI. THE SAME.

We, who drink without drawing breath, the combatants belonging to king Iacchus, will arrange the acts of the carousal, where cups form the fight, and make big libations from the unsparing gifts of the Icarian Lyœus (Bacchus). To others let the glories of Triptolemus be a care; where are oxen, and ploughs, and the pole between the oxen, and the handle (of the plough-share), and the corn-field, and the foot-prints of the snatched away Proserpine. But if there is ever a necessity to put any food into the mouth, the dried raisin of Bromius (the vine) is sufficient for wine-drinkers.

In lieu of καὶ, which couples nothing, the sense and syntax require ἢν.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup>—<sup>2</sup> Such is the literal version of the Greek text; where however there is scarcely a word, as written by the author.

## CCCXXXVII. THE SAME.

By me, who was ill yesterday, there stood a physician, no friendly person, who forbade the nectar of cups; and told me, the vain fellow, to drink water; nor had he learnt that Homer says that wine is the strength of man.

## CCCXXXVIII. THE SAME.

Ye men, to whom the orgies of Bacchus, who is without pain, are a care, through the hopes which the vine produces, throw away poverty. To me let the cup be a crater; and near me a wine-press, not a keg, the dwelling of smooth-faced joyousness; and straightway, after drinking a large goblet of our Lyæus (wine) I will fight, if you wish it, with the Canastræan youths. I fear not the sea that is not to be soothed, nor the thunderbolts, while possessing the confident boldness of fearless Bromius.

### CCCXXXIX. THE SAME.

If hopes, the friends of misfortune, play with the life of mortals, by gratifying the whole of it in a delaying manner, I, since I am a mortal, am played upon, and well do I, a man, know I am mortal. But being played upon by protracted hopes, I am pleased with myself willingly, although wandering; nor may I become, as regards my judgment, a severe Aristotle. For I preserve in my mind the exhortation of Anacreon—"It is not meet to keep hold of care."

#### CCCXL. UNCERTAIN.

Why, Venus, hast thou driven three arrows against a single target? and (why) are these arrows fixed in one soul? With one I am burnt; with another I am drawn along; and by another I am in doubt to what point

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> In Iλ. Z. 261.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> So Horace says of wine that "spes jubet esse ratas," quoted by Jacobs.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>3</sup> The Giants, so called from Canastra, a town of Macedonia, where, says the Scholiast on Lycophron, v. 526, the Giants dwelt.

I shall incline; but by a violent flame I am wholly scorched.

## CCCXLI. UNCERTAIN.

After placing me in a strange port<sup>1</sup> of desires how great, thou dost not, Venus, pity me, although thou hast an experience thyself of troubles. Dost thou wish me to suffer things not to be borne, and to say this word?—"Venus alone has wounded the man made wise through the Muses."

#### CCCXLII. UNCERTAIN.

With fire and snow, and, if thou wilt, with lightning strike (me), and drag me to precipices and to seas; for him, who has become faint-hearted by troubles, and is subdued by Love, not even the fire of Jove, when hurled against him, can wear down.

### CCCXLIII. UNCERTAIN.

Poverty and Love are my two ills. The one I can bear easily; but the fire of Venus I cannot support.

Two evils, Want and Love, my spirits tame:
The hunger I can bear, but not the flame. H. W.

## CCCXLIV. UNCERTAIN.

There are three Graces; but thou hast been born one more to those three, in order that the Graces might have a grace.

Three are the Graces. Thou wert born to be The Grace, that serves to grace the other three.

H W

## CCCXLV. WESTMINSTER, 1 BOOK, 83 EP.

Cyprus must now two Venuses adore; Ten are the Muses; and the Graces four. So charming Flavia's wit, so sweet her face, She's a new Muse, a Venus, and a Grace.

Anonymous.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Instead of λιμένα ξένον, Jacobs would read λιμέν ἄξενον—i. e. " an inhospitable port."

# CCCXLVI, WESTMINSTER, 1 BOOK, 2 EP.

## CCCXLVII. MARCUS ARGENTARIUS.

Just now, O dearest lamp, thou hast sneezed thrice. Surely thou foretellest that my detectable Antigoné will perhaps come to a marriage bed. Should this turn out true, thou too wilt be, like king Apollo, a prophet on a tripod to mortals.

## CCCXLVIII. UNCERTAIN.

Whether I behold thee shining with thy dark locks, or on the other hand, (my) queen with auburn ringlets, beauty shines equally from both. Surely in such tresses, even when gray, Love will dwell.

Whether thy locks in jetty radiance play,
Or golden ringlets o'er thy shoulder stray,
There Beauty shines, sweet maid; and should they bear
The snows of age, still Love would linger there.

J. H. M.

## CCCXLIX. UNCERTAIN.

If, Venus, thou savest those at sea, save thou me too, a friend, shipwrecked on land (and) lost.

Venus, who sav'st at sea, O lend a hand,
Dear goddess; for I'm shipwreck'd on dry land.
H. W.

## CCCL. UNCERTAIN.

Sweet myrrh to thee I send; to myrrh a favour granting, not to thee; for thou art able to impart to myrrh the flavour of myrrh.

#### CCCLI. UNCERTAIN.

I send to thee sweet myrrh, administering myrrh to myrrh, like a person making a libation of the stream of Bacchus to Bacchus.

<sup>1</sup> On the act of sneezing, applied to a lamp, Jacobs refers appositely to Ovid. Heroid. Epist. xix. "Sternuit et lumen, posito nam scribimus illo, sternuit, et nobis prospera signa dedit."

## CCCLII. UNCERTAIN.

O thou round, well-turned, one-eared, long-necked, guggling with a narrow mouth, the joyous servant of Bacchus and the Muses and Venus, sweetly-smiling, the delightful dispenser at jointly-paid (revels), why, when I am sober, art thou drunk? but, when I am drunk, art thou sober? Thou doest a wrong to fellow-drinking friendship.

## CCCLIII. UNCERTAIN.

Do not grant to stone pillars (over the grave), as a favour, myrrh and garlands; nor light up the fire. The expense is in vain. Grant me the favour, while living; but by intoxicating the ashes, you will make a puddle; the dead will not have a drop.

Seek not to glad these senseless stones
With fragrant ointments, rosy wreaths;
No warmth can reach our mouldering bones,
From lustral fire, that vainly breathes.
Now let me revel, whilst I may;
The wine, that o'er my grave is shed,
Mixes with earth and turns to clay;
No honours can delight the dead.

J. H. M.

## CCCLIV. UNCERTAIN.

How was I born? Whence am I? For what have I come? To go away again. How can I learn any thing, knowing nothing? Being nothing, I was born. I shall be again, as I was before. The race of voice-dividing (men) is nothing and nothing.<sup>3</sup> But come, prepare me

To avoid the tautology in ὑψαύχην, thus following μακροτράχηλε, we may read ὡ ψυκτήρ—and thus recover the noun, wanting at present for all the adjectives.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> In lieu of  $\tau \delta \pi \tilde{\nu} \rho$ , where the article has no meaning, one would prefer  $\pi \nu \rho \dot{a} \nu$ —

<sup>3</sup> In οὐδὶν καὶ μηδὶν there is an error it would, perhaps, be not difficult to correct.

the pleasure-loving stream of Bacchus; for this medicine is the antidote of ills.

> Whence was I born, and how? How was I born, and why? Alas! I nothing know, But, born, that I must die. From nothing I was born; To nothing must return. The end and the beginning Of life is nothingness— Of losing, or of winning, Of pleasure, or distress. Then give me wine at least; There's nought left but to feast.

J. H. M.

How born, and where, and why? To go I came; And knowing nothing, nothing learn I can. Nothing I was when born; and still the same Nothing shall be. Such is the race of man. The pleasure-loving cup of Bacchus fill; G. B. 'Tis the sole antidote for every ill.

## CCCLV. UNCERTAIN.

Having erred in nothing, I was begotten by my parents; and after being born, I unhappy go to Hades. Oh, death-producing intercourse of parents! woe's me on account of the Necessity, that will cause me to come near to hateful death. [Being nothing, I was born; I shall be again as I was before. The race of voice-dividing (men) is nothing and nothing. 1 Hand me, friend, what remains of the sparkling cup,<sup>2</sup> and the wine, that is the oblivion of sorrows.

## CCCLVI, UNCERTAIN.

Drink and be merry. What to-morrow or the future (will be), no one knows. Do not run (away); nor be

The Greek is at present ἀποστίλβωσον: which is unintelligible. It was originally ἀποστιλβῶσαν—

<sup>1-1</sup> The words between the brackets Jacobs says have been introduced from the preceding Epigram.

faint-hearted. As you can, 'gratify yourself; share (with others); eat; consider things as mortal;' to live differs not at all from not to live. The whole of life is of this kind; it is only the turn of a scale. If you anticipate it, it is yours; if you die, every thing is another's, and you have nothing.

Drink and rejoice; who knows, to-morrow,
Whether 't will bring us joy or sorrow?
Now, while you may, life's blessing share,
With the jovial and the fair.
Shortly may thy flickering breath
Be tainted by the blast of death.
Such is life; a moment's space;
And it leaves an empty place.
Seize it, ere the silent tomb,
Engulfing thee, gives others room.

BL.

Drink and be merry. What the morrow brings,
No mortal knoweth. Wherefore toil or run?

Spend, while thou may'st; eat; fix on present things
Thy hopes and wishes; life and death are one.

One moment, grasp life's goods; to thee they fall.

Dead, thou hast nothing; and another all. G. S.

## CCCLVII. UNCERTAIN.

She, who formerly boasted of her very rich lovers—she, who never worshipped the terrible goddess, Nemesis, now beats for wages the threads with a poor weaver's beam; and Athéné has, though late, made a spoil of Venus.

#### CCCLVIII. SATYRUS.

Whether, after scattering the limy substance over the reed, visited by birds, you tread the hills or kill hares, call upon Pan. Pan shows to the dog the print-marks of

<sup>2</sup> Athéné was the goddess who presided over weaving.

<sup>1—1</sup> Such is the literal version of the Greek χαρίσαι, μετάδος, φάγε, θνητά λογίζου—where, since μετάδος is strangely put before φάγε, one would prefer χάριν ήματ δός φάγε, θνητέ λογίζου—i. e. "give pleasure to the day; eat, O mortal; consider—" Compare Horace's "Præsens carpe diem—"

the shaggy foot; 1 Pan keeps erect the putting together of the not inclining reeds.2

#### CCCLIX. UNCERTAIN.

If as a manly person you have come, stranger, draw from this fountain.<sup>3</sup> But if you are naturally effeminate, do not drink by way of excuse. I am manly, and I please only men. But to those naturally effeminate their nature <sup>4</sup> is water.

## CCCLX. UNCERTAIN.

If thirst in mid-day oppresses thee, O rustic, together with thy flocks, when thou hast come to the stream of Cleitoris in a retired spot, draw some drink from the fountain, and place all thy flock of goats near the Nymphs of the water. But do not throw on thy skin water to washit; lest the vapour of the pleasant inebriety hurt thee, when in the water: but fly from my fountain, that hates the vine; where Melampus, after freeing the daughters of Prætus perfectly from madness, immersed them in a thorough and secret cleansing, when he came from Argos to the mountains of rugged Arcadia.

Shepherd, if thirst oppress thee, while thy flock
Thou lead'st at noon by this Arcadian spring,
Here freely drink thy fill, and freely bring
Around my Naiads all thy fleecy stock.

This was peculiarly said of a hare, called λασιόπους.

<sup>2</sup> Jacobs aptly refers to Martial xiv. 218, "Non tantum calamis, sed cantu fallitur ales; Pallida dum tacita crescit arundo manu."

3 Jacobs conceives that the fountain alluded to was that of Salmacis in Caria, which, says Strabo, was in bad repute for rendering effeminate those who drank of it.

<sup>4</sup> By  $\dot{\eta}$  φύσις Jacobs understands the nature of those who drink, not that of the fountain. But even thus it is difficult to perceive the pith of the

whole Epigram.

5 The story, to which the writer alludes, is told by Ovid, in Metam. xv. 322, "Clitorio quicunque sitim de fonte levarit, Vina fugit, gaudetque meris abstemius undis—Amythaone natus Prætidas attonitas postquam per carmen et herbas Eripuit furiis, purgamina mentis in illas Misit aquas odiumque meri permansit in undis."

But in the water wash not; lest thou feel
Loathing and strange antipathy to wine;
Such power it hath to make thee hate the vine,
E'er since my fount did Prætus' daughters heal.

For here Melampus bathed them; here he cast
A spell to purge their madness off, and hold
The secret taint, what time from Argos old
To rough Arcadia's mountain-heights he past. Crows.

### CCCLXI. UNCERTAIN.

O Pan, speak out a sacred saying 1 to the flocks as they are feeding, by placing thy bent lip over the golden reeds, in order that the ewes may frequently bring to the dwelling of Clymenus their presents of white milk, heavy in their udders; and that the husband of the ewes, standing by your altar, may duly throw up red blood from his shaggy breast.

## CCCLXII. UNCERTAIN.

I possess, way-farer, this rocky and desert spot; and yet, not I, but Archelochus, who placed me here, is the cause. For I, Hermes, do not delight in mountains nor the crests of hills, but am pleased rather with by-paths. But Archelochus, as being himself a lover of desert places, and unneighbourly, has caused me too, passer-by, to dwell in such a manner.

#### CCCLXIII. UNCERTAIN.

Paris has seen me naked, and Anchises, and Adonis. These three only do I know of. But whence did Praxiteles?

CCCLXIV. WESTMINSTER, 2 BOOK, 82 EP.

CCCLXV. --- 4 -- 25 --

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> By ἰερὰν φάτιν is meant "a charm," or "incantation."

## CCCLXVI. UNCERTAIN.

Here, throwing yourself, way-farer, along the green meadow, rest your limbs rendered soft by laborious suffering; where the pine-tree agitated by the breath of the zephyr shall soothe you, while listening to the music of the tettix; and the shepherd on the mountain is playing on the pipe his mid-day tune near a fountain, and in a thicket under a shaggy plane-tree is avoiding the heat of the autumnal dog-star; and to-morrow you shall pass the grove. To Pan, who says this to you, be duly obedient.

## CCCLXVII. UNCERTAIN.

Here, under the juniper, come, way-farers, and rest your limbs awhile near Hermes, the guardian of the road. Not all confusedly; but as many as are tired as to their knees by a heavy toil and thirst, after accomplishing a long journey. For there is a breeze, and shady seat; and a rill under a rock shall put to sleep the weariness of heavy limbs. And after escaping the breath under the open sky of the autumnal dog-star, honour, as is just, Hermes, who presides over the road.

#### CCCLXVIII. UNCERTAIN.

Nemesis has moulded (one) winged Love as the antagonist to (another) winged Love, in order that he might suffer what he had done. But the one who was formerly bold and fearless, sheds tears on having a taste of bitter arrows; and thrice he spat on his deep bosom. Surely it is very wonderful. Some one will burn fire by fire. Love has touched Love.

## CCCLXIX. UNCERTAIN.

<sup>2</sup> I, too, am of the blood of Venus; and my mother endured that I should possess arrows and wings opposed to my brother.

On this custom Jacobs refers to Theocrit. Id. xx. 11. It was used to deprecate the effects of an ill omen.

Jacobs considers this as a continuation of the preceding Epigram.

## CCCLXX. UNCERTAIN.

## ON THE STATUE OF ECHO.

I am an Arcadian goddess, and I dwell near the dway of Lyœus, giving in return a speech that has spoken. For no longer, dear Bacchus, do I hate who belongs to thy revels. Come then, Pan; and us speak words in common.

## CCCLXXI. WESTMINSTER, 3 BOOK, 65 EP.

## CCCLXXII. UNCERTAIN.

#### ON A STATUE OF MEDEA AT ROME.

Here behold a likeness of the Colchian, the murdo of her children; here behold her statue, modelled the hand of Timomachus. There is a sword in her h passion vehement; a wild look; a tear coming of over her children to be pitied. All he has comb together, collecting into one things not to be ming but sparing to colour her hand with blood.

# CCCLXXIII. UNCERTAIN.

## ON A STATUE OF ARIADNE.

The sculptor was no mortal; but Bacchus, thy lechiselled thee such as he saw thee reclining over a many transfer of the sculptor was no mortal; but Bacchus, thy lechiselled thee such as he saw thee reclining over a many transfer of the sculptor was no mortal; but Bacchus, thy lechiselled thee such as he saw thee reclining over a many transfer of the sculptor was no mortal; but Bacchus, the sculptor was

No mortal artist chisell'd thee:
Bacchus, the enamour'd deity,
Such as he view'd thee laid upon the rock,
Sculptured thy living form upon this block. H.

## CCCLXXIV. ETON EXTRACTS, 172 EP.

## CCCLXXV. UNCERTAIN.

You are, O painter's brush, envious, and grue those who are looking on, by your having concealed golden ringlets under a head-dress. But if you his

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Jacobs infers from these words, that the statue of Echo was near a temple of Bacchus.

the likeness the chief elegance of the chiefest head, you do not furnish a belief in the rest of the beauty. Every painter's brush favours the form. But you alone have stealthily taken away the splendour of Theodorias.

CCCLXXVI. ETON EXTRACTS, 3 EP.

CCCLXXVII. WESTMINSTER, 3 BOOK, 11 EP.

A reed I am; I cannot bear Grape, or apple, fig, or pear, For gastronomic uses; But mine is a divine estate, When man doth me initiate A priest of all the Muses.

My point he pares, and splits, and nips,
And frames a throat and narrow lips,
And fills with sable wine;
Then, though my mouth is ever dumb,
Like one inspired I straight become;
A world of words is mine. G. C. S.

## CCCLXXVIII. UNCERTAIN.

Hunting is a practice for war; and hunting teaches (one) to catch a thing concealed; to wait for those coming on; to pursue the flying.

## CCCLXXIX. UNCERTAIN.

The diviners of the sky laid down three decads of years, (and) two triads, as the measure of my life. I am satisfied with these. For the period of early age is the brightest flower. Even the thrice old Pylian (Nestor) died.

# CCCLXXX. WESTMINSTER, 4 BOOK, 3 EP.

Why thus, ye shepherds, shamelessly pursue, And drag me from the branches moist with dew, The grasshopper—the friend of solitudes— Shrill-singing to the hills and shady woods,

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> A similar idea in Xenophon Cyrop. i. 2, 10, as remarked by Jacobs.

Me, the Nymphs' songster—me, who chirp my lays, And cheer them through the heats of summer days? The merle and thrush—those robbers—see, 'tis they, And such, that bear the rough earth's fruit away. 'Tis just to catch those spoilers; kill the thieves; Why grudge the grasshopper fresh dew and leaves? Hax.

## CCCLXXXI. UNCERTAIN.

A spider having woven its thin web with its slim feet caught a tettix, hampered in the intricate net. I did not however, on seeing the young thing that loves music, run by it, while making a lament in the thin fetters; but freeing it from the net I relieved it, and spoke thus—"Be saved, thou, who singest with a musical noise."

Her web with subtle feet a spider wrought
And in its toils a poor cicada caught.
Hearing it lowly wail its flimsy chain,
I left not the young songster to complain,
But burst its bonds, and let it loose, and said—
"For thy sweet music, freedom be thy meed."
F. Wranghai

While with lithe feet her task the spider plied,
Within her snares a grasshopper she drew;
Under the tiny chains the captive sigh'd,
And to release the child of song I flew.
"Save thee," I cried; "thy chains are off; be free;
And now indulge thy sweetest minstrelsy."

HAI.

CCCLXXXII. WESTMINSTER, 2 BOOK, 11 EP.

CCCLXXXIII. — 2 — 9 —

CCCLXXXIV. JULIANUS SCHOLASTICUS.

<sup>2</sup>Hesperius has overcome me and at the same time an

<sup>1—1</sup> Jacobs has happily elicited жооін істон from ижд жоооін, ю which he was led by the version of Grotius, "tenuem telam."

<sup>2—2</sup> This Epigram, says Jacobs, was written by the author on his slave, Hesperius, neglecting to call him, when sleeping heavily in the

early-morning slumber; the latter, by falling heavily upon me; the former, by not calling me. Of which two let the former perish; but may the other be propitious, that appeared, knowing the measure of hours.<sup>2</sup>

CCCLXXXV. WESTMINSTER, 3 BOOK, 9 EP.

CCCLXXXVI. ETON EXTRACTS, 1 --

CCCLXXXVII. WESTMINSTER, 3 BOOK, 67 -

When now the Cynic in dark Pluto's reign
His earthly task of snarling wisdom closed,
Laughing he heard the Lydian king complain,
And spread his cloak, and near the prince reposed.
"Drainer," he cried, "of streams that flow'd with gold,
My higher dignity in hell behold;
For all I had on earth, this nether sphere
Receives with me; but thou hast nothing here." F. H.

## CCCLXXXVIII. UNCERTAIN.

Three damsels once played with each other, by drawg lots, which should first go to Hades. And thrice ey threw from their hands the die; and the die of all me to one party; and she laughed at the lot, that was stined for her. But she, ill-fated, slipped by an unpected fall from the roof, and went to Hades, as she id obtained by lot. Without falsehood is the lot, in hich evil (is); but for what is better, neither prayers e successful in their aim to mortals, nor are hands.

Three damsels once essay'd, in mirthful vein,
Who first should visit Pluto's gloomy reign;
And thrice with anxious hearts they threw the die
That should decide their future destiny.
The lot on one was cast; but no alarm
Excited; she but mock'd the idle charm.
Yet unawares her destiny fulfill'd,
Slipp'd from the roof and by the fall was kill'd.
True are the Fates, when hovering evils brood;
Forbear to trust them, when they promise good.

But the state of th

orning, and thus preventing him from attending a lecture he was glad miss.

## CCCLXXXIX. WESTMINSTER, 2 BOOK, 73 EP.

## CCCXC. UNCERTAIN.

Not the plain of Smyrna produced the divine Homer, nor Colophon, the bright star of the luxurious Ionia; not Chios, nor fruitful Egypt; not holy Cyprus, nor the old island, the country of Laertiades; not Argos (the land) of Danaus and the Cyclopean Mycéné, nor the city of the Cecropians descended from old; for he was naturally not a work of the earth; but the Muses sent him from the sky, that he might bring gifts desired by beings of a day.

## CCCXCI. UNCERTAIN.

Pindar of Thebes twanged (his lyre) with a loud sound; the Muse of Simonides, with voice, like honey, sweet, breathed delight; Stesichorus and Ibycus were brilliant; Alcman was sweet; Bacchylides spoke from his mouth in liquid notes. Persuasion followed Anacreon. The Lesbian Alcæus spoke in varied measures with his Æolian harp. And Sappho is enrolled the ninth not amongst men, but the tenth Muse amongst the lovely Muses.

O sacred voice of the Pierian choir,
Immortal Pindar! Oh, enchanting air,
Of sweet Bacchylides! Oh, rapturous lyre,
Majestic graces of the Lesbian fair!
Muse of Anacreon, the gay, the young!
Stesichorus, thy full Homeric stream!
Soft elegies by Cea's poet sung!
Persuasive Ibycus, thy glowing theme!
Sword of Alcæus, that with tyrant's gore
Gloriously painted, lift'st thy point so high!
Ye tuneful nightingales, that still deplore
Your Alcman, prince of amorous poesy—

This epithet is from Homer Iλ. Γ. 201, 'Ιθάκης κραναῆς.
 In ἐρατειναῖς probably lies hid Ἐρατοῦς παῖς. For Sappho would be fairly called "the child of Erato," as Orpheus was of Calliopé.

Oh yet impart some breath of heavenly fire To him, who venerates the Grecian lyre. J. H. M.

#### CCCXCII. UNCERTAIN.

Come to the splendid grove of the blue-eyed Juno, ye sbian damsels, twirling the delicate steppings of your t; there establish a beautiful dance for the goddess; d you shall Sappho lead, holding a golden lyre in her nds, oh ye happy in the much-joyous dance. Surely u will think you are hearing the pleasant strain of lliopé herself.

Come, Lesbian maids, to Juno's royal dome,
With steps that hardly press the pavement, come;
Let your own Sappho lead the lovely choir,
And to the altar bear her golden lyre.
There first, in graceful order slow advance;
Then weave light mazes in the joyous dance;
Herself the while her heaven-taught strains shall pour,
Such strains as sang Calliopé of yore.

J. H. M.

CCCXCIII. WESTMINSTER, 1 BOOK, 95 EP.

CCCXCIV. ETON EXTRACTS, 53 ---

## CCCXCV. UNCERTAIN.

No language greater than thine, O pre-eminent mouth the well-tongued Attica, has every page of the Pan-ellenes concealed. For thou didst first, O divine ato, stretch thine eye to god and heaven, and survey rtals and life, and didst with the Socratic sneer mix the Samian mind, a union most beautiful in a nerable difference of sentiment.

#### CCCXCVI. UNCERTAIN.

It was meet to place thee, Menander, in union with beloved Cupid, living with whom you were initiated the delightful mysteries of the god. And thou art inly carrying about every where the god; since even w all, who look on thy form, are in love with thee.

In lieu of the unintelligible σῆμα, Scaliger suggested ἄμμα.

Menander, sweet Thalia's pride,
Well art thou placed by Cupid's side.
Priest to the god of soft delights,
Thou spread'st on earth his joyous rites.
And sure the boy himself we see
To smile, and please, and breathe in thee:
For musing o'er you imaged stone,
To see thee, and to love, are one.

BL.

### CCCXCVII. UNCERTAIN.

T

You see here, Menander, the joyous friend of Loventhe Siren of the stage, with his head ever garlanded, because he taught mankind a joyous life, sweetening the scene with dramas all of marriage.

Behold Menander, Siren of the stage,
Who charm'd, with love allied, a happier age.
Light wanton wreaths, that never shall be dead,
Are curl'd luxuriant round the poet's head;
Who dress'd the scene in colours bright and gay
And breathed enchantment o'er the living lay.

BL.

CCCXCVIII. ETON EXTRACTS, 128 EP.

## CCCXCIX. ERINNA OF MITYLENÉ.

Ye pillars and my Sirens, and sorrowing urn, that holdest for Hades my small ashes, bid those all hail who come near my tomb, whether they are citizens of from another city; and say that the tomb holds me avirgin, and this too, that my father called me Baucis and that I was of a Tenian family, and that they may know, that my companion, Erinna, engraved this writing on my tomb.

Say, ye cold pillars, and thou wasting urn, And sculptured Sirens, that appear to mourn,

In the words ως δ' είδων τι, which Jacobs vainly attempts to explain lies hid a corruption not easy to correct, unless by reading ως δ', "ν' ἄδω τα νέκρ' ὀστέ' ἔμ', " and that, in order that my dead bones might be pleased;" in lieu of ως δ' είδωντι καὶ ὄστι μοι.

And guard within my poor and senseless dust, Consign'd by fondest memory to your trust, Say to the stranger, as he muses nigh, That Ida's ashes here lamented lie, Of noble lineage; that Erinna's love Thus mourns the partner of her joys above.

BL.

Pillars of death, carved Sirens, tearful urns,
In whose sad keeping my poor dust is laid,
To him, who near my tomb his footsteps turns,
Stranger or Greek, bid hail; and say a maid
Rests in her bloom below; her sire the name
Of Baucis gave; her birth and lineage high;
And say her bosom friend Erinna came
And on this tomb engraved her elegy.

Elton.

#### CCCC. THE SAME.

I am (the tomb) of the maiden Baucis; and do thou, ho passest slowly by this much-wept-for pillar, say to ades below the earth thus—"Thou art envious, ades." To him, who is looking on these pretty mbols, tell the cruel fate of Baucis, how the funeral e burnt the damsel with the very torches at her death, the which the beautiful Hymen had been delighted. In thou, O Hymen, didst suit, by a change in the strain, at song of marriage to the language of a mournful rge.

I am the tomb of Ida, hapless bride!
Unto this pillar, traveller, turn aside;
Turn to this tear-worn monument and say—
"Oh! envious Death, to snatch this life away."
These mystic symbols all too plainly show
The bitter fate of her, who sleeps below.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> On the envy of happy mortals felt by the deities, Jacobs refers to erodot. vii. 46.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>8</sup> In lieu of τοι καλά, where καλά seems rather strange, one would efer ποικίλα, "various..."

<sup>3—3</sup> The Greek is at present ταῖσδ' ἐπὶ καδευτὰς ἔφλεγε πυρκαῖᾳ. But m words without syntax it is impossible to elicit sense. The author probly wrote, what is here translated, ταῖσδ' ἐπικηδείαις ἔφλεγε πυρκαῖά.

The very torch that laughing Hymen bore
To light the virgin to the bridegroom's door,
With that same torch the bridegroom lights the fire,
That dimly glimmers on her funeral pyre.
Thou, too, O Hymen, bidst the nuptial lay
In elegiac moanings die away.

J. H. M.

The virgin Myrtis' sepulchre am I;
Creep softly to the pillar'd mount of woe,
And whisper to the grave, in earth below—
"Grave, thou art envious, in thy cruelty."
To thee, now gazing here, her barbarous fate
These bride's adornments tell, that with the fire
Of Hymen's torch, which led her to the gate,
The husband burnt the maid upon her pyre.
Yes, Hymen, thou didst change the marriage song
To the shrill wailing of the mourner's song.

ELTON.

## CCCCI. WESTMINSTER, 3 BOOK, 62 EP.

Sparta, our country, we thy thirty sons
At Thyrea fought with thirty valiant ones—
Argives—nor did we turn our backs, but where
We first had stood, our lives we yielded there.
Stain'd with thy blood, Othryades, this shield
Proclaims—" Here Argives did to Spartans yield"—
If Argive fled, Adrastus' blood owns he;
Death is not death to Spartans, but to flee. Hay.

ccccii.	Westminster,	1	BOOK,	54	EP.
ccccni.		2		37	
ccciv.	<u> </u>	<u>.</u>		38	

## CCCCV. SIMONIDES.

These have around their beloved country placed unextinguished renown, and thrown around themselves the livid cloud of death; nor though dead are they dead; since Valour that is celebrated above brings them from the house Hades.

se won for Sparta fame through endless days, 'hen death's dark cloud upon themselves they drew; dying died not; for their Valour's praise om Hades' dwelling leads them up anew.

STERLING.

se for their native land through death's dark shade ho freely pass'd, now deathless glory wear; y die not; but by Valour's sovereign aid re borne from Hades to the upper air. J. H. M.

se to their land fame unextinguish'd gave, hough death's dark cloud encompass'd them around; ig they died not; Valour from the grave sads them on high, with glory's garland crown'd.

M. A. S.

CCCCVI. WESTMINSTER, 2 BOOK, 64 EP.

COCOVII. ETON EXTRACTS, 119 EP.

CCCCVIII. WESTMINSTER, 1 BOOK, 98 EP.

## CCCCIX, SIMONIDES.1

archus, while his father was holding his arms I him, as he was expiring in the desirable period

s Epitaph Franck on Callinus would unite with another of Si-

ΑΙ αΙ, νοῦσε βαρεία, τι δὴ ψυχαῖσι μεγαίρεις 'Ανθρώπων έρατᾶ πὰρ νεότητι μένειν ; 'Η και Τίμαρχον γλυκερῆς αιῶνος ἀμίρσας 'Ητθεον, πρίν ιδείν κουριδίην άλοχον—

s literally—"Alas! alas! thou grievous disease, why dost thou behe life of man to remain with delightful youth? who hast dehe youthful Timarchus of his pleasant existence before he beheld; wife—" and both are thus translated by a writer in the Quarview, No. xcv. p. 97.

Grievous disease, why enviest thou to man In lovely youth to stay,
Amercing young Timarchus of his life
Before his nuptial day?
He, in his father's arms embraced,
Thus gasp'd with failing breath—
"O Timenorides, forget me not,
Thy virtuous child, in death."

of youth, said—"O Timenorides, you will never forget your dear boy, through regretting his virtue and temperance."

Timarchus, circled in his son's embrace,
Exclaim'd, while breathing out his latest breath,—
"Timenor's son, henceforth in thoughts retrace
The strength and calm of soul I keep in death."

STERLING.

## CCCCX. SIMMIAS OF THEBES.

Thee, Sophocles, the son of Sophillus, who didst play in Choirs, the Cecropian star of the tragic Muse, (and) whose head often has the ivy of Acharnæ, that blooms with twisted branches, covered on the thymelé and in the scene, does the tomb hold, and a little portion of earth. But abundant Time sees (thee) in immortal pages.

CCCCXI. WESTMINSTER, 3 BOOK, 70 EP.

CCCCXII. — 54 —

## CCCCXIII. PLATO.

We, who left the heavy-booming wave of the Ægean sea, lie in the midst of the plain of Ecbatana. Farewell, renowned country of Eretria; farewell, Athens, neighbour of Eubœa; (and) farewell, thou beloved sea.

#### CCCCXIV. THE SAME.

We are of the race of Eretria in Eubœa; but we are lying near Susa. Alas! how distant from our native land!

<sup>1</sup> This alludes to the fact of Sophocles having played and danced in some of his earliest pieces.

<sup>2</sup> This was the technical name for that part of the stage, where the

altar of Bacchus was placed.

3—3 The Greek is άλλ' ὁ περισσὸς Αίων άθανάτοις.— But περισσὸς is strangely used for πολύς.— Perhaps the poet wrote άλλὰ γεραστοῖς Αίων ὁ άθανατον.—where γεραστοῖς would allude to the honours paid to Sophocles when victorious at the dramatic contests.

Eretrians of Eubœa, we are laid in Susa's earth;

Alas! at what a distance from the land that gave us birth!

H. W.

CCCCXV. ETON EXTRACTS, 136 EP.

CCCCXVI. WESTMINSTER, 2 BOOK, 55 EP.

### CCCCXVII. ÆSCHRION OF SAMOS.

I, Philænis, who was in bad repute amongst men, lie here in a great old age. Do not thou, O foolish sailor, while doubling the head-land, make light of me and the butt of laughter and ribaldry. For by Jove and 'the youths below,' I was not of a lascivious behaviour amongst men, nor a common woman. But Polycrates, an Athenian by birth, a clever concocter of stories, and with a wicked tongue, has written what he has written.<sup>2</sup> Such matters <sup>3</sup> I know not.

## CCCCXVIII. PHILETAS OF SAMOS.

The pillar, with heavy feelings, says this—"Hades has snatched away Theodoté, young in years and small in size." And the little one says to her father this in return—"Restrain thy sorrow, Theodotus; mortals are frequently unfortunate."

#### CCCCXIX. MNASALCAS.

No more with wings shrill-sounding shalt thou sing, O locust, along the fertile furrows settling; nor me reclining under the shady foliage shalt thou delight, striking, with dusky wings, a pleasant melody.

Oh! never more, thou locust, shalt thou, with shrilly wing, Along the fertile furrows sit, and thy gladsome carols sing:

<sup>1—1</sup> What Æschrion meant by τοὺς κάτω κούρους Jacobs has not even attempted to explain; for he probably suspected some corruption here, which it would not be difficult to correct.

On the formula ἔγραψεν οΙ' ἔγραψεν, see Blomf. Ag. 66.
In lieu of ἔγραψεν ἐγὼ δ'—Planudes has ἔγραψεν αὐτὴ δ'—which plainly leads to ἔγραψε τοιάδ'—

Oh! never more thy nimble wings shall cheer this heart of mine

With sweetest melody, while I beneath the trees recline.

HAY.

## CCCCXX. THE SAME.

Even here shall a sacred bird stop its swift wing, and settle above this pleasant plane-tree. For Pomander the Malian is dead; nor will he come any more, pouring the bird-lime upon the prey-catching reeds.

Here stay, thou sacred bird, thy rapid wing,
And safe enjoy the plane-tree's pleasant shade;
Pœmander 's dead; no more his snares he'll bring,
Of rustic reeds and fatal bird-lime made.

M. A. S.

### CCCCXXI. THE SAME.

Alas! Aristocratia, thou to the deep Acheron art gone stretched (on thy bed) before marriage in the prime of life; while tears are left to thy mother, who frequently stretched on thy tomb laments thee from her head.<sup>2</sup>

Ah, thou art gone, Aristocratia, gone, To deep, deep Acheron!

Thou should'st have been a blooming bride, but thou Art lying low:

Trickles adown thy mother's cheek the tear,

O daughter dear;

As oft, with drooping head, she mourns thy doom Stretch'd on thy tomb. J. W. B.

## CCCCXXII. NOSSIS.

If, stranger, you are sailing to Mityléné with its lovely choirs, to behold Sappho, the flower of the Graces, say,

As it is difficult to say why a bird should be called ἐερὸς, it is probable that the poet wrote, not καὶ—ἰερὸς, but παῖς—ἀέρος—similar to οἰωνοῖσιν, αἰθὲρος τέκνοις in Eurip. El. 896. On the confusion of παῖ and καὶ see Porson Orest. 614.

<sup>\*</sup> Meineke, dissatisfied with Jacobs' attempt to explain ἐκ κεφαλᾶς, suggests ἐκζαφελῶς. The translator J. W. B. seems to have read κεκλιμένας κώκυεν, αἴ κεφαλᾶς—

<sup>1</sup>I was beloved by the Muses, and that the land of ris produced me, and to equals, that my name is sis. Depart.

## CCCCXXIII. THE SAME.

7ith a hearty laugh pass by me and say over me a l word. I am Rhinthon of Syracuse, a little nightle of the Muses; but by Tragi-comedy I plucked vy-(crown) peculiar to myself.

With hearty laughter pass this column by,
Just meed of praise to him, who slumbers nigh.
Rhinthon my name; my home was Syracuse;
And though no tuneful darling of the Muse,
I first made Tragedy divert the town;
And wove—nay, doubt not—my own ivy-crown.
J. H. M.

## CCCCXXIV. ANYTE; some say, LEONIDAS.

or a locust, the nightingale amongst ploughed fields, for the tettix, whose bed is in the oak, did Myro e a common tomb, after the damsel had dropt a len tear; for Hades, hard to be persuaded, had gone y, taking with him her two playthings.

he oak-frequenting grasshopper, and the wood-land nightingale,

he locust, have this common tomb; and loud is Myro's wail.

nd virgin tears the maiden drops for these, her sportive twain,

hich ruthless Pluto took, and which she ne'er shall see again.

HAY.

#### CCCCXXV. ANYTE.

istead of a bridal chamber with a fruitful bed, and nn nuptial rites, thy mother placed in this marble

<sup>1</sup> Edwards has adopted the emendation proposed by Porson, as red by Gaisford on Hephæstion, p. 10. Meineke has edited  $\phi i\lambda \alpha \ r' \ \eta \nu$ ,  $log \rho i c \gamma \bar{\alpha} \ T i \pi r \epsilon \ \mu'$ ,  $i \sigma \alpha \iota c \delta'$ —not aware that Reisig had suggested the emendation in Comment. Crit. in Œdip. Col. p. 304. But as  $i \sigma \alpha \iota c$  l quite unintelligible, the true reading remains to be discovered.

tomb thee, Thersis, a virgin 1 having both thy stature and beauty; but though dead thou art still spoken to.

## CCCCXXVI. THE SAME.

Throwing her arms around her dear father, these last words did Erato say, while bedewed with tears and pale—"I am, O father, no more; and livid death darkens the eyes of me, who am already dying."

Poor Erato, when the cold hand of death Choked the faint struggles of her labouring breath, And parting life scarce glimmer'd in her face, Strain'd her fond parent in a last embrace. "Oh! father, I'm no more; dark clouds arise, The mists of death hang heavy on my eyes."

J. H. M.

## CCCCXXVII. THE SAME.

Often at this monument does Cleino, the mother of a maiden whose death was rapid, call with lamentations on her loved child, invoking the soul of Philænis, who before marriage went over the green water of the river Acheron.

In this sad tomb, where Clino sleeps, sweet maid, Her mother oft invokes the gentle shade, And calls in hopeless grief on her, who died In the full bloom of youth and beauty's pride; Who left, a virgin, the bright realms of day, On gloomy Acheron's pale coasts to stray. J. H. M.

Clino at this sad spot, where sleeps a maid,
Too quickly snatch'd, calls, mother-like, the shade
Of her Philænis often; who unwed
O'er the green wave of Acheron has fled.
G. B.

CCCCXXVIII. WESTMINSTER, 1 BOOK, 38 EP.
CCCCXXIX. — 2 — 52 —

## CCCCXXX. ASCLEPIADES.

For the length of eight cubits keep yourself off, rough 1 It would seem that by παρθενικάν is meant a "virgin-like statue."

and rise into waves and roar out, how great is your er; but if you take away the tomb of Eumarés, you find nothing else of value, but merely bones and 3.

Keep off, rude sea, if but eight cubits' length;
And roar and rage and swell with all thy strength.
The grave of Eumarés should'st thou take, thy gains
Are but the bones and ashes it contains.

H. W.

#### CCCCXXXI. LEONIDAS.

nou pain-giving minister of Hades, who sailest over water of Acheron in thy dark-blue punt, receive -even if thy frost-cold 1 boat be greatly burthened—; enes, the dog, who am dead: my cargo is a pitcher, a wallet, and an old garment, and a farthing, that the ferry for the dead; all that amongst the living seessed, I am come bringing to Hades; and I have nothing under the sun.

Sad minister of Hades, who alone
With thy black boat canst pass o'er Acheron,
What though that fearful boat nigh sunken be
With its full freight of souls, yet take in me,
The dog Diogenes; 'tis all I ask,
Besides my comrade scrip and leathern flask,
This tatter'd cloak, and mite to pay the ferry.
All I possess'd on earth to make me merry;
And all I wish in Hell again to find.
I have left nothing in the world behind. J. H. M.

Nether Pluto's most troublesome slave,
That puntest 'cross Acheron's wave
In that ferry boat dismal and dread;
Though with shuddering ghosts of the dead
Supercargoed, receive on your log
Diogenes, surnamed the dog.
For my old coat and satchel and flask
To take with me is all I shall ask,

n lieu of ὀκρυόεσσα, Meineke has correctly adopted α κρυόεσσα, furd by Suidas.

With a penny to pay for the shippage.

Here I am with all my equipage;

And as rich now, as when with mankind;

I am sure I leave nothing behind. G. F. D. T.

## CCCCXXXII. THE SAME.

I am here a stone over Crethon, showing forth his name, but Crethon is amongst those under the earth merely ashes; he, who formerly equalled Gyges in wealth; he, who formerly was rich in kine; he, who formerly was rich in flocks of goats; he, who formerly—but why do I mention more?—he, who was deemed happy¹ by all, alas! how little a portion does he possess of lands so large!

I am the tomb of Crethon; here you read
His name; himself is number'd with the dead;
Who once had wealth not less than Gyges' gold;
Who once was rich in stable, stall, and fold;
Who once was blest above all living men—
With lands, how narrow now, how ample then!
J. H. M.

The name of Crethon and his state to show,
This stone is placed; he lies in dust below;
Who erst like Gyges did in wealth abound;
Who erst beheld his herds and flocks around;
Who erst—why longer idly talk? this man,
Envied by all, now holds of earth a span. M. A. S.

### CCCCXXXIII. THE SAME.

Quietly pass by the tomb, lest you wake up the sharp-(stinged) wasp, who is taking his rest in sleep. For just now the passion of Hipponax, who barked against his parents, just now<sup>2</sup> is put to sleep in quietness. But have a care, for his words, full of fire, have even in Hades the power to inflict pain.

To avoid the unmeaning repetition of ἄρτι, one would prefer κάρτα, "very much," united to καταβαύξας.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> In lieu of μακαρτός, which is scarcely a Greek word, one would have expected μεγαρτός—

Pass gently by this tomb, lest, while he dozes, Ye wake the hornet, that beneath reposes; Whose sting, that would not his own parents spare, Who will, may risk; and touch it those, who dare. Take heed then; for his words, like fiery darts, Have e'en in Hell the power to pierce our hearts.

J. H. M.

# CCCCXXXIV. THE SAME.

- A. Who, and whose daughter, art thou, O woman, who liest under a Parian pillar? B. I am Prexo, the daughter of Calliteles. A. And of what country? B. Of Samos. A. And who buried you? B. Theocritus, to whom my parents gave me in marriage. A. Of what did you die? B. Of child-birth. A. Being how many years old? B. Twenty-two. A. Were you childless? B. No, I left Calliteles three years old. A. May he live, and come to a prolonged old age. B. And to you, stranger, may Fortune give all good things.
  - A. Who, and whose child, art thou, that sleep'st beneath this Parian pile?
  - B. Prexo; my sire Calliteles. A. From whence? B. From Samos' isle.
  - A. By whom interr'd? B. Theocritus, the spouse my parents chose.
  - A. What brought thee to the grave? B. Alas! I died in child-bed throes.
  - A. Of years how many? B. Twenty-two. A. And childless all bereft?
  - B. Ah! no; one child, Calliteles, of three years old, I left.
  - Long may he live, poor boy, and to an honour'd age attain.
  - B. And, stranger kind, may Fate for thee whate'er is good ordain.
    J. H. M.
  - A. Who, and what art thou, lady, sleeping here, Beneath the Parian column's silent shade?
  - B. Prexo, Calliteles' own daughter dear.
  - A. Where born? B. At Samos. A. Who death's rites has paid?

B. Theocritus, to whom my parents gave My hand. A. Thy death? B. 'Twas child-birth's pains. A. Thy years?

B. Were two and twenty. A. Childless to the grave Didst thou descend? B. To dry a father's tears Calliteles lives, just three years old. A. May he Old age attain. B. Stranger, good be to thee.

M. A. S.

### CCCCXXXV. THE SAME.

On thee, stranger, Orthon, a man of Syracuse, enjoins this: "Do not go out at all, when drunk, on a wintry night; for I suffered a fate of this kind; and instead of an extensive country, I lie invested in a foreign one."

Stranger, the Syracusan Orthon prays You walk not forth drunk in the night; but says, That he by such misfortune was undone, And sleeps in death, beneath a foreign stone. C. M.

CCCCXXXVI. THE SAME; OTHERS SAY, MELEAGER.

The virgin Erinna, the young songstress amongst minstrels, that, like the bee, fed upon the flowers, belonging to the Muses, has Hades carried off to his own bridal rites. Surely the clever girl said truly this—"Envious thou art, O Hades."

### CCCCXXXVII. THE SAME.

What shall we conjecture, on seeing the die, called Chian, engraved and lying upon thy tomb, Peisistratus? Is it that you were a Chian? It is likely. Or that you were a gamester, but not, my good man, the very best thrower? Or is neither of these near the mark? but were you extinguished in (a cask of) Chian wine

As the die called Chian meant one, and as the lowest number was considered the least fortunate, it is evident the poet wrote λωστοβόλος,

with a play on ω άγαθὲ, not πλειστοβόλος.

Instead of ἀντὶ δὲ πολλῆς, which Jacobs once endeavoured to explain, Auratus wished to read ἀντὶ παλαιᾶς—but Heinsius, ἀντὶ δὲ βώλου, adopted by Meineke. Jacobs subsequently suggested πότνης. But the corruption lies somewhat deeper, as it would not be difficult to show.

unmixed? Yes, I think so. In this we have come near (the truth).

### CCCCXXXVIII. THE SAME.

Maronis, fond of wine, the ashes of kegs, lies here in years, over whose tomb is placed the Attic goblet, a thing known to all; and below the earth she grieves not for children, nor husband, whom she left, wanting the means of life, but for one thing above all—that the goblet is empty.

# CCCCXXXIX. THE SAME.

A gale from the East, rough and calamity-bringing,<sup>2</sup> and night, and <sup>3</sup> the waves, during the dark all-setting of Orion,<sup>3</sup> have done me a hurt; and I, Callæschrus, have slipt out of life, while running through the midst of the Libyan sea; and tost about in the ocean, a prize for fish, am gone dead; but the stone is here telling a falsehood.

The rough and blustering East-wind's sudden sway, As set in storm and rack Orion's ray, And pitchy night fell on the Libyan wave, Hurl'd down Callæschrus to a watery grave. The billows bear my corpse, to fish a prize; And this my tomb its title but belies. G. S.

### CCCCXL. THE SAME.

Ah! hapless Anticles! and hapless I, too, who have placed on the funeral pyre thee, my only son, in the bloom of youth! thou whou hast perished a boy of eighteen years old; while I weep and mourn my widowed old age. Would that I might go to the shadowy house of Hades. For neither the morn, nor the ray of the

<sup>2</sup> In αἰπήεσσα, vainly explained by Jacobs, evidently lies hid ἄτην θεῖσα—

¹ As the body of Maronis, by her constant drinking, became a cask, her ashes would be properly called those of a cask, not of a body.

<sup>3—3</sup> From the unintelligible καὶ δνοφερῆς κύματα πανδυσίης— it is easy to elicit κάν δνοφεραῖς κῦμα τριπλοῦν δύσεσιν— where κῦμα τριπλοῦν αnswers to the well-known τρικυμία, on which see Blomfield Prom. 1051.

rapid sun, is pleasant to me. Ah! hapless Anticles, snatched by death, mayest thou be a healer of my grief by taking me to thyself from life.

Unhappy child! unhappy I, who shed A mother's sorrows o'er thy funeral bed! Thou'rt gone in youth, Amyntas; I in age Must wander through a lonely pilgrimage, And sigh for regions of unchanging night, And sicken at the day's repeated light. Oh! guide me hence, sweet spirit, to that bourn, Where in thy presence I shall cease to mourn. BL.

Oh! wretched Anticles! oh! wretched me!
A son in youth and beauty dead to see.
Scarce eighteen years were thine, and now I mourn
My old age widow'd, hapless, and forlorn.
Oh! might I go to Hades' shadowy tomb;
For here nor morn nor evening cheers the gloom.
Though dead, be thou the healer of my pain,
And from life take me to thyself again.

G. B.

### CCCCXLI. LEONIDAS.

Far from the land of Italy and my native Tarentum am I lying; and this to me is more bitter than death. Such is of wanderers the life that is no life. Yet have the Muses loved me, and instead of things sad, I have what flows with honey; nor has the name of Leonidas been obliterated; but the very gifts of the Muses herald me to all times.

Far from Tarentum's native soil I lie,
Far from the land beloved of infancy.
'Tis dreadful to resign this mortal breath;
But in a stranger-clime 'tis worse than death.
It is not life to pass our fever'd age
In ceaseless wanderings o'er the world's wide stage;
But me the Muse has ever loved, and given
Sweet joys to counterpoise the curse of heaven;

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> By this is meant the evening, when the sun seems to move more rapidly than at any other time.

Nor lets my memory decay, but long To distant times preserves my deathless song. J. H. M.

A long way from the soil of Italy, And bitterer to me than death, I lie, Not in Tarentum fatherland. So fare

The needy wanderer. But the tuneful Nine Gave me their love and sweets in lieu of cares. And no oblivion now can sink my name; For to all time the Muses' gifts proclaim

Leonidas, where'er the orb of day doth shine. H. W.

My tomb is rear'd far from Italia's land,
And, what is worse than death, Tarentum's strand.
Such is the wanderer's life. The Muses' smile
Cheer'd my lone hours, and could my woes beguile.
The Muses' gifts perpetuate my name,
And to all times Leonidas proclaim.

M. A. S.

### . CCCCXLII. NICIAS.

Sit here under the black poplars, traveller, since you e-tired, and drink, going near to our rill; but rememer the fountain, even when you are far away, which mus built up near his deceased child Gillus.

Stay, weary traveller, stay!
Beneath these boughs repose;
A step out of the way
My little fountain flows.
And never quite forget
The monumental urn,
Which Simus here hath set,
His buried child to mourn. C. M.

Beneath these poplars rest thee, passer-by,
And cool thy parch'd lips in my gushing wave;
Nor let this fountain fade from Memory's eye,
Which Simus built to mark his Gillus' grave.

J. W. B.

### CCCCXLIII. DIOTIMUS.

Not even a lion in the mountains is as terrible as was rinagoras, the son of Micon, amidst the clatter of shields. ut if the covering (of the ground) be small, do not find

fault. The place is little; but it knows how to produce men enduring in battle.

Fiercer than lion on the mountain's height
Was Micon's son amidst the clash of shields.
Scorn not his little tomb; his country's site
Is small; but war-enduring men she yields.

M. A. S.

## CCCCXLIV. DIOTIMUS; SOME SAY, LEONIDAS.

The cows came wretched of their own accord to their shed from a mountain, covered with much snow. Alas! Therimachus was sleeping his long sleep near an oak, for he had been put to rest by a fire from heaven.

Cover'd with snow, the herd, with none to guide, Came to the stall adown the mountain's side. For, ah! Therimachus beneath an oak Slept the long sleep, from which he ne'er awoke; Sent to his slumber by the lightning's stroke.

J. W. B.

### CCCCXLV. DIOTIMUS.

What avails it to suffer the pains of child-birth? what to have brought forth children? Let her not be a mother, who is about to see the death of her child. For over the young Bianor his mother heaped up 1 a monument. This it was fitting for the mother to have obtained from her boy.

Why travail we in childbirth? Far better not give breath By useless pangs to babes fore-doom'd, and see their early death.

This tomb, to young Bianor raised, a mother's care bestows, When 'tis, alas! the tribute, which a son the mother owes.

H. W.

# CCCCXLVI. HEGESIPPUS.

<sup>2</sup>On every side around the tomb are thorns and stakes. You will hurt your feet if you approach.<sup>2</sup> I, Timon

Here χεύατο seems to have the sense of έχωσε.
2—2 The distich between the numerals is omitted in Eton Extr. Ep. 122.

the man-hater, dwell within. But pass by. After bidding you to have many a groan, (I say) only pass by.

Sharp thorns and stakes beset this tomb all round; Stranger, approach it not, your feet you'll wound. Timon the misanthrope dwells here. Pass on, And vent your curses as you pass. Begone. H. W.

# • CCCCXLVII. THEOCRITUS.

Here lies Hipponax the verse-maker. If you are a knave, come not near the tomb; but if you are a good man and (come) from honest (parents), sit down with confidence; and if you like it, take a nap.

Hipponax the verse-satirist lies here.

If thou'rt a worthless wretch, approach not near;
But if well-bred, and from all evil pure,
Sit here with confidence, and sleep secure.

FAWKES.

Here lies Hipponax, to the Muses dear.

Traveller, if conscience stings, approach not near;
But if sincere of heart, and free from guile,
Here boldly sit, and even sleep awhile.

J. H. M.

### CCCCXLVIII. CALLIMACHUS.

A Nymph carried off Astacides, who was a Cretan, and a goat-herd, from a mountain; and now Astacides lives as a holy person under the Dictæan oaks. No longer shall we shepherds sing of Daphnis, but Astacides.

# CCCCXLIX. WESTMINSTER, 3 BOOK, 55 EP.

I wept, my Heracleitus, when they told That thou wert dead; I thought of days of old, How oft in talk we sent the sun to rest. Long since hast thou, my Halicarnassus' guest, Been dust; yet live thy nightingales; on these The all-plund'ring hand of Death shall never seize.

HAY.

CCCCL. ETON EXTRACTS, 138 EP.

Lycus the Naxian perish'd not on shore; Both bark and life he lost amid the roar Of the rough billows, from Ægina sailing. His corpse floats there; and I, his unavailing, Tenantless tomb, proclaim—"O never be, What time the Kids are setting, far at sea." J. W. B

Not upon land did Naxian Lycus die, Himself and ship beneath the deep waves lie. While from Ægina trafficking he went, The sea engulfed him; I'm his monument; From whom this truthful warning, sailor, gain— When the Kids set, tempt not the dangerous main.

M. A. S.

CCCCLII. WESTMINSTER, 1 BOOK, 57 EP
CCCCLII. ETON EXTRACTS, 105 —
CCCCLIII. 120 —

### CCCCLIV. CALLIMACHUS.

Timonie, who art thou? By the gods, I should no have known thee, had not the name of thy father Timotheus been on the pillar, and of Methymna, thy (native city. Well do I assert that thy husband Euthymenes is greatly pained as a widower.

CCCCLVI. WESTMINSTER, 11 BOOK, 49 EP.
CCCCLVI. — — 51 —
CCCCLVII. — 63 —

### CCCCLVIII. ALCÆUS.

In a shady grove of Locris did the Nymphs wash from their fountains the corpse of Hesiod, and raised up a tomb; and shepherds wetted it with the milk of goats after mixing it with yellow honey. For such (a honied) voice did the old man breathe out, after he had tasted the pure rills of the Muses.

Deep in a shady Locrian glade
The Wood-Nymphs Hesiod's funeral made.
They wash'd his corpse, they raised a mound,
While shepherds on that hallow'd ground
The stream of milk and honey pour'd
To him whom all their hearts adored.

For why? Because the Muses nine Once fed him from their font divine; And from that hour the poet's song Like milk and honey flow'd along.

J. W. B.

On Hesiod's corpse, in Locris' shady dell, By hands of Nymphs the stream from fountains fell. A tomb they rear'd. The swains libations brought Of milk of goats with yellow honey fraught. For, having tasted of the Muses' rill, Strains, mix'd like milk and honey, did he trill. M. A. S.

## CCCCLIX. THE SAME.

For thee, Pylades, who art gone, the whole of Hellas laments, after cutting to the skin its dishevelled hair. And Phæbus himself has laid down the laurel from his uncut locks, while honouring, as is just, his own minstrel. The Muses too have shed tears; and Asopus stayed his stream, on hearing the sound from mournful mouths; and dwellings ceased from the Dionysian dance, since thou art gone the road to Hades, strong as steel.

## CCCCLX. THE SAME.

Unwept and unburied, O traveller, we lie here, on this tomb of Thessaly, thrice ten thousand men, a great calamity to Æmathia. But that bold breath of Philip has departed, more lightly-bounding than fleet stags.

Unmourn'd, unburied, traveller, we lie, Three myriad sons of fruitful Thessaly, In this wide field of monumental clay. Ætolian Mars had mark'd us for his prey; Or he, who, bursting from th' Ausonian fold In Titus' 2 form, the waves of battle roll'd,

705

<sup>1</sup> The Greek is τύμβω. But how persons, who are described as unburied, could be said to lie iπiτύμβω, it is difficult to understand. From the expression  $τ\tilde{ω}$  δ' iπi νωτω, in the parody by Philip in the next Epigram, it is pretty evident that Alexus wrote νωτω.

<sup>2</sup> By "Titus," Merrivale says, is meant Titus Flaminius; for the Epigram of Titus," Merrivale says, iπωτω Titus Flaminius.

<sup>2</sup> By "Titus," Merrivale says, is meant Titus Flaminius; for the Epigram was written by Alcæus of Messéné against Philip, a king of Macedon, whom Titus Flaminius defeated at Cynoscephalæ, as we learn from Livy and Plutarch, quoted by Jacobs.

And taught Æmathia's boastful lord to run So swift, that swiftest stags were by his speed undone.

J. H. M.

Unwept, unhonour'd with a grave,
Full thrice ten-thousand warriors brave,
Sons of Thessalia, here lie sleeping,
Well worthy they Thessalia's weeping.
Yet Philip too, though proud and bold,
Full soon his fleeting days were told,
Gone, swift as stags that scour along the wold.

T. F. R

# CCCCLXI. PHILIP, KING OF THE MACEDONS.

Unbarked and leaflless, traveller, is this cross fixe up to the skies on the back of (the earth) for Alcæus.

Unbark'd and leafless, passenger, you see Fix'd in this mound Alcæus' gallows-tree.

J. H. M.

### CCCCLXII. DIOSCORIDES.

This is the monument of the Samian Philænis; but do you, man, bear with me in addressing you, and come near the pillar. I am not she, who described the acts occurring amongst women, and who thought nothing of the goddess of Shame. I (was) a friend to Modesty. If, however, some one has concocted a scandalous story to disgrace me, may time disclose his name; and may my bones be delighted at my repelling the harsh report.

## CCCCLXIII. THE SAME.

By the oath held in honour amongst the dead, we, the daughters of Lycambes, who have obtained a hateful reputation, did not disgrace our virginity, nor our parents, nor Paros, the most exalted of holy islands. But against our family has Archilochus blurted out a freezing reproach and a hateful report. By the gods and demons, we never knew Archilochus, either in the street, nor at the great shrine of Juno. If we had been

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> This is perhaps the best rendering of προσάντη.

lascivious and full of frowardness, he never would have been willing to have lawful children by us.

CCCCLXIV. WESTMINSTER, 3 BOOK, 2 EP.

To Pitana they Thrasybulus bore

A corse upon his shield. From Argive swords Seven wounds his sire observed all—wounds before,

And at the blazing pyre pronounced these words—
"Tears are for cowards. None, my son, for thee,
So worthy thou of Sparta and of me."

HAY.

Lifeless to Pitana from Argive field
Was Thrasybulus carried on his shield.
Seven wounds he show'd in front. His aged sire
Placed his dead son upon the funeral pyre,
And said—"Be cowards wept for. With no tear
My own and Sparta's son I'll bury here." M. A. S.

### CCCCLXV. THE SAME.

Against the columns of the enemy Demæneté sent her eight sons, and buried them all under one pillar. Nor did she burst into tears for sorrows; but this only did she say—"These children, Sparta, did I bear for thee."

Demæneta had sent against the foe

Eight sons, whose common sepulchre you see:

No tear was shed, and heard no voice of woe,

But only—" Sparta, these I bore for thee." HAY

Eight sons Demæneta at Sparta's call
Sent forth to fight; one tomb received them all.
No tear she shed, but shouted—"Victory!
Sparta, I bore them but to die for thee."

G. S.

Eight sons Demæneta to battle sent,
And buried all beneath one monument;
No tears she shed for sorrow, but thus spake—
"Sparta, I bore these children for thy sake." M. A. S.

CCCCLXVI. WESTMINSTER, 2 BOOK, 43 EP.

### CCCCLXVII. DIOSCORIDES.

Do not, Philonymus, burn Euphrates, nor pollute the fire through me. I am a Persian descendant, a genuine

Persian, ay, O master; and to pollute fire is to us thing more bitter than death. But do you wrap meround and consign me to earth. Nor sprinkle ablution on my corpse. I reverence, master, the rivers likewise.

Oh! master! shroud my body, when I die, In decent cerements, from the vulgar eye. But burn me not upon your funeral pyre, Nor dare the gods, nor desecrate their fire. I am a Persian; 'twere a Persian's shame To dip his body in the sacred flame. Nor o'er my worthless limbs your waters pour; For streams and fountains Persia's sons adore. But give me to the clods which gave us birth; For dust to dust should go, and man to earth. C. M.\_ Master, burn not Euphrates. Persia's race I am, and genuine too. Pollute not fire Through me. The act would bring with it disgrace Greater than death, and e'en of gods the ire. Give me to earth, shroud-wrapt; nor water shed Upon my corpse. The water-god I dread. Burn not Euphrates' corpse, a Persian born; My last request, O master, do not scorn; With us to give our bodies to the fire Is worse than e'en in torments to expire. Swathed, but unwash'd, my corpse to earth consign; I honour rivers too with rites divine. M. A. S.

### CCCCLXVIII. TYMNES.

A Lacedæmonian mother killed Demetrius a Lacedæmonian, who had transgressed the laws. For placing a sharpened sword in advance of her, and gnashing, although a woman, her sharp teeth, like a she-wolf she said—"Perish, thou cowardly whelp; thou evil portion;

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> As a Laconian woman would scarcely gnash her teeth more violently than any other person, the poet probably wrote  $\Delta \theta \kappa a \iota \nu a$ , as shown by the subsequent  $\sigma \kappa \nu \lambda \Delta \kappa s \iota \nu a$ , not  $\Delta \Delta \kappa a \iota \nu a$ , which is found in Antipater's Ep. 509, where there is no allusion to a whelp.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Instead of κακή μερίς, which is scarcely intelligible, one would have preferred κακής γέρας, "the glory of a cowardly woman"—on the principle of "Nascuntur simili prole puerpers"—similar to the English—"like father, like son."

go to Hades; go. Him, who is not worthy of Sparta, I did not bear."

Demetrius, when he basely fled the field,
A Spartan born, his Spartan mother kill'd.
Then stretching forth the bloody sword, she cried,
Her teeth fierce gnashing with disdainful pride—
"Fly, cursed offspring to the shades below,
Since proud Eurotas shall no longer flow
For timid hinds, like thee. Fly, trembling slave,
Abandon'd wretch, to Pluto's darkest cave.
This womb so vile a monster never bore;
Disown'd by Sparta, thou 'rt my son no more."

J. H. M.

A Spartan mother slew her Spartan child
Demetrius—since valour's laws he broke.
The keen-edged sword she brandish'd, and she smiled
With gnashing teeth, a Spartan smile, and spoke—
"Go, blasted plant; in darkness veil thy head,
Eurotas' waters blush for hinds, like thee;
Base whelp, I bore thee not; go to the dead,
Unworthy thou of Sparta and of me."

HAY.

Her Spartan son a Spartan mother slew,
Demetrius, to his country's laws untrue.
Laconian-like, she thrust the sharpen'd sword,
And spoke with gnashing teeth the bitter word—
"Go, coward whelp, vile wretch, to Hades flee,
Unworthy both of Sparta and of me." M. A. S.

### CCCCLXIX. THE SAME.

Let not this, Philænis, be too much at your heart, if you have not met with the fated earth by the Nile. But this tomb of Eleutherné holds thee; for the road to those going to Hades is equal on all sides.

Jacobs has happily conjectured ἐπικάρδιον for ἐπικαίριον— 3 Instead of ἐλευθερίης, vainly defended by Jacobs, Meineke has adopted, what Reiske suggested, Ἐλευθέρνης, which was the name of a town in Crete.

Grieve not, Philænis, though condemn'd to die Far from thy parent soil and native sky; Though strangers' hands must raise thy funeral pile, And lay thy ashes in a foreign isle: To all on death's last dreary journey bound The road is equal, and alike the ground. J. H. M.

## CCCCLXX. NICANDER OF COLOPHON.

O father Jove, hast thou ever seen any other massuperior to Othryades, who alone was unwilling to resturn from Thyrea to his native Sparta, and drove sword through his side, 'after writing these conspicuous' words—"Behold the spoil (taken) from the descendants of Inachus."

## CCCCLXXI. PERSES.

Thou didst, Philænion, perish before marriage; nor did thy mother Pythias lead thee to the seasonable nuptial chamber of a husband, but after disfiguring piteously her cheeks she hid thee, fourteen years old, in this tomb.

# CCCCLXXII. ANTIPATER.

Why, woman, dost thou lift up thy shameless hand towards heaven, and after letting down thy maddened locks from thy godless head, surveyest the great anger of Latona? Oh thou with many children, lament now for the contest, bitter and founded on bad advice. For of your girls, one is panting near; another is on the ground with her breath leaving her; and over another heavy fate is hanging. Nor is this the end of your troubles; for a swarm of male children dead is strewed around. Oh, heavily lamenting their birthday, thou wilt, Niobé, become thyself a stone, worn down by sorrow.

<sup>1—1</sup> The Greek is at present Δοῦλα καταγράψας σκῦλα κατ' Ἰναχιδᾶν: where, although κατ' Ἰναχιδᾶν is confirmed by Λακιδαιμόνιοι κατ' ᾿Αργείων, found in a fragment of Theseus, in Stobæus, T. i. p. 216, Gaisf., where the same story is alluded to, yet, as it is not told what Othryades wrote, one would have expected to find here, Δῆλα τάδ' ἐγγράψας— ὑ Σκῦλ' ἰδ' ἀπ' Ἰναχιδᾶν "—For such was the constant formula, as shown by Valckenaer on Phœn. 585.

## CCCCLXXIII. WESTMINSTER, 4 BOOK, 13 EP.

Few subjects briefly treated form the lays,
For which Erinna wears the Muse's bays;
Thus fame is hers; nor o'er what she hath sung
Hath sable night its shadowy pinions flung.
But o'er our works is dark oblivion spread;
Though numberless, what are we but the dead?
Yes, better the brief notes which swans¹ may sing,
Than the daw's croakings in the clouds of spring.

HAY.

## CCCCLXXIV. ETON EXTRACTS, 143 EP.

Orpheus, 'tis thine no more the charmed wood,
Or rocks, or herds of wild beasts unsubdued,
To lead with minstrelsy;
No more to lay to sleep the pelting hail,
Or howling winds, or snows that sweep the vale,
Or lull the roaring sea.
For thou art gone; and o'er thee tears were shed:
For Memory's daughters wept the minstrel dead;
Wept most Calliopé,
Thy mother. Why then mourn our sons that die,
When not the children e'en of gods can fly
From Pluto's destiny.
T. P. R.

### CCCCLXXV. ANTIPATER OF SIDON.

Chou hidest, Æolian land, Sappho, who was sung of a mortal Muse together with the immortal; whom nus and Love unitedly brought up; with whom Persion wove the ever-living garland of the Pierian (godses), a delight to Greece, and to thyself a glory. Ye es, who turn the thrice-twisted thread down the taff, why did ye not weave a life imperishable for the strel, who had planned the imperishable gifts of the liconian (Muses)?

This allusion to swans is peculiarly appropriate in the case of Erinna; hat bird was supposed to sing, just previous to its death, as we learn to did especially—"Sic ubi lata vocant udis abjectus in herbis Ad Macandri concinit albus olor."

Does Sappho then beneath thy bosom rest, Æolian earth? that mortal Muse, confest Inferior only to the choir above, That foster-child of Venus and of Love; Warm from whose lips divine Persuasion came, Greece to delight, and raise the Lesbian name. O ye, who ever twine the three-fold thread, Ye Fates, why number with the silent dead That mighty songstress, whose unrivall'd powers Weave for the Muse a crown of deathless flowers?

F. H.

## CCCCLXXVI. ETON EXTRACTS, 147 EP.

This tomb be thine, Anacreon; all around Let ivy wreath, let flowerets deck the ground, And from its earth, enrich'd with such a prize, Let wells of milk and streams of wine arise. So will thine ashes yet a pleasure know; If any pleasure reach the shades below.

Anon. Spectator.

May clustering ivy and the purple bloom
Of meadows ever flourish round thy tomb,
Anacreon. May gushing fountains flow
Of milk, and earth-sprung wine in fragrance glow;
To give thy bones and ashes a delight,
If joy may reach the realms of death and night;
O bard beloved, who loved of lyre the sound,
Cheer'd life with love, with wine its troubles drown'd.
WILSON.

Anacreon, around thine honour'd tomb
May clust'ring ivy-berries ever bloom;
Soft meadow-flowers put on their purple glow,
And snow-white milk from welling fountains flow;
And may the earth for thee in streams profuse
Pour forth the vine's most fragrant luscious juice;
That, if a joy can reach the shades below,
Thy bones and ashes still may pleasure know.
Loved friend of the loved lyre; the bard who steer'd
His course through life, by love and music cheer'd.

HAY.

May clust ring ivy twine around thy tomb, And purple meadows shed their richest bloom; May gushing streams of foaming milk arise. And wine sweet-scented, where Anacreon lies. So may his dust—if in the dust remain Of feeling aught—be steep'd in bliss again. Dear bard, to whom the lyre was ever dear, Well skill'd through life with love and song to cheer. F. G.

### CCCCLXXVII. THE SAME.

Oh! stranger, while passing by the slight tomb of Inacreon—if any benefit has come to thee from my ooks-pour on my ashes, pour liquor, in order that my ones may rejoice, bedewed with wine: so that I, to hom there was a care for the wine-revelries of Dioysus—I, who was brought up in the harmony that ves unmixed wine, may even, when dead, endure, withit Bacchus, this place, due as a debt to the race of voiceividing beings.

Pass not, my friend, Anacreon's simple grave-If e'er my verses aught of pleasure gave— Pour wine libations, that the joyous rite My very bones may moisten with delight. The mystic revelries of Bacchus taught The bard, whose notes with powerful wine were fraught; In this last home of man I cannot dwell HAY. Without the jolly god I loved so well.

O stranger, passing by this simple stone— If sweet the singing of Anacreon Was ever to thine ear—these bones of mine Delight by bathing them in joy and wine. Well I the mysteries of Bacchus knew, And how to steep my harmonies in hue, Like the strong grape's; and now I loathe th' abode Destined for all, without mine own dear god.

WILSON.

Stranger, who passest by this simple grave, Where lies Anacreon—if my works e'er gave Delight or profit—pour upon these stones
Of grapes the liquor, that a joy my bones
May moisten'd feel; and I, whose every thought
Was given to Bacchus' revels—I, who sought
The harmony that wine unmix'd bestows,
Shall 'neath the earth, where juice of grape ne'er flows,
Endure without a pang this horrid place,
Where Death exacts his due from all the human race.

G. B.

CCCCLXXVIII. WESTMINSTER, 4 BOOK, 19 EP.

## CCCCLXXIX. ANTIPATER OF SIDON.

This is the Zeno, dear to Citium, who ran to heaven, not by placing Pelion upon Ossa, nor did he go through the labours of Hercules; but he found the road to the stars by temperance alone.

Here lies the Citian Zeno. Heaven he won, But not by Ossa piled on Pelion, Nor as the meed of feats Herculean; nay— He mounted to the stars by Virtue's way. G. S.

# CCCCLXXX. ANTIPATER.

Not by disease do I, Rhodopé, and my mother, Boisca lie here, nor through the spear of foes; but we ourselves did, when savage-looking war set fire to the city of our native Corinth, choose a spirited death. For my mother killed me with an iron weapon, that cut right through me; nor did she unhappy spare her own life; for she tied her neck to a cord placed around her throat; since a death with freedom was to us better than slavery.

Here sleeps a daughter by her mother's side; Nor slow disease nor war our fates allied. When hostile banners over Corinth waved, Preferring death, we left a land enslaved. Pierced by a mother's steel in youth I bled; She nobly join'd me in my gory bed. In vain ye forge your fetters for the brave, Who fly for sacred freedom to the grave.

BL.

# CCCCLXXXI. ANTIPATER OF SIDON.

A. Tell, woman, your family, name, country. B. He who begat me, was Calliteles; my name, Prexo; my country, Samos. A. Who heaped up this tomb? B. Theocritus, who loosened the girdle of my virginity, previously untouched. A. How did you die? B. In the pains of child-birth. A. Say to what age did you arrive? B. I was twice eleven years old. A. Were you childless. B. No, stranger; for I left Calliteles in youth, a son still an infant of three years old. A. May he reach the happiest (and) holy hair. B. And your life, way-farer, may Fortune direct in every thing prosperously.

# CCCCLXXXII. THE SAME.

This is the monument of the hoary-headed Maronis, upon whose tomb you can see yourself a cup, sculptured out of stone. But she, fond of unmixed (wine), and an everlasting talker, does not mourn for her children, nor for the father of her children, without property; but even under the grave she laments this one thing, that the chattel, fit for Bacchus, is on her tomb not full.

This tomb Maronis holds, o'er which doth stand A bowl, carved out of fifnt by Mentor's hand. The tippling crone, while living, death of friends Ne'er touch'd, nor husband's, nor dear children's ends. This only troubles her, now dead, to think The monumental bowl should have no drink.

SIR ED. SHERBURNE.

This rudely sculptured porter-pot Denotes where sleeps a female sot; Who pass'd her life, good easy soul, In sweetly chirping o'er her bowl. Not for her friends or children dear She mourns, but only for her beer. E'en in the very grave, they say, She thirsts for drink to wet her clay;

Why the hair of old age should be holy, it is difficult to understand. Hence in lieu of ιερήν one would have preferred γεραρήν, "honoured..." And, faith, she thinks it very wrong This jug should stand unfill'd so long. BL

CCCCLXXXIII. WESTMINSTER, 3 BOOK, 6 EP.

# CCCCLXXXIV. ANTIPATER OF SIDON.

The little Cleodemus, still living on (mother's) milk, while planting his foot over the side of a vessel, did Boreas, truly Thracian, cast into the swell of the sea, and a wave put out the life of the infant. Thou wast, Ino, an unpitying goddess, who didst not ward off bitter death from the equal in age to Melicerto.

### CCCCLXXXV. ANTIPATER.

Surely, when thou, Aretemias, hadst placed, from out the infernal boat, thy foot on the shore of Cocytus, carrying in thy young arms a deceased infant, the young Dorian damsels, in Hades, pitied thee, on hearing of thy death; whilst thou, carding thy cheeks with tears, didst tell them this doleful story. "I was, friends, in the pains of labour with twins; but one child I left behind for my husband, Euphron; the other I have brought to the dead."

### CCCCLXXXVI. .THE SAME.

This lament has thy mother, Artemidorus, uttered at thy tomb, while mourning the loss of thee, twelve years old. "The whole trouble of my labour-pains is lost to

<sup>1</sup> For the Thracians were said to be very cruel.

<sup>2</sup> Jacobs quotes very appositely Statius Silv. i. 253, where, on the arrival of Priscilla in Hades, the poet feigns "Egressas sacris veteres Heroidas antris, Lumine purpureo tristes laxare tenebras, Sertaque et Elysios animæ præsternere flores."

<sup>2</sup> In lieu of ξαίνουσα Wakefield would read ραίνουσα— But Jacobs compares Δακρύοις καταξανθεῖσα in Eurip. Tro. 509, where however

the learned are equally dissatisfied with the common reading.

4—4 The Greek is at present "Ωλετ' ἐμᾶς ώδινος ὁ πᾶς πόνος ἐς πόνον, ἐς πῦρ, "Ωλεθ' ὁ παμμέλεος γειναμένου κάματος: where Jacobs, justly offended with ἰς πόνου, prefers ἐς οποδὸν, suggested by Scaliger. But the poet probably wrote "Ωιχετ'—, ἐς στόνου ἐς πῦρ "Ωιχεθ' ὁ πᾶς μελέτης γειναμένω κάματος— where μελέτης alludes to the instructions given by the father.

bour; to fire is lost the trouble all luckless of (thy) arent; lost is the desired delight in thee. Thou hast one to the place from which there is no bending back, id no return; nor hadst thou reached the period of outh, my child; but instead of thee, there is left for us pillar and a voiceless dust."

O'er thine untimely tomb, Artemidore,
Thy mother this lament was heard to pour—
"My throes sharp birth has pass'd, of fire the prey,
And with thee pass'd thy father's toil away;
Pass'd my fond joy in thee—no tongue could tell—
Who to the bourne hast gone, impassable
To turning feet, ere yet within thy veins
Danced youth's brisk current. What to us remains,
Thy sad survivors, now, when thou art gone,
But ashes, and dumb dust, and pillar'd stone."
Fr. Wrangham.

Artemidorus scarce twelve years had known,
When o'er him thus his mother made her moan—
"For funeral flames my son beloved I bare;
Vain were my pangs; and vain thy father's care.
Our joy in thee is lost; since to that bourne
Thou 'rt gone, whence never traveller may return,
Ere youth was reach'd: of thee we are bereft;
A stone and silent dust for us are left."

M. A. S.

# CCCCLXXXVII. WESTMINSTER, 4 BOOK, 22 EP.

Tears o'er my Heliodora's grave I shed,
Affection's fondest tribute to the dead.
Oh! flow my bitter sorrows o'er her shrine,
Pledge of the love that bound her soul to mine.
Break, break, my heart, o'ercharged with bursting woe,
An empty offering to the shades below.
Ah! plant regretted; Death's remorseless power
With dust ungrateful choked thy full-blown flower.
Take, Earth, the gentle inmate to thy breast,
And, soft-entomb'd, bid Heliodora rest.
BL.

Tears, Heliodora, on thy tomb I shed, Love's last libation to the shades below; Tears, bitter tears, by fond remembrance fed,
And all that Fate now leaves me to bestow.

Vain sorrows! vain regrets! yet, loveliest, thee,
Thee still they follow in the silent urn,
Retracing hours of social converse free,
And soft endearments, never to return.

How thou art torn, sweet flower, that smiled so fair;
Torn, and thy honour'd bloom with dust defiled;
Yet, holy Earth, accept my suppliant prayer,
And in a mother's arms enfold my child. J. H. M.

Oh! Heliodora, for thy loss I shed
These tears, my last sad offering to the dead;
Tears on thy tomb, which, sadly falling, prove
The vain memorials of my hopes and love.
In vain I mourn thee, dearest; and in vain
To the dread powers of Acheron complain.
Where is my much-loved flower? The ruthless hand
Of Death has pluck'd, and mix'd it with the sand.
Earth, nurse of all, I pray thee, on thy breast,
Bid, mother, softly bid this form lamented rest.

ANONYMOUS.

Tears on thee, Heliodora, I bestow,
Last pledge of love in Pluto's realms below;
Tears, bitter tears, unto thy memory dear
Libation fond, they flood the sepulchre.
Sad, sad, with vain affection o'er the dead,
I, Meleager, weep thy spirit fled.
Ah! where's my tender flower? Grim Dis has spoil'd,
Spoil'd it, and dust the blooming flower has soil'd.
But thee, I pray, kind mother Earth, afford
Within thy arms repose to the deplored.

FR. WRANGHAM.

# CCCCLXXXVIII. UNOWNED; SOME SAY, MELRAGER.

By the right hand of the god Hades, and the dark bed of the unspeakable Proserpine, we swear, that we are truly virgins even under the earth. But many disgraceful things has the bitter Archilochus blurted out against ur virginity, and 'putting into verse bad language, pplied to not good acts, he has turned woman and man war.' Why have ye, Pierian (virgins), turned your-elves to Iambic verses, insulting to virgins, by your ratifying a not holy man?

By Pluto's hand we swear—an awful sign—And the dark bed of gloomy Proserpine,
Pure went we to our graves, whate'er of shame
And vile reproach against our virgin fame
That bitter bard pour'd forth, in strains refined
Cloaking the foulness of his slanderous mind.
Muses, in our despite, why favour thus
The false Iambics of Archilochus?

J. H. M.

By his right hand, who rules the dead, we swear, By Proserpine's dread name and darksome lair, True maids are we; though on our maidenhood Archilochus pour'd forth his venom's flood. Each nobler theme, that fills the poet's page, He basely left, on women war to wage. Shame on ye, Muses, that, poor maids to harm, Could thus with ribald verse the miscreant arm. G. S.

CCCCLXXXIX. WESTMINSTER, 1 BOOK, 37 EP.

### CCCCXC. MELEAGER.

# Thee, O Charixenus, a most sad gift for Hades, did

In The Greek is 'Αρχίλοχος' ἐπέων δὲ καλήν φάτιν οὐκ ἐπὶ καλά γγα, γυναικείον δ' ἔτραπεν ἐς πόλεμον: where, to avoid the defect in metre, Graefe suggested 'Αρχίλοχος' καλήν δ' ἐπέων— But though λός may have its first syllable long, as frequently in Homer, that word uld scarcely do here; for the daughters of Lycambes would hardly lise the poetry of Archilochus; and hence we find κακήν in Planudes. reover, although Jacobs says that γυναικέος means here "a war linst women," not, as elsewhere, "a war by women," yet he has failed support so novel a meaning. The author probably wrote, as transed, ποιῶν δὲ κακήν φάτιν οὐκ ἐπὶ καλά "Εργα, γυναϊκά τε κᾶνδρ' απεν ἔς πόλεμον—

As the Iambic verse was the favourite measure of comedy, and as early comedy was chiefly satirical, it is here used in the same sense. cobs quotes opportunely from Ovid, "Iambus Tincta Lycambeo san-

ne tela dabit.'

thy mother deck, when eighteen years old, with the (youth's military) dress. Surely even the stones made a moan, when thy equals in age with lamentations bore thy corpse from home; and thy parents howled out the sound of sorrow, not of the marriage song. Alas! alas for the falsified pleasures of the mother's breast, and he vain pains of childbirth. O Fate, a virgin harsh (and barren, thou hast cast to the winds the affection of pa rentage. It is for former associates to regret, but for parents to sorrow, and for those, who knew him not, or hearing (of his death) to pity.

Thee, poor Charixenus, in youth's first bloom, Thy mother's hands—an offering for the tomb-Deck'd with the martial stole. The very stone Made to thy moaning friends responsive moan; As thy sad corpse from home they bore, and sent No hymeneal strain, but sad lament. Alas! of mother's breast the bounteous store How ill repaid! how vain the pangs she bore! Unfruitful Fate! thou, maid of ruthless mind, Hast given a mother's yearnings to the wind. Here friends can only wish, and parents weep, While they, who knew him not, feel pity for death's sleep.

### CCCCXCI. THE SAME.

Not Hymen,<sup>2</sup> but Hades, did Clearista receive as voung husband, having been loosened as to the band o virginity. For just now, at evening, were the lute sounding at the portals of the bride, and the doors of the bridal chamber were making a din. But in th morning they resounded with the howl of sorrow; an Hymen, after becoming silent, fitted himself by a chang to the voice of lamentation; and the very pitch-pine that had yielded a torch-light near the nuptial chamber pointed out the road below to her who had died.

<sup>1-1</sup> On the military dress worn by youths of eighteen at Athens, ar probably elsewhere, see at Plato's Menexenus, § 21.

To preserve the personification,  $\gamma\acute{a}\mu o\nu$ , literally "marriage," hbeen rendered "Hymen."

The Morne, which saw me made a bride, That evening witnest that I dyed. Those holy lights, wherewith they guide Unto the bed the bashful bride. Served but as tapers for to burne, And light my reliques to their urne. The Epitaph, which here you see, Supplyed the Epithalamie. HERRICK.

Cleurists, when she loosed her virgin zone, Found in the nuptial bed an early grave; Death claim'd the bridegroom's right; to death alone The treasure, guarded for her spouse, she gave. To sweetest sounds the happy evening fled, The flute's soft strain and hymeneal choir; At morn sad howlings echo round the bed, And the glad hymns on quivering lips expire. The very torches that, at fall of night, Shed their bright radiance o'er the bridal room, Those very torches, with the morning's light, Conduct the victim to the silent tomb.

Her virgin zone unloosed, Cleurista's charms Death clasps, stern bridegroom, in his iron arms. Hymns at the bridal doors last night were sung, Last night the bridal roof with revels rung. This morn the wail was raised; and hush'd and low, The strains of joy were changed to notes of woe; And the bright torch, to Hymen's hall that led, With mournful glare now lighted to the dead.

FR. WRANGHAM.

Not Hymen, it was Hades' self alone, Who loosen'd Clearista's virgin zone. And now the evening flutes are breathing round Her gate; the closing nuptial doors resound. The morning spousal song was raised; but, oh! At once 'twas silenced into sighs of woe; And the same torches, that the bridal bed Had lit, now show'd the pathway to the dead. HAY.

The cruel Fates to Clearista gave, Alas! no husband, but a wedded grave. Erewhile, at eve there reign'd the bridal hour, And lute and jocund din assail'd her bower. The dawn brings shrieks; the hymeneal song Is hush'd; sad strains the dirge of woe prolong. The self-same torch that lit the nuptial dome, Shows the drear passage to her last long home.

G. Bo.

### CCCCXCII. THE SAME.

Fearless, Ostranger, walk; for, near to the pious, does an old man, put to rest, sleep the sleep, paid as a debt, namely, Meleager, the son of Eucrates; he, who dressed the sweetly-crying¹ Love and the joyous Muses² in the mantles of Graces; he, whom Tyre, god-descended, and the holy land of Gadara, brought up in manhood, and Cos, beloved by the Meropes, nourished in old age. If thou art a Syrian, say "Salam;" but if a Phœnician, "Audonis;"³ but if a Greek, "Chære;"⁴ the words mean the same thing.

### CCCCXCIII. THE SAME.

The island of Tyre was my nurse; the country of Athis, inhabited by the Assyrian Gadari, was my mother; and I, Meleager, the son of Eucrates, grew up in the society of the Muses, <sup>5</sup> after having run and gained the first prize with the graces of Menippus. <sup>5</sup> But if I am a Syrian, what is the wonder? We inhabit, stranger, the world, one country (to all); (and) one Chaos has

Although Love is frequently represented as crying, yet he is not elsewhere described as γλυκύδακρυς. The perpetual epithet is γλυκύπικρον—which should be written here.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> As the Graces were rather elegant than joyous, one would prefer, as translated, Μούσας ἰλαρὰς —Χάρισιν to Μούσας ὶλαραῖς —Χάρισιν.

In lieu of Ναιδιὸς Scaliger suggested Αυδονίς, remembering the passage in Plautus Pænul. v. 2, 41, where a Carthaginian, whose language was similar to that of Phœnicia, is represented as making a salutation by the word "Haudonis."

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>4</sup> The Greek word  $\chi a \tilde{\iota} \rho \epsilon$ , in Latin "cheere," has been of necessity preserved here.

<sup>5—5</sup> So Jacobs translates Πρώτα Μενιππείαις συντροχάσας Χάρισιν: and he refers to Epigr. Inc. 572, Μοῦσαι Μελέαγρον—Μενιππείαις Χάρισι, as emended by Holstein and Martin.

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produced all mortals. On the tablets placed in front of my tomb have I, a man of many years, engraved these words; for old age is a near neighbour to death; but mayest thou, bidding a talkative old man farewell, arrive thyself at a talkative old age.

Tyre was my island-nurse—an Attic race I boast, though Gadara my native place—Herself an Athens. Eucrates I claim For sire, and Meleager is my name. From childhood in the Muse was all my pride; I sang, and, with Menippus side by side, Urged my poetic chariot to the goal. And why not Syrian? To the free-born soul Our country is the world, and all on earth One universal Chaos brought to birth. Now old, and heedful of approaching doom, These lines, in memory of my parted bloom, I on my picture trace, as on my tomb. J. H. M.

## CCCCXCIV. DAMAGETAS.

A tomb near the tops of the Thracian Olympus holds Orpheus, the son of the Muse Calliopé; whom oaks did not disobey; whom the lifeless stone followed, and the herd of wood-ranging wild beasts; who formerly invented the mystic rites of Bacchus, and formed the verse joined together by the heroic¹ foot: who²with his lyre soothed the heavy thoughts of Clymenus, not to be softened, and his feelings not to be assuaged.²

### CCCCXCV. THE SAME.

Here, after raising his shield as an aider in behalf of Ambracia, did Aristagoras, the son of Theopompus,

<sup>1</sup> So called from its being applied to sing the deeds of heroes. Its technical name is Hexameter.

<sup>2—3</sup> Το avoid the insufferable tautology in the words ἀμειλίκτοιο βαρθ Κλυμένοιο νόημα Καὶ τὸν ἀκήλητον θυμὸν ἔθελξε λύρα— one would have preferred ἀμειλίκτοιο Κόρης Κλυμένου τε νόημα Καὶ Κύνα κηληθμοῖς ὡμὸν ἔθελξε λύρα— For thus Κόρης would mean Proserpine, Κλυμένου, Pluto, and Κύνα, Cerberus.

choose to die rather than to fly. Feel no surprise. A Dorian man thinks on his country destroyed, not on his own youth.

## CCCCXCVI. DIODORÚS.

By Jupiter, who presides over hospitality, we beg of thee, man, on our knees, to go to the Æolian Thebes, and tell our father Charinus that Menis and Polynicus are dead; and may you say this—that we do not lament for our death by treachery, although we perished by the hands of Thracians, but for his old age, lying under a sad bereavement.

### CCCCXCVII. THE SAME.

O Phocæa, thou city of renown, this last word did Theano pronounce, when descending to cheerless in night—"Woe's me, the unhappy! What sea art thou, Apellichus, my husband, passing over in thy own vessel, while death is standing near me? Oh! how I wish to have died, laying hold of your dear hand with my hand."

These the last words Theano, swift descending
To the deep shades of night, was heard to say—
"Alas! and is it thus my life is ending,

And thou, my husband, far o'er seas away?

Ah! could I but that dear hand press in mine

Once—once again—all else I would resign."

J. H. M.

Her absent spouse Theano thus address'd,
When at Phocæa death upon her press'd—
"Ah me! Apellichus, why far remain,
And with thy fragile bark still plough the main?
Death hovers o'er me! Would that I could lie
With thy dear hand in mine, and calmly die." M. A. S.

To cheerless night as she descended fast, These words Theano spoke—they were her last—

¹ As ἀτρύγετος means literally where there is "no grape-gathering," the season of festivity, it may be fairly translated cheerless.

2 Jacobs aptly compares "Te teneam moriens deficiente manu."

" Apellichus, my husband, where doth roam Thy bark on seas far from Phocæa's home, While death stands near me? Oh that I might hold Thine hand in mine, till feeling all is cold."

### CCCCXCVIII. THEODORIDAS.

Boldness carries a man to hell and heaven. It caused Dorotheus, the son of Sosander, to come upon a funeral pile. For, while bringing a day of freedom to Phthia, he was lost between 1 Seci and Chimara.1

### CCCCXCIX. THE SAME.

I am the tomb of a person shipwrecked; yet do thou sail. For when we were lost, other vessels passed over the sea successfully.2

### D. THE SAME.

O Theudotus, (thou art) a great tear-shedding to thy relations, who lamented thee dead, after they had lighted thy unhappy funeral pyre, O thou with a sad thread (of life and) a very immature 3 (death); for instead of marriage and youth thou hast left to thy dearest 4 mother lamentations and griefs.

# DI. POSEIDIPPUS, OR CALLIMACHUS.

Archianax, of three years old, while playing round a well, did the mute b image of his form draw to itself; but from the water did the mother snatch him wet-

<sup>2</sup> The whole point of the Epigram will be lost, unless we read so for al,

<sup>4</sup> As the word ηδίστη would be rather applied to a child than its

<sup>1-1</sup> Brunck considers these two words as the names of obscure places in Thessaly.

Although τρίς is constantly used to express the excess of any thing, yet it could hardly be applied to ἄωρος, "immature." Hence one would prefer τρὶς ἄμοιρε—where there would be an allusion to the Fates, who were three, but all equally fatal to man.

mother, the poet probably wrote here ἀλγίστη—

5 Jacobs quotes opportunely from Ovid—"visæ correptus imagine formæ Rem sine corpore amat."

ted thoroughly, and examined whether he exhibited any particle of life. And the infant had not brought a pollution upon the water; but while lying on the knees of its mother, it fell into the deep sleep (of death).

Archianax was three years old,
When playing round a well,
Lured by its lifeless image there,
He on the surface fell.
The mother snatch'd her drowning child
From out the ruthless wave,
To see what sign of life might be,
Though slight, her boy to save.
Oh! he would not—that infant child—
The Nymphs' fair home defile;
But slumb'ring on his mother's knees,
He slept in death the while.
T. P. R.

## DII. ZENODOTUS; SOME SAY RHIANUS.

Mayest thou, O dirty ground, cause to roll along me on every side the rough thorn, or the savage limbs of the crooked bramble, so that not even a bird may in spring fix its light foot over me, and I may be in a desert, reclining in quietness; for I, Timon, the man-hater, the man loved not even by fellow-citizens, am a corpse not loved 1 in Hades.

Twist round me, thou rough earth, the prickly thorn; Let the crook'd savage bramble-branch adorn My tomb, that birds of spring may shun the place, And I may rest alone in perfect peace.
Unloved of all, the misanthrope am I,
Timon, of whom e'en Pluto's self is shy.

HAY.

DO thou, who rowest the boat of the dead in the water

¹ Such is the meaning attached by Reiske and Jacobs to γνήσιος. But how the word, that signifies elsewhere "genuine," can be taken in that sense, it is difficult to understand. The poet probably wrote, not obd 'Atôn γνήσιος είμι νέπυς, but ωδ' 'Atôn γῆς σίνις είμι νέπυς, i. e. " am thus in the grave a corpse hurtful to the earth—"

of this lake, full of reeds, for Hades, having a painful task, stretch out, dark Charon, thy hand to the son of Cinyras, as he mounts on the ladder by the gang-way, and receive him. For his sandals will cause the lad to slip about; and he fears to put his feet naked on the sand of the shore.

### DIV. THE SAME.

Over thy head I will heap with my hands the cold sand of the sea-shore, and pour it over thy frozen corpse. For thy mother has not, lamenting at thy tomb, <sup>5</sup> seen the fate of thee worn away by the sea in the sea; <sup>5</sup> but the desert and inhospitable rocks, near the Ægean shore, have received thee; so that receive thou, O stranger, a small portion of the sand <sup>6</sup> and much of tears, since thou hast come to a fatal mercantile venture.

Accept a grave in these deserted sands,
That on thy head I strew with pious hands;
For to these wintry crags no mother bears
The decent rites, or mourns thee with her tears.
Yet, on the frowning promontory laid,
Some pious dues, Alexis, please thy shade.
A little sand beside the sounding wave,
Moisten'd with flowing tears, shall be thy grave. Bl.

¹ Compare Shakspeare's—"like the fat weed that rots on Lethe's banks." Jacobs quotes from Propertius—"sedeat Stygia sub arundine remex."

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> In lieu of 'Atôη, or, as some read, 'Aïôη, one would prefer "Αδôην, to be united to ἔχων δδύνας, where ἔχων is due to Reiske, who justly objected to ἐλών—

<sup>\*</sup> Salmasius correctly altered ἐκβαίνοντι into ἐμβαίνοντι—

<sup>4</sup> Jacobs quotes opportunely from Statius, "ipse avidæ trux navita cymbæ Interius steriles ripas at adusta subibit Littora, ne puero dura ascendisse facultas."

<sup>\*</sup> The Greek is εἶδεν ἀλίξαντον σὸν μόρον εἰνάλιον. But to avoid the inelegant repetition of ἀλι—and—αλιον, one would prefer— ἀλιξάντον σὸν μόρον, αὶ, μέλεον, i. e. "the fate, alas! hapless of thee, worn down by the sea:" and thus ἀλιξάντον would agree with σοῦ, understood in σὸν—

<sup>6</sup> Jacobs quotes appositely from Horace—"Pulveris exigui prope littus parva Matinum Munera,"

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### DV. ARCHIAS.

I, a jay, who formerly chattered frequently with a voice responsive to herdsmen and wood-cutters, and fishermen, and frequently, like Echo, that sends back the sound, screeched out an abusive combination (of words) with lips speaking in reply, now, after falling to the ground, lie here without a tongue and without a voice, denying my love for mimicry.

### DVI. THE SAME.

A. Tell, pillar, the parent of the person below, and his name and country, and subdued by what fate he died. B. His father was Priam; his country, Ilium; his name, Hector; and, O man, he perished fighting for his country.

### DVII. THE SAME.

Not even though dead, shall I, Theris, driven, when shipwrecked, by the waves to land, be forgetful of the sleepless shore. For under a neck (of land), where the sea breaks, near the hostile main, have I met with a tomb at the hands of a stranger. And I unhappy hear, even amongst the dead, the hateful sound of the sea ever booming; nor has the grave given me rest from troubles; since I alone, though dead, do not lie in gentle quietness.

I, Theris, wreck'd and cast a corpse on shore, Still shudder at old Ocean's ceaseless roar; For here beneath the cliffs, where breakers foam, Close by the sea a stranger dug my tomb. Hence still its roaring, reft of life, I hear; Its hateful surge still thunders in my car.

<sup>1</sup> In lieu of πολύθροον, the sense requires, as translated, παλίνθροος—applied to  $\dot{\alpha}\chi\dot{\omega}$ —

Jacobs compares Statius in Sylv. II. iv. 2, "Humanæ solers imitator, Psittace, linguæ—affatus etiam meditataque verba Reddideras; at nunc æterna silentia Lethes Ille canorus habet."

For me alone, by Fate unrespited,
Remains no rest to soothe me, e'en though dead.
FR. WRANGHAM.

### DVIII. THE SAME.

Oh! thou leader of the dead to Hades, thou, delighted with the tears of all, who ferriest over this deep water of Acheron, do not, even if your skiff is heavy with the ghosts of the dead, leave behind me, Diogenes the dog. I bring with me a basin, and a staff, and a garment twice folded, and a wallet, and a farthing for thy boat-trip. These articles alone when living I possessed, which I bring here even dead; and I have left not a single thing under the sun.

## DIX. ANTIPATER OF THESSALONICA.

Thy mother herself, who bore thee, Demetrius, gave thee to death, when thou hadst been a coward contrary to what was proper, and she bathed a war-(weapon in blood) within thy hollow flanks; and she said, while holding the steel weltering in, and full of, the blood of her own son, and moving her jaw, full of foam, with a noise like a saw, and looking like a Laconian woman, with eyes turned aside—"Quit the Eurotas; go to Tartarus; since thou hast known a coward's flight, thou art not mine, nor a Laconian."

Thy mother gave thee death, thou 'dst basely fled:
Through thy deep flank the sword thy mother sped,
Demetrius; she that bare thee; and she cried,
With hand upon the steel thy life-blood dyed,
Champing her foaming lip in furious wise,
And Sparta's daughter glaring in thy eyes—
"Eurotas spurns, Hell calls thee; thou could'st flee,
Craven; thou 'rt nought to Sparta, nought to me."
G. S.

<sup>1</sup> The author seems to use here γένειον, "cheek," for γένυν, "jaw."

### DX. THE SAME.

This is the place, where Leander swam over; this the passage over the sea, that was hostile not to the male lover alone; this was the former dwelling of Hero; this the remains of the turret; here was placed the treacherous lamp. This common tomb holds them both, who even until now are blaming that envious wind.

### DXI

This Magnesian tomb is not of Themistocles; but I am heaped up, as a monument of the envious and incorrect judgment of the Greeks.

### DXII. THE SAME.

Ausonian dust possesses me a Libyan woman, and near Rome I lie a virgin by this sea-sand; and Pompeia, who brought me up in the place of a daughter, wept over me, and put me in the tomb of a freed person, while she was hastening (for me) another fire; but this came before-hand; nor did Proserpine light the lamp according to our prayer.

#### DXIII.

Oh! hapless Nicanor, who didst meet with thy fate in the ocean, white (with foam), thou liest naked on a strange sea-shore, or near to rocks: and all those happy homes of thine are no more, and the hope of all Tyre has perished; nor has aught of thy possessions been thy guard. Alas! piteously hast thou perished, having laboured for the fishes and the sea.

Doom'd, poor Nicanor, to the hoar sea-wave, Naked thou liest on a foreign coast, Or haply 'neath some rock. Thy palace brave Is gone for aye, and all Tyre's hopes are lost.

The Greek is διάπλοος, literally "sailed over—"
 By "another fire" is meant that of the nuptial torch.

<sup>3—3</sup> As Proserpine had nothing to do with the bridal lamp except to extinguish it, one would prefer ωδε παρ' εὐχὴν—" thus contrary to our prayer—" to οὐδὲ κατ' εὐχὴν—

Of all thy wealth nought saved thee; vain thy toil; And all its fruits for fish and sea the spoil. G. S.

## DXIV. APOLLONIDES.

The parents of Aristippus felt joy and sorrow for their child. One day had a share in both. For after he had fled from a house on fire, Jupiter sent direct against his head the ineffable glare of lightning; and this word did those, who wept over his corpse, say—"Oh! thou unhappy, who didst owe a debt to the fire of the deity!"

### DXV. THE SAME.

Heliodorus was the first to go, and his wife Diogeneia followed her dear husband after scarcely the interval of an hour; and as both had dwelt together, they are entombed in one spot, delighted with a common sepulchre, as with a (common) marriage-bed.

### DXVI. THE SAME.

<sup>1</sup> Thy fate was changed for death, and in the place of thee, my master, I, a slave, filled up a hateful tomb, when I was making thy lamented grave under the earth, in order that I might bury there the body of thee deceased; but the hollowed-out dust slipped around me. Hades however is not disagreeable to me. I shall live <sup>2</sup> under thy sun.<sup>2</sup>

# DXVII. THE SAME.

And who is he, that, after weeping for a son, has not endured the extreme of ill? But the house of Poseidippus buried all the four children; whom days of death, equal in number (to those of the children), snatched

1—1 Such is the literal version of the unintelligible Greek—'H $\lambda\lambda\Delta\chi\theta\eta$   $\theta\alpha\nu\dot{\alpha}\tau$ oto  $\tau\dot{\epsilon}$ oc  $\mu\dot{\epsilon}$ opoc: which Jacobs says may mean—"Thy death cost me my life." But how such a meaning can be elicited from those words, it is difficult to understand.

<sup>\*--</sup> The Greek is τον σον νπ' ηέλιον: which Jacobs explains by—
"under thy protection," or "in thy presence," a meaning those words can
hardly bear. Perhaps the author wrote, δ' ων σος Δπ' ηέλιον—"being
thine at a distance from sun-light"—i. e. in the grave.

away, and cut off the great hopes entertained of them; but the wretched eyes of the father, flooded by showers of sorrow, were destroyed; and one common night lays hold of all.

## DXVIII. CRINAGORAS.

Othryades, the great glory of Sparta, and the naval warrior Cynegeirus, and the deeds of all battles, has Arrius, the Italian spearman, surpassed. Having fallen at the stream of the Nile, and half-dead from many arrows, when he saw the eagle of his own army seized upon by the enemy, he sprung up again from the dead, renowned in fight, and killing the party, who was carrying it, (the eagle,) he preserved it for his own leaders, and alone obtained a death unconquered.

Let Cynegeirus' name, renown'd of yore,
And brave Othryades, be heard no more.
By Nile's swoln wave Italian Arrius lay,
Transfix'd with wounds, and sobb'd his soul away;
But seeing Rome's proud eagle captive led,
He started from the ghastly heaps of dead;
The captor slew; the noble prize brought home,
And found death only to be not o'ercome.

J. H. M.

## DXIX. THE SAME.

Over the change in the fate of her two children their mother, throwing herself around both, pronounced, an object of pity, these words—"On this day I did not expect to lament over thy corpse, my child; nor to see thee too amongst the living. But the demons have been changed as regards you two, while a not-lying sorrow has come upon me."

#### DXX. THE SAME.

O thou hapless one! with what word shall I address thee first? with what last, thou hapless one? for

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Such is the proper meaning of δαίμονες here.

this one word is true in every ill. Thou art gone, my charming wife, after carrying off the highest honours for the beauty of form and the moral conduct of soul; and truly was thy name Proté (first); for every thing was second to thy inimitable grace.

#### DXXI. THE SAME.

<sup>1</sup>The earth was called also my mother; <sup>1</sup> the earth hides me, even a corpse. This is not worse than that. <sup>2</sup> In this I shall be for a long time. From my mother <sup>3</sup> has the burning heat of the sun snatched me away. And I lie in a strange land under a heap of stones, the much-lamented Inachus, the obedient servant of Crinagoras.

## DXXII. THE SAME.

Why do we, wretched, wander about, trusting to vain hopes, and forgetful of calamitous death. This was Selecus, in all respects exact in conversation and conduct, but enjoying a short period of youth. In the extreme Iberia, distant twice as far as Lesbos, he lies a stranger on unmeasured sea-shores.

#### DXXIII. THE SAME.

Other islands too have denied their previous names of no note, and have come to bear the same name as men.<sup>5</sup> And may you likewise be called "Erotides" (the Lovely). There will be no anger from Nemesis against you for making this change in the name. For to the

<sup>1—1</sup> Such is the literal translation of the Greek Γή μευ καὶ μήτηρ κικλήσκετο, words not easy to understand. Perhaps the author wrote, "Η καινή μήτηρ κικλήσκετο, "She, who has been called a new mother—"

If the alteration proposed on vs. 1 be correct, we must read here, οικείη τῆσδε χερειοτέρη, "my own home (was) worse than this:" and in 3, καινῆ for ξείνη.

<sup>3</sup> As there is mention made of two mothers, it is evident the author did not write  $\mu\eta\tau\rho\delta g$ : but what he did write, it is not easy to discover.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>4</sup> Jacobs imagines that Seleucus went to Spain to study rhetoric, which was much cultivated there at that time.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>5</sup> Brodæus, says Jacobs, has given some examples of names of places thus changed out of compliment to persons of celebrity.

boy, whom ye have placed in the tomb under a holy sod, Love himself had given a name and form. O land, 'that still sees the monument,' and O sea, near the shore, mayest thou (the former) lie lightly, and thou (the latter) quietly.

Full oft of old the islands changed their name,
And took new titles from some heir of fame;
Then dread not ye the wrath of gods above,
But change your own and be the "Isles of Love."
For Love's own name and shape the infant bore,
Whom late we buried on your sandy shore.
Break softly there, thou never-weary wave,
And earth, lie lightly on his little grave. J. W. B.

## DXXIV. BIANOR.

A hostile association hurled Cleitonymus to the fishes and sea, when he, the tyrant-killer, arrived at the citadel. But the deity of Justice buried him. For the bank, having been torn away, buried the whole body from foot to head, and he lies not wetted by the water; and the earth, reverencing the haven of her own freedom,<sup>2</sup> conceals him.

Lo! to the fishes and the stream a murd'rous band hath roll'd

Cleitonymus, who came to slay the tyrant in his hold. But Justice found him burial; for the crumbling bank gave way,

Duly to shroud from head to foot the hero, as he lay.

And now the waters drench him not; the land envelopes there

The refuge of her liberties with reverential care. H. W

DXXV. WESTMINSTER, 3 BOOK, 41 EP.

Of my Theonoé I wept the death;
But hope parental my deep woe relieved;

1—1 In σηματόεσσα, which Jacobs confesses he cannot explain, lies hid σῆμ' ἔτ' ἰδοῦσα, as translated.

<sup>2</sup> With this expression Jacobs compares that in Cicero, De Offic. ii. 8, 2, where the senate of Rome is called "regum, populorum, nationum, portum, et refugium."

Now of my boy, too, Fate has stopt the breath;
And e'en in what was left I live deceived.

Hear, Proserpine, a father's moans and prayer—
Consign the babe to its dead mother's care.

M. A. S

## DXXVI. LOLLIUS BASSUS.

Oh! mild land of Tarentum, retain this corpse of a good man. Deceptive are the fortunes of beings of a lay. For Atymnius, while going from Thebes, did not proceed farther, but found for himself a dwelling under thy ground; and quitting life, with an orphan hild still surviving, he caused it to be deprived of parental) eyes. Be not thou a tomb hostile to him.

## DXXVII. THALLUS OF MILETUS.

Two eyes, the buddings from thy land, Miletus, has ne dust of Italy covered by a rapid death, and thou ast obtained in exchange griefs for garlands; their elics, alas! thou hast seen put up in a small urn. Alas! nhappy country. From whence, or when shalt thou oast again of such stars shining in Greece?

# DXXVIII. ANTONIUS THALLUS.

Unhappy Cleanassa, thou wert a damsel seasonable or marriage, and, as it were, in the very prime of youth. But not Hymen, who presides over wedlock, nor the orches of Juno the Yoker, met at your nuptial chamer; but mournful Hades revelled there; and around id a Fury of blood send forth an ill-fated voice from er mouth; and on the day, in which the bridal room ras lit up with torches, in that didst thou meet with a uneral pyre, not the marriage bed.

DXXIX. WESTMINSTER, 3 BOOK, 42 EP.

## DXXX. GÆTULICUS.

The island of Pelops, and Crete, where sailing is diffiult, and the blind sunk-rocks of Malea, when it is be-

The town, here intended, was in Apulia, says Jacobs.

By "eyes" Brodæus understands "supervision."

ing doubled, have destroyed the Cydonian Astydamas, the son of Damis; and he has filled the stomachs of seamonsters. But persons have placed a lying tomb on the ground. What wonder? where the Cretans are liars; and there is the tomb (even) of Jove.

#### DXXXI. ANTIPHILUS.

Not because care has been wanting to me, when dead, nor that I lie here a naked corpse upon wheat-producing land, <sup>3</sup> (do I complain,) <sup>3</sup> for I have been formerly buried; but because now the iron coulter has rolled me out by the hands of the ploughman. Who will surely say that death is a deliverance from ills? since, stranger, not even my tomb is the last of my sufferings.

### DXXXII. THE SAME.

A long age shall sing of thee, Protesilaus of Thessaly, who didst begin the falling (of thy body), due as a debt to Troy. Thy monument, sheltered by elms, do the Nymphs bedeck, (who dwell) opposite to hated Ilion; 'where trees with angry feelings shed their dry foliage, whenever they behold the walls of Troy.' How great then was the anger felt by heroes, since a portion of enmity is preserved even now in lifeless boughs!

#### DXXXIII. THE SAME.

Having already approached near to my native land, I said—"To-morrow will my long and difficult voyage be tired out against me." But my lips had not yet

Such was the danger in doubling Cape Malea, that it gave rise to the proverb, quoted by Jacobs, Μαλέαν συ κάμψας ἐπίλαθου τῶν οἰκάδε, i. e. "On doubling Malea forget all at home."

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Here is a reference to the well-known verses of Callimachus— Κρῆτες ἀεὶ ψεῦσται καὶ γὰρ τάφον, ὦ ἄνα, σεῖο Κρῆτες ἐτεκτήναντο σὸ δ' οὐ θάνες.

<sup>3—3</sup> These words are added to complete the sense.

<sup>4—4</sup> Jacobs refers to Pliny, N. H. xvi. 88, "Sunt hodie ex adverso Iliensium urbis, juxta Hellespontum, in Protesilai sepulchro, arbores, quæ omnibus ævis, cum in tantum crevere ut Ilium adspiciant, inarescunt, rursusque adolescunt."

closed, when the sea became equal to Hades. Be on your guard in every word, and in "to-morrow." Not even the least things of the tongue lie hid from hostile Nemesis.

## DXXXIV. DIODORUS OF TARSUS.

Do not measure by the Magnesian tomb how great is the name of Themistocles, nor let his deeds lie hid from you. Form a conjecture of the man, who loved his country, by Salamis and the vessels there, and you shall know from them that he was greater than the land of Cecrops.

## DXXXV. DIODORUS THE GRAMMARIAN.

Let these stone dwellings <sup>3</sup> of my night, which conceals me, <sup>3</sup> and the water of Cocytus, around which are lamentations, witness, that my husband did not, as persons say, murder me, while looking after a marriage with another woman. Why vainly is his name Rufinius? <sup>4</sup> But the destined Fates carried me away. Paulla of Tarentum is surely not the solitary (wife), who has died by a rapid death.

#### DXXXVI. DIODORUS.

This stone upon the tomb says that the great Æschylus lies here, far from his own Cecropian land, by the white waters of Gela in Sicily. Why, alas! does an envy, mixed with passion, of good men ever possess the descendants of Theseus?

<sup>2</sup> The sense evidently requires, as translated, τό τ' αὖριον— not τὸν τουν—

αύριον—
3—3 The Greek is νυκτός έμῆς, ή μ' ἔκρυφεν— One would, however,

By "equal," Brodæus understands "dark," or "fatal as—" But in loog some corruption probably lies hid.

Jacobs, justly objecting to 'Pουφίνιος, explains nevertheless τί μάτην 'Pουφίνιος by "Why does Rufinius vainly labour under a reproach?" But such a meaning these words could scarcely bear. Perhaps the author wrote τί μάτην οὕνομα 'Ρυόφονος, "Why in vain is his name Ruophonus?" i. e. a defender against murder.

## DXXXVII. THE SAME.

Under me, O stranger, do I hold Menander, the son of Diopeithes, a descendant of Cecrops, to whom Bacchus and the Muses were a care: he has a little dust from the (funeral) fire; but if you are seeking 'the man himself,' you will find him in the dwelling of Jupiter or of the blest.

## DXXXVIII. THE SAME.

Over a brave man of Achæa did a beloved city pay for this inscription, near the stream of the well-watered Ascania, and Nicea lamented him; but his father, Diomedes, raised up over him this lofty stone tomb, unhappy, while grieving at the destructive mischief; for it was likely that the son would pay this rite to him on his death.

## DXXXIX. WESTMINSTER, 2 BOOK, 58 EP.

## DXL. LEONIDAS OF ALEXANDRIA.

Bianor inscribed on this pillar, not for his mother nor his father, their fate, paid as a debt, but for his child, a virgin; and he mourned, while leading her twelve years old as a bride, not to Hymen, but to Hades.

## DXLI. LEONIDAS, OR ANTIPATER.

Pass by the pillar over me, a neither bidding me farewell, nor inquiring who I am, nor from whom. Or never may you finish the journey you are pursuing; and if you pass by in silence, not even thus may you finish what you are pursuing.

If this inscriptive pillar passing by, Stranger, thou greet'st mine ashes with a sigh, Invoke my name, or search my funeral urn, May all the gods prohibit thy return.

<sup>1—1</sup> Jacobs ingeniously suggests, what has been adopted, τον ἄνδρα for Μένανδρον.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> This seems to be the sense of  $\eta \nu \nu \sigma \epsilon$  here.

<sup>3</sup> This is supposed to be spoken by Timon, the man-hater.

But if in silence by my tomb thou go—Silence unworthy him, who rests below—Still shall my angry ghost thy steps attend, And Furies haunt thee to thy journey's end. J. H. M.

The pillar o'er this tomb pass by; nor say,

"Farewell;" nor seek who's here, or whence he came; Or never reach the spot, where ends thy way; My wish for thee, in silence passing, is the same. G. B.

## DXLII. PHILIP OF THESSALONICA.

Ælius, the bold of hand, the chief man at Argos, he, who ornamented his neck with rings of gold bound together, the spoils of war, did, when broken down by a limb-wasting disease, have recourse, in a passion, to a manlike testimony of his former deeds; and drove under his entrails a broad sword, saying this only—"War does the brave, disease the cowards kill."

## DXLIII.

All did once number Aristodicé amongst the renowned for children, in having six times removed from her the difficulty of child-birth. But the water contended with earth against her. For three children perished by disease, and the remainder were suffocated in the sea. And ever heavy in tears she is seen, like a Nightingale on tomb-pillars, or like a Halcyon, finding fault with the deep.

Thee, Aristodicé, erst all admired,
Proud of six sons—though born in grief and pain;
Earth with the sea against thy peace conspired—
Three have the waves, and three disease has slain.
Thou weepest at their tombs a Nightingale;
Or the deep-chiding Halcyon seem'st to wail. HAY.

## DXLIV. ADDÆUS.

Not the jaws 2 of dogs destroyed thee, Euripides, nor

 <sup>1—1</sup> Jacobs refers to Antholog. Lat. ii. p. 126, where the nightingale, siren, and haloyon are similarly introduced as the symbols of sorrow.
 2 In lieu of γένος both Scaliger and Toup suggested, what is here adopted, γένυς for γένος—

the strong passion of a woman, thee, a stranger to Venus that loves darkness, but Hades and old age; and thou liest under Arethusa in Macedonia, honoured by the friendship of Archelaus. And this I do not put down as your tomb, but 'the boards of Bacchus, and the buskins of the scene, where is the song of sorrow.'

#### DXLV. THE SAME.

I, Philip, who first caused Emathia to go to war, lie having put on the sod of Ægis, after I had done what no king had before; but if any one boast of doing aught greater than myself, this too (comes) of my blood.

# DXLVI. WESTMINSTER, 1 BOOK, 39 EP.

#### DXLVII. DIONYSIUS.

Hades obtained Satyra, near the time of parturition; but the dust of Sidon conceals her; and her country, Tyre, laments for her.

## DXLVIII. DIONYSIUS OF CYZICUS.

A gentle old age, and not a wasting disease, extinguished thee; and thou, Eratosthenes, hast slept the sleep, due as a debt, after having carried thy thoughts to the extreme point; and yet Cyrené, thy nurse, has not received thee within the tomb of thy fathers, thou son of Aglaus: but thou art, as a friend, hidden in a strange land, by this border of the shore of Proteus.

<sup>1—1</sup> The Greek is ήματα καὶ σκηνὰς ἔμβαλε πειθομένας: where Jacobs has suggested βήματα, Hermann, ἐμβάδι, and Scaliger, πενθομένας—from which it is easy to elicit βήματα καὶ σκηνᾶς ἐμβάδα πενθομελοῦς—where πενθομελοῦς would be the proper epithet for the dramatist remarkable for pathos. With respect to βήματα and ἐμβάδα Jacobs refers to Jul. Pollux, iv. 115, κόθορνοι τὰ τραγικὰ (ὑποδήματα) καὶ ἐμβάδες: and 123, ἡ δὲ ὀρχήστρα τοῦ χοροῦ—είτε βῆμά τι—είτε βωμός.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Ægis, says Jacobs, in Macedonia, was the burial-place of the kings of that country.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>3</sup> Instead of ακρα one would prefer αστρα, in allusion to the work of Eratosthenes, called Καταστερισμοί.

Eratosthenes was buried at Pharos near Alexandria in Egypt, where Proteus once reigned.

#### DXLIX. XENOCRITUS OF RHODES.

Still do thy ringlets, Lysidicé, ill-fated girl, drop with salt water, when thou didst perish, like a shipwrecked person in the sea. For as the water rose didst thou, fearing the violence of the sea, fall out over the hollow vessel. And the tomb tells thy name and land of Cumé; but thy bones are washed on the cold shore, an ill, bitter to thy father Aristomachus; who, while conveying thee to a marriage, <sup>1</sup> led thee neither as a damsel nor a corpse.<sup>1</sup>

Cold on the wild wave floats thy virgin form;
Drench'd are thy auburn tresses by the storm;
Poor lost Eliza! In the raging sea
Gone is my every joy and hope in thee.
These sad recording stones thy fate deplore;
Thy bones are wafted to some distant shore.
What bitter sorrows did thy father prove,
Who brought thee destined for a bridegroom's love!
Sorrowing he came, nor to the youth forlorn
Consign'd a maid to love, nor corpse to mourn. BL.

#### DL. HERACLEITUS.

The dust is lately dug, and on the faces of the pillar shake the half-blooming garlands of leaves. Let us, traveller, examine the writing, and see whose white bones the stone says it shrouds. 3 "Stranger, I am Aretemias; my country, Cnidus. I came to the bed of Euphron. I was not without a share of the pains of parturition. On bringing forth two children at the same time, one I left as a guide for its father's feet, and one I carried away in remembrance of my husband." 3

<sup>1—1</sup> Although one might perhaps extract something like sense out of οὖτε κόρην ἡγαγεν οὖτε νέκυν, yet one would have expected rather οὖτι, κόρην ἢν ἀγαγ', εἶδε νέκυν—" he did not see as a corpse, whom he brought as a girl."

a girl."

The reading, λευκά, found in the margin of Cod. Vat., is far preferable

<sup>3</sup>\_3 Only the words between the numerals are in the Eton Extracts, Ep. 130.

The ground is lately dug; the leaves still green Of garlands on the pillar's face are seen. The writing, traveller, let us trace, and know Whose whiten'd bones the stone says rest below.

G. B

In Cnidus born, the consort I became
Of Euphron, Aretemia's my name.
His bed I shared, nor proved a barren bride,
But bore two children at a birth and died.
One child I leave to solace and uphold
Euphron hereafter, when infirm and old;
And one, for his remembrance' sake, I bear
To Pluto's realm, until he joins me there.
W. 6

#### DLI. THE SAME.

Keep off, keep off your hands, land-labourer, nor cut round the dust that is near the tomb. The very sod has been wept for, and from what has been so wept for no bearded corn will spring up again.

Stay, ploughman, stay thy hand;
In severing the dust that moulders there,
Thou ploughest through a grave.
Tears have bedew'd that land;
And o'er the sorrow-moistened glebe may ne'er
The joyous harvest wave.

H. W.

#### DLII. STATYLLIUS.

When Pyrrhus performed the sorrowful marriage rites of Polyxena, in honour of his father, over the tomb, puffed up with pride, thus did Hecuba from Cissè lament, after tearing the locks of her much-weeping head, the murder of her children—"Formerly didst thou, Eacides, drag Hector, when dead, by traces attached to the chariot-wheels; and now thou receivest the blood of Polyxena. Why hast thou brought such pain upon my womb? For not, even though dead, art thou mildly disposed towards my children."

#### DLIII. MARCUS ARGENTARIUS.

For a locust and a tettix has Myro placed this monuent, after throwing upon both a little dust with her nds, (and) weeping affectionately at the funeral pyre; Hades had carried off the male songster, and Proserne the other.

#### DLIV. ÆMILIANUS.

Draw, thou hapless one, the breast from thy mother, nich thou wilt suck no more; draw the last stream om her just dying; for already I am parting with my eath from sword (wounds); yet even in death I have arnt to cherish what is dear to a mother.

Suck, little wretch, while yet thy mother lives; Suck the last drop her fainting bosom gives. She dies; her tenderness survives her breath, And her fond love is provident in death.

TYTTLER, IN BL. WEBB, IN H. W.

From mother's bosom thou wilt suck no more;
Draw the last drop, poor babe, of milky store.
Her life the sword has ta'en; yet learnt her heart,
To those she loves, to act the mother's part.
G. B.

#### DLV. ONESTES.

<sup>1</sup> A staff, and a scrip, and a twice-folded garment are the very light load of Diogenes the wise. <sup>1</sup> All these in I carrying to the ferry-man, for I have left nothing to be ground; and may you, dog Cerberus, fawn at me the dog. <sup>2</sup>

Staff, scrip, and double cloak I bring with me,
The sage Diogenes, life's lightest load;
Nothing I 've left on earth, my late abode;
Dog Cerberus, wag thy tail, a dog to see.
M. A. S.

<sup>1—1</sup> This first distich is in the Eton Extracts, Ep. 156.
2—2 This second distich is in Westminster, 1 Book, 51 Ep.

## DLVI. SERAPION OF ALEXANDRIA.

This is the bone of a hard-working man. Surely thou wert either a sea-faring trafficker, or a fisherman in a blind wave. Say to mortals, that, while we are urging onwards to other hopes, on such a hope as this are we broken up.

The bones perchance of toil-worn mortal these; Merchant's or fisher's on the dark rough seas. Oh! tell to mortals, when their hopes run fast To other hopes, to this they come at last. HAY.

The man of many deeds, who own'd this skull,
Traffick'd, or cast his nets beneath the wave;
Now let it tell to mortals that, though full
Of other hopes, they lead but to the grave. M. A. S.

## DLVII. ERYCIUS OF CYZICUS.

When thy mother received thee, Demetrius, after running away from battle, and losing all the soldier's trappings, she did herself on the instant plunge a bloodstained spear into thy broad flanks and say—"Die; nor let Sparta suffer blame; for she has not erred, even if my milk has brought up cowards."

#### DLVIII. THE SAME.

I was a woman of Athens; for that was my city. But from Athens a destructive war of Italians did aforetime take me away, as plunder, and made me a denizen of Rome; but now the island-like 3 Cyzicus invests the bones of me dead. Farewell, thou land that brought me up, and thou that subsequently obtained me, and thou that at last received me in thy bosom.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> By δστεῦν Jacobs understands the skull.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Jacobs compares  $r\nu\phi\lambda\tilde{\phi}$ , here applied to a wave, with "cæcus," similarly used by Virgil, and "surdus," by Horace.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>3</sup> Cyzicus was originally an island, but being afterwards united to the mainland it became a peninsula, as we learn from Schol. on Apollon. Rh. i. 936, quoted by Jacobs.

#### DLIX. THE SAME.

Ever may the ivy of the stage leap 1 as to its tender feet upon thy smooth monument, O divine Sophocles; ever may thy tomb be bedewed around by bees, 2 the offspring of an ox,2 and wetted with the honey of Hymettus, so that the wax on the Attic tablet may flow perpetually,3 and thou mayest have thy locks under garlands.

## DLX. THE SAME.

No longer, Therimachus, shalt thou adapt to the reeds the shepherd's song under this well-growing plane-tree; nor will the horned kine receive a pleasant melody from thy reeds, while thou art reclining under a shady oak; for the burning thunderbolt has destroyed thee; and thy kine came late to the stall, urged on by a snow-storm.

Oh! never more beside this lofty plane,
Therimachus, thou'lt pipe thy pastoral strain;
The herd no more will drink thy soft, sweet song,
Stretch'd in the oak-tree's shadow all along.
Thou wert by lightning stricken. Midst a fall
Of snow thy herd benighted gain'd the stall. J. W. B.

No more, Therimachus, thy pipe will pour The pastoral strain beneath the plane-tree's shade;

2—2 In τοι βούπαισι evidently lies hid ταῖς βοῦ παισί— For bees were

said to come from the carcass of an ox, as we learn from Virgil.

If the wax flowed perpetually on the tablet, the letters on it would become illegible. The sense seems to require—"so that the wax, being firm on the Attic tablet, may please the intellect—" in Greek,  $\Omega_{\rm G}$  äv row στερεδος γανύση νόον Ατθίδι δέλτφ Κηρός— to which άγανὸς in Cod. Vat., and άνναος in Sudas, seem to lead.

 As the herd, when urged on by a snow-storm, would arrive at the stall rather early than late, one would prefer τρυχόμενοι to σπερχόμενοι.

<sup>1</sup> How the ivy could be said to leap, instead of creeping, it is difficult to understand. The Greek at present is Λίεὶ τοι λιπαρῷ ἐπὶ σήματι—Σκηνίτης μαλακούς κισσὸς ἄλοιτο πόδας— It was perhaps originally Λίεὶ σοῦ λαμπροῖ ἐπὶ σήματι—Σκηνίτου μαλακούς κισσὸς ἴδοιτο κλάδους—" Ever may the ivy see its tender branches upon the monument of thee, a splendid scenic writer."

Thy reed's sweet melody the kine no more Will hear from thee, beneath the oak-tree laid. The lightning's flash destroy'd thee. Late and slow Thy kine came home, while heavy fell the snow.

M. A. S.

#### DLXI. ERYCIUS OF THESSALY.

This is not the hapless tomb of Satyrus; nor under a funeral pyre here was Satyrus, as the report goes, put to rest. But you have heard perchance of that sea, disagreeable if any one is,1 which swells into waves2 near the goat-feeding Mycalé. In that water, full of eddies and cheerless, do I still lie, finding fault with the maddened Boreas (North wind).

# DLXII, WESTMINSTER, 2 BOOK, 41 EP.

## DLXIII. NICARCHUS.

Orpheus by his harp obtained the greatest honour from mortals; Nestor, by the wisdom of his sweetly talking tongue; the divine Homer of much knowledge, by the composition of his verses; but Telephanes, by his hautboys, of whom this is the tomb.

His lyre for Orpheus earn'd the highest fame; Persuasive wisdom gilds old Nestor's name; The epic art sees Homer first appear; The flute Telephanes; whose tomb is here. M. A. S.

# DLXIV. WESTMINSTER, 4 BOOK, 4 EP.

Traveller! regret not me; for thou shalt find Just cause of sorrow none in my decease; Who, dying, children's children left behind, And with one wife lived many years in peace:

<sup>2</sup> This seems to be the proper meaning here of κλυζόμενον, which else-

where is translated "washed."

<sup>1</sup> With the expression εἴ πού τινα—ἀκούετε, Jacobs compares the Homeric νησός τις-εί που ἀκούεις. But ἐκεῖνον, which is incompatible with τις, is not there added, as it is here; and hence, in lieu of εξ πού τινα, we must read, as translated, εἴ πού τις—a formula touched upon by Matthiæ, Gr. Gr. § 608.

Three virtuous youths espoused my daughters three;
And oft their infants in my bosom lay;
Nor saw I one, of all derived from me,
Touch'd by disease, or torn by death away.
Their duteous hands my funeral rites bestow'd,
And me, by blameless manners fitted well
To seek it, sent to the serene abode,
Where shades of pious men for ever dwell. W. C

Blame not my tomb, while passing by; my life
Has never suffer'd what demands a tear:
I've left my children's children; seen my wife
Grow old with me; three sons had consorts dear;
Whose babes I've lull'd to sleep upon my breast;
None have I mourn'd for in disease or death;
They wept, when painless I resign'd my breath,
And a sweet sleep convey'd me to the blest. M. A. S.

# DLXV. WESTMINSTER, 3 BOOK, 4 EP. DLXVI. ISIDORUS OF ÆGEA.

The raised ground is a tomb. Stop, you fellow, your two oxen, and draw out the coulter of the plough; for you are disturbing ashes; and upon dust of this kind pour out not the seed of wheat, but tears.

## DLXVII. THE SAME.

From my portion in the land did the hope, arising from the sea, draw me, Eteocles, a trafficker in foreign parts. And I trod the back of the Tyrrhene sea; but together with the ship I sunk headforemost in its waters, through the gale becoming heavy and violent. The wind does not blow the same upon threshing-floors and sails.

DLXVIII. ETON EXTRACTS, 135 EP.

DLXIX. WESTMINSTER, 1 BOOK, 44 EP.
DLXX. —— 77 —

¹ This is perhaps the best rendering of ἄθροον, which means literally, "collected together," unless it be said that "Δθροον ἐμβρίσαντος is a corruption for ᾿Αφρίοεν βρίσαντος—

## DLXXI. JULIAN, PREFECT OF EGYPT.

She, who played sweetly and with spirit, she, who alone caused the sound of a female voice to burst from her chest, lies here silent. Such strength have the knittings of Fate as to shut up the shrill-sounding lips of Calliopé.

## DLXXII. THE SAME.

To thee, Rhodo, does thy husband, Glycerus, raise up a tomb with handsome stones, in return for thy good conduct, and he distributes gifts to the poor, as the release of life; since thou hast by dying with a rapid death given him freedom.

## DLXXIII. THE SAME.

LOVELY by name, and more so in mind than face, is dead. Alas! the spring-time of the Graces has perished. For she was altogether like to the Paphian goddess, but only towards her husband; towards others she was a Pallas the most rigid. What stone did not lament when Hades, with extensive sway, snatched her from the arms of her husband.

More for her gracious spirit than her face,
This graceful maid deserved her name of "Grace,"
Yet died she in the spring-time of her charms.
Venus to him, who owned her for his bride,
Minerva's self to all the world beside;

What rugged stone Refused a groan, 'hen Hades spatch'd hen

When Hades snatch'd her from her husband's arms.

J. W. B.

¹ By μούνη Jacobs understands—" pre-eminently." Perhaps the author wrote Μοῦσ' οὐ θηλυτέρη—" no female muse"—i. e. a masculine one.

3 As γλυκερὸς is not elsewhere the epithet for a husband, but rather for a wife or child, it would seem to be here a proper name; just as

Γλυκέριον is the name of a woman.

3—3 Jacobs explains ἡύσια ψυχῆς by "ut animam tuam ex flammis et cruciatibus solveret"—as if forsooth Julian the prefect of Egypt fancied the husband of Rhodo to be a Roman Catholic, and to give money to the poor to pray for the repose of his wife's soul.

## DLXXIV. THE SAME.

#### OF PAMPHILUS THE PHILOSOPHER.

Thee did the earth produce; the sea destroy; and the seat of Hades received thee; and from thence thou didst ascend to heaven. Not merely as one shipwrecked didst thou die in the deep; but that thou mightest in the allotted portions of all immortals obtain an honour, Pamphilus.

# DLXXV. THE SAME.

A marriage-chamber in the fit season of life received thee, Anastasia; and received thee too a tomb in the unfit season. For thee a father and for thee a husband shed bitter tears; and perchance too shed a tear the ferryman of the dead. For thou didst not complete a whole year near thy husband; but the tomb, alas! holds thee only sixteen years old.

Thine, Anastasia, of each grace the bloom,
Were timely spousal and untimely tomb.
Tears, bitter tears, thy sire, thy husband shed;
In tears shall melt the boatman of the dead.
Scarce one short year to marriage joys allow'd,
Thy sixteenth summer wraps thee in a shroud.

FR. WRANGHAM.

#### DLXXVI. THE SAME.

Alas! alas! the sweet spring of unnumbered graces about thee has the storm of the infernal powers, who feed on raw flesh, wasted away. And thee has the tomb snatched away from the splendour of the sun, while thou wert passing a sad fifth year in addition to the eleventh; and with wretched sorrows has it rendered blind thy husband and father, to whom, Anastasia, thou didst shine more (grateful) than the sun.

DLXXVII. WESTMINSTER, 2 BOOK, 42 EP.

## DLXXVIII. THE SAME.

Often have I sung out this, and I will bawl it from

the tomb-"Drink, before you deck yourselves in this dust."

This lesson oft in life I sung,
And from my grave I still shall cry—
Drink, mortal, drink, while time is young,
Ere death has made thee cold as I. T. MOORE
Oft have I sung—now from the tomb I cry—

# DLXXIX. THE SAME.

Drink, ere enveloped in this dust you lie.

A. After drinking much, Anacreon, thou art dead.

B. But I enjoyed my revels: and thou too, though not drinking, wilt come to Hades.

## DLXXX. THE SAME.

Although thou rulest, Proserpine, under the earth over the dead, that smile not, receive kindly the laughing soul of Democritus; since laughter alone caused thy mother to bend, when grieving for thy loss.

If o'er the smileless dead beneath the earth
Thou rulest, Proserpine, the soul receive
Of Democritus, the joyous; nought but mirth
Could, when thy mother lost thee, woe relieve.

M. A. S.

DLXXXI. WESTMINSTER, 1 BOOK, 53 EP.

#### DLXXXII. JOHN THE POET.

Looking to my husband at the last thread of Fate, I praised the infernal (gods)<sup>2</sup> and those who preside over unions; the former, because they had left my husband alive; the latter, because (they had given me)<sup>3</sup> such a one. <sup>4</sup> Thou hast found for thyself, Nosto, this worthy tribute in return for thy modest conduct; thy husband has shed tears for thee deceased.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1—1</sup> The story alluded to is told in the Pseud-Homeric hymn to Ceres.
2 As the word θεοὺς could hardly be omitted, it is probable the author wrote it in the place of καί—

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>3</sup> The words within the lunes are inserted to fill out the sense.
<sup>4</sup>—<sup>4</sup> The distich in the original is placed by Planudes as a separate Epigram.

#### DLXXXIII. AGATHIAS.

This is the monument of Candaules. Justice, looking upon my misfortune, has said that the wife committed no crime. For she wished not to be seen by two men; but to have her former husband or the person, who knew.1 For it was necessary 2 that Candaules should suffer some ill. For (otherwise) he would not have dared to expose his own wife to the eyes of others.

# DLXXXIV. THE SAME.

By the \*last course on earth \* (I swear), that neither my wife hated me, nor did I, Theodotus, myself become willingly a foe to Eugenia. But some Envy or Ate led us to so great an error. But now that we have come to the pure judgment-seat 4 of Minos, we have both obtained a white vote.

# DLXXXV. WESTMINSTER, 2 BOOK, 28 EP.

Mark, where the flower of love and song is laid, Skill'd too in law's ennobling lore, the maid Eugenia's tomb; on which, their ringlets shorn, The Muses, Venus, Themis, spread and mourn. HAY.

# DLXXXVI. WESTMINSTER, 4 BOOK, 7 EP. 6

#### DLXXXVII. THE SAME.

# A. Why weepest thou, stranger? B. On account of

"—' The Greek is η τον πριν έχειν η τον επιστάμενον—where Jacobs would read έλειν, "to destroy," and Opsopæus έφιστάμενον. But the antithesis in τον πρίν seems to lead to ἐπεσσόμενον—"one about to be so—"

Opsopæus suggests χρῆν γὰρ in lieu of ἢν ἄρα. For Herodotus has in i. 11, χρῆν γὰρ Κανδαύλη γενέσθαι κακῶς.
 Βy πυματὸν δρόμον Jacobs understands "the last course of life,"

which leads to the grave, as a goal. But the oath ought to be rather by something, that could testify to its truth. Hence the author probably wrote πινυτον θρόνον, "the intelligent throne—" of Minos, called just afterwards Μινώην-κρηπίδα.

 The Greek is κρηπίδα, literally, "the base of any thing."
 This "white" vote is best explained by the distich in Ovid Met. xv. 41, "Mos erat antiquus niveis atrisque lapillis, His damnare reos, illis absolvere culpa."

In this Epigram Jacobs identifies 'Ομοφροσύνη with 'Ομόνοια, to whom, he says, an altar was placed by the Eleans, as we learn from Pausanias v. 14,

thy death. A. Knowest thou who I am? B. Not by (heaven); but I look always with pity at a person's end. But who art thou? A. Pericleia. B. The wife of any one? A. Of the best of men, and a rhetorician from Asia, by name Memnonius. B. How is it that the dust near the Bosporus retains thee? A. Inquire of Fate, who gave me a stranger's tomb far from my country. B. Hast thou left a child? A. One of three years old; who in sad spirits at home is waiting for a drop from my breast. B. Would that he may live happily. A. Yes, yes, pray for him, that when he grows up he may drop a tear for me.

## DLXXXVIII. PAUL THE SILENTIARY.

Although thou art hid, Leontius, <sup>2</sup> as to thy limbs, under a strange land, <sup>2</sup> and though thou hast died at a distance from much-lamented parents, yet many tears have been shed over thy tomb from the eyes of men, (with hearts) eaten by sorrow, hard to be borne. For thou wert greatly beloved by all, as being <sup>3</sup> altogether familiar with youths, and familiar too with old persons. Alas! Alas! Fate has been harsh and not to be softened, nor has it, thou hapless one, spared thy youth.

Far from his native land Leontius lies;
Far from his parents' sight he closed his eyes;
Yet tears for him, unnumber'd tears were shed,
And many a breaking heart bewail'd him dead.
For all in him beheld a loved one's end;
A son, the aged; and the young, a friend.
Alas! dear youth, how stern the doom must be,
How cold and stern, which spared not even thee. J. W. B.

¹ On οὐ μὰ τὸν without θεὸν see Koën on Gregorius de Dialect. p. 65. ²—² The Greek is ἐπὶ ξείνης σε—γαῖα καλύπτει. But as γαῖα could be thus repeated after γαίης, understood as the noun for ξείνης, the author probably wrote, as translated—ἐπὶ ξείνης σὰ—γυῖα καλύπτει—where καλύπτει is the 2nd pers. passive, not the 3rd pers. active.

3—3 Such is the translation of what the author probably wrote—πάντως Ξυνός ἐῶν κούροις, ξυνός ἐῶν γερασῖς—ποτ πάντων Ξυνός ἐῶν κοῦρος—ἔταρος: where πάντων has nothing to govern it; nor is there the antithesis, which J. W. B. has properly introduced in his version—"A son, the aged; and the young, a friend."

## DLXXXIX. THE SAME.

Thy bed upon a tomb, instead of a bridal chamber, have thy parents, O virgin daughter, strewed with sorrowing hands; and thou hast escaped the errors of life and the labours of Eleutho; while they have felt the bitter cloud of griefs. For Fate hides thee, Macedonia, of twelve years old, in beauty youngly decked, but with the manners of staid old age.

Sweet maid, thy parents fondly thought
To strew thy bride bed, not thy bier;
But thou hast left a being, fraught
With wiles, and toils, and anxious fear.
For us remains a journey drear;
For thee a blest eternal prime,
Uniting in thy short career
Youth's blossom with the fruit of time.
BL.

#### DXC. UNCERTAIN.

Hector and the shield-bearing Ajax gave to each other a bitter present, as the remembrance of friendship after a fight. For Hector, on receiving a belt, gave in return a sword; and they tried the value of the gifts in their death. The sword destroyed Ajax, when he was mad; and on the other hand, the belt dragged along the son of Priam, 2 drawn along chariot-like. Thus from foes were sent gifts, producing each other's destruction, and having under the pretext of a favour a deadly fate.

#### DXCI. UNCERTAIN.

O Lacedæmon, thou, who wast formerly unsubdued and untrodden upon, beholdest the smoke of Olenus, as

¹ This is rather an unusual word in the sense of Eilithuia, the goddess who presided over child-birth.

2—3 So Jacobs understands δίφρια συρόμενον—But how δίφρια is to be governed he has forgotten to state; although he does say that δίφρια is a word scarcely to be found elsewhere. Perhaps the author wrote δίφρ' δυ Ισυρε νέκυν—" whom the chariot drew when dead."

's To Olenus, a city of Arcadia, was assigned Lacedæmon, after it had been conquered by the members of the Achæan league, as recorded by Po-

lybius, vii. 8, quoted by Jacobs.

thou art without the shade (of trees); and the birds that made their dwellings through the land, utter a cry of sorrow; and wolves hear not sheep.

O Lacedsmon, unsubdued and unapproach'd of old, Now smoking on Eurotas' bank th' Achsean fires behold. All shelterless the birds in sorrow build upon the ground, And list'ning wolves no sound detect of bleating flocks around. H. W.

DXCII. ETON EXTRACTS, 113 EP.

DXCIII. WESTMINSTER, 2 BOOK, 50 EP.

#### DXCIV. UNCERTAIN.

I am here, the cloak-bearing Sibyl of Phœbus, but rotting under this stone monument. (I was) formerly a virgin with a voice; but (am) now voiceless, having obtained this gagging from a strong Fate. But I am lying close to the Nymphs and under this Hermes,<sup>2</sup> possessing a share in the shrine of Hecatus.<sup>3</sup>

## DXCV. UNCERTAIN.

The red-haired Bistonides alamented ten thousandfold the dead Orpheus, the son of Calliope and Œagrus; and they made bloody their punctured arms, and with dark ashes sprinkled all round their Thracian ringlets; and the Pierian Muses themselves burst into tears together with Lyceus, while venting his grief through the beautiful harp, and mourning for the minstrel; and there moaned in addition the rocks and oaks, whom he had formerly soothed with his beloved lyre.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> So Jacobs explains ἄσκιος; for the trees were cut down; and hence the birds were unable to build, as usual, their nests in the country; from which as the sheep were carried off, the wolves were deprived of their former prey.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> According to Pausanias, who has, in x. 12, preserved this Epigram, there was a Hermes placed near the tomb of the Sibyl Herophilé, and close to it a fountain, ornamented with statues of the Nymphs.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>3</sup> This was one of the names of Apollo.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>4</sup> The women of Thrace were called by this name. <sup>5</sup> On this title of Apollo, see Blomfield on S. Theb. 138.

#### DXCVI. UNCERTAIN.

Thee, who hadst lately brought forth the spring of hoy-made hymns, and who wert speaking with the mouth a swan, has Fate, who is the mistress of the distaff, on nich thread is spun, driven to Acheron, through the oad wave of the dead. But the beautiful labour, Erin, of thy epic verses proclaims that thou art not dead, but st thy dances mixed up with the Pierian (Muses).

Thou, who hast lately birth to music given,
Of bee-engender'd hymns, and swan-voiced lays,
Art now o'er Acheron's dark waters driven
By Fate, the spindle of man's life that sways.
Yet still, Erinna, will the Muse proclaim
Thy labours deathless in the choirs of Fame.

Thee, who of hymns, from honey made, the spring Did to the light from throes of Fancy bring,
And with the mouth of swan thy death bewail'd,
Ere o'er the wave of Acheron thou sail'd—
Did Fate, who distaff rules and thread of life,
Destroy, <sup>2</sup> and stop thy distaff with her knife.<sup>2</sup>
Yet dead, Erinna, thou art not. Thy song
Tells thou hast join'd the Muses' choral throng. G. B.

#### DXCVII. UNCERTAIN.

O stranger, on passing over this tomb of Anacreon, ake, while passing by, a libation. For I am a wine-inker.

DXCVIII. WESTMINSTER, 3 BOOK, 53 EP.

DXCIX. — 1 — 61 —

Anacreon's tomb while passing, stranger, stop; And on wine-tippler pour from grapes a drop.

On the swan singing before its death, notice has been taken already.

These words, wanting in the original, have been introduced to ow that the author, in alluding to the distaff of the Fates, had in mind a poem of Erinna, so called, as remarked in p. 87.

To avoid the repetition in ἀμείβων and παριών, perhaps the author ote not Σπεῖσόν μοι παριών εἰμὶ γὰρ οἰνοπότης—(where εἰμὶ could rdly be said of a person in the grave)—but Σπεῖσόν μοι βοτρύων νᾶμα κν οἰνοπότη—and the Epigram might be thus expressed in verse:

#### DC. UNCERTAIN.

Much time wears away even a rock, nor does it spare iron, but with one scythe it destroys all things; as this tomb of Laertes, which is a little distance from the shore, melts away with cold showers. But the name of the hero is ever young; for time has not the power, even if it wishes, to blunt the power of song.

Time, who not iron spares, and feeds on stone, With his one scythe cuts every substance known; And thus Laertes' tomb, which near the shore Is placed, the cold and dripping rains devour. But ever young the hero's name remains; Time has no power to blunt the poet's strains.

M. A. S.

DCI. WESTMINSTER, 2 BOOK, 56 EP.1

DCII. — — 54 —

#### DCIII. UNOWNED.

These in behalf of their country placed their arms for contest, and scattered the insolence of their antagonists: and after fighting with Valour and without fear, they did not save their lives, but made a common death the prize (of their contest) in behalf of the Greeks, in order that they might not place the yoke of slavery on their necks, and carry about them a hated insult. Their father-land holds the bodies of those, who laboured for the

<sup>1</sup> As the third distich of this Epigram is omitted in the Westm. Collection, it is given here both in prose and verse.

But if you see only a little dust upon me, it is no disgrace to me; we have been raised up by the hands of Greeks.

Mock not, if scant the dust that o'er me lies; The foeman's hand perform'd our obsequies. G. S.

<sup>2</sup>—<sup>3</sup> The Greek is at present ἀρετῆς καὶ δείματος, without the semblance of syntax. It was perhaps formerly ἀρεταῖς καὶ ἀδείματοι— On the various other attempts made to correct these hapless words, the reader is referred to Schæfer's notes on Demosthenes, T. v. p. 771—773.

st; since a decision from Jupiter has come to morls—" It is for the gods not to err, and to arrange every ing correctly; to man Fate has given to escape from thing."

These were the brave, unknowing how to yield; Who, terrible in valour, kept the field Against the foe; and, higher than life's breath Prizing their honour, met the doom of death, Our common doom; that Greece might unyoked stand, Nor shuddering crouch beneath a tyrant's hand. Such was the will of Jove; and now they rest, Peaceful enfolded in their country's breast. The immortal gods alone are ever great; And erring mortals must submit to Fate. T. CAMPBELL.

These for their country rush'd in danger's hour To arms, and scatter'd all of foes the power; Fought gloriously and fearless; scorn'd to save Their lives, and chose for prize a common grave; That slavery's yoke might ne'er the necks, bestride Of Greeks, nor freemen crouch to victor's pride. They, who for father-land best labour'd, rest, So Jove decreed, beneath their country's breast. The gods in nothing err; succeed in all; Fate grants no man in life to flee a fall. G. B.

#### DCIV. UNOWNED.

Hellas, formerly the high-boasting, and of strength aconquered, became the slave of the godlike beauty of is Lais, whom Love begat, and Corinth brought up; id she lies in the celebrated plains of Thessaly.

In ήδε lies hid ήλθε— The phrase ήλθε κρίσις is found in Apocalyps. iii 10.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> In lieu of  $\pi\lambda\epsilon\bar{\imath}\sigma\tau\alpha$ , "the most," the sense evidently requires  $\lambda\tilde{\varphi}\sigma\tau\alpha$ , the best," as translated.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>3</sup>—<sup>3</sup> The Greek is μοῖραν δ' οὖτι φυγεῖν ἔπορον, where Graefe would ud μερόπων, with the approbation of Welcker on Theognis, v. 443. It μοῖραν—μερόπων would be scarcely correct Greek. The text, corsponding to the translation, would be, μοῖρ' ἀνδρ' οὖ τι φυγεῖν ἔπορεν. impare Bacchylid. Fr. Θεὸς μερίδ' ἀνδρὶ καλῶν ἔπορεν—

## DCV. WESTMINSTER, 2 BOOK, 45 EP.

#### DCVI. UNOWNED.

The tomb, which thou lookest upon, did Maximus, when living, place himself for himself, that he might dwell in it, after ceasing to life; and for his wife Calépodié likewise did he put this monument, that he might have an object of love even amongst the dead.

## DCVII. UNCERTAIN.

After eating little, and drinking little, and being much diseased, I died at last, though late. So perish all ye with me.

My lot was meagre fare, disease, and shame; At length I died. You all must do the same. BL.

DCVIII. WESTMINSTER, 1 BOOK, 80 EP.

DCIX. ETON EXTRACTS, 126 EP.

DOX. WESTMINSTER, 2 BOOK, 44 EP.1

Sabinus, let this humble tablet show

The lofty friendship which I bore to thee.

Whom my soul yearns for. If the powers below

Permit, shun Lethe's stream and think of me. HAY.

#### DCXI. UNOWNED.

Shouldest thou, stranger, ever arrive at Phthia, fruitful in vines, and the ancient city of Thaumacia, say that while going perchance through the desert thickets of Malea thou didst see this tomb over Derxias, the son of Lampon; whom, when by himself, did robbers murder by a trick, and not openly, as he was hastening to the divine Sparta.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Jacobs refers to Hom. IA. X. 389, and Bosch to Antholog. Lat. T. ii. p. 139, "Tu cave Letheso continguas ora liquore; Et cito venturi sis memor, oro, viri."

Lampon himself, says Jacobs, seems to have placed the tomb over his son. But this can hardly be collected from the words of the Epigram.

#### DCXII. UNOWNED.

Ye Naiads <sup>1</sup> and cold stalls for kine, <sup>1</sup> say to the bees, who are going on their vernal journey, that the old Leucippus perished while laying snares on a winter's night for feet-lifting hares; for he no longer loved to attend upon hives; and the lawns, where herds feed, regret their neighbour of Ascré.2

## DCXIII. ETON EXTRACTS, 118 EP.

Take to thy bosom, gentle Earth, a swain With much hard labour in thy service worn, He set the vines, that clothe you ample plain, And he the olives, that the vale adorn. He fill'd with grain the glebe; the rills he led Through this green herbage, and those fruitful bowers. Thou, therefore, Earth, lie lightly on his head, His hoary head, and deck his grave with flowers.

W. COWPER.

Take old Amytor to thy breast, dear soil, In kind remembrance of his former toil: Who first enrich'd and ornamented thee, With many a lowly shrub and branching tree; And lured the stream to fall in artful showers Upon thy thirsty herbs and fainting flowers. First in the spring he knew the rose to rear, First in the autumn cull'd the ripen'd pear; His vines were envied all the village round, And fav'ring heaven shed plenty on his ground. Therefore, kind Earth, reward him in thy breast With a green covering and an easy rest. H. AND B.

<sup>2</sup> The Greek is arong, which Brunck takes as the name of one of the ten places mentioned by Steph. Byz. Perhaps the poet wrote "Ασκρης,

the place where Hesiod was brought up.

<sup>1-1</sup> By ψυχρά βοαύλια, Reiske understands "neglected stalls for kine-" But why such places should be addressed on the death of an owner of bees it is difficult to conceive. Hence Jacobs explains these words by " cool places frequented by kine," during the heat of summer. But bees would be found rather in warm spots than in cool. There is probably some error here.

Dear Earth, take old Amyntas to thy breast,
And for his toils not thankless give him rest.
On thee 'twas his the olive-stem to rear;
His with the mantling vine to grace the year;
Through him thy furrows teem'd with plenty; he
Fill'd with rich streams each herb and fruit for thee.
For this lie lightly on his hoary head,
And with thy choicest spring-flowers deck his bed.
FR. WRANGHAL

Dear Earth, take old Amyntichus to thy breast,
In kind remembrance of his former toil;
Who on thee caused the olive trunk to rest,
And with vines graced thy steep hills' barren soil;
Who fill'd with corn and useful plants thy land,
And brought canals to irrigate thy plain.
Rest on him light; and let thy fostering hand
Spring-flowers raise o'er him, wash'd with dewy rain.
X. Y. Z.

The old Amyntichus on thy bosom place,
Kind Earth, rememb'ring all his toils for thee;
Who did thy plains with the rich olive grace,
And teach the vines thy slopes to beautify;
Who to thy corn-fields, gardens, orchards blest,
Lured the cool, purling rills their dews to bring;
For which, kind Earth, oh! take him to thy breast,
And flower-adorn him with the gems of spring.

HAY.

## DCXIV. UNOWNED.

I too myself, 'the thrice hapless Aganax, have coached along this miserable life, which is no life. I did not, however, drive for a long time; but treading down with my heel a maddening state of existence, I arrived at Hades.

#### DCXV. UNOWNED.

Spring with many trees is an ornament to the earth; stars, to the sky; this land, to Greece; and these persons, to the city.

1—1 As it is difficult to perceive the force of καὶ αὐτὸς here, perhaps the poet wrote 'Ημάξευσ' οὐ κλαυτὸς—" not wept: " while the slang word "coached" answers literally to ἡμάξευσα.

## DCXVI. ETON EXTRACTS, 104 EP.

#### DCXVII. UNOWNED.

What stone did not weep, when thou, Casander, died? What stone is there, that will forget thy brilliancy (of beauty)? But an unpitying and envious deity has destroyed thee at the short period of twenty-six years old, and has made thy widow and thy aged parents to be in trouble, worn down by hated sorrow.

#### DCXVIII. UNCERTAIN.

Oh Hades! not to be moved by prayers or to be turned aside, why hast thou thus deprived of life the infant Callæschrus? The child will however be a plaything in the house of Proserpine; but he has left sad sufferings at home.

Relentless Hades! why of life bereave

The child Callæschrus? If a toy he be,
In her dark home, to thy Persephone,
Still with what sorrows must his parents grieve! HAY.

Oh! Death, untouch'd by ruth, unmoved by prayer! Ah! could'st thou not our young Callæschrus spare? The joy of all that pretty babe will be In realms below; but sad at heart are we. G. S.

## DCXIX. UNOWNED.

O Patrophila, thou, in the prime period for love and the pleasant doings of Venus, hast closed thy sweet (looking) eyes; and thy prattling endearments are extinguished, and thy playing accompanied with singing, and 'the drinking of cups first wetted by thee.' O Hades, hard to be moved, why hast thou snatched away my beloved mistress? Or has Venus maddened thy mind too?

<sup>1—1</sup> This alludes to the custom of females drinking first and then passing on the cup to their lovers.

#### DCXX. UNOWNED.

Why vainly moaning do ye remain near my tomb? Amongst the dead I have nothing worthy of lamentations. Cease your moaning, and leave off, husband, and ye, my children, farewell, and preserve the remembrance of Amazonia.

In unavailing sorrow why linger by my grave?

Number'd among departed souls, no cause of grief I have.

Then dry those tears, and weep no more, husband and children dear,

Farewell, and oh! remember Amazonia many a year. H. W.

Why vainly mourning stay ye at my tomb?

Amongst the dead there is no cause for gloom.

Husband and children mine, farewell. Have done

With tears. Remember Amazonia gone. G. B.

#### DCXXI. UNOWNED.

Staying for a little time your feet, behold here the tomb of a child, that has flown suddenly from his mother's bosom. He is gone, and amongst the dead has left to his father unceasing sorrow, after filling twice five revolutions (of the moon). Such was he after birth, as, they say, was Iacchus, and the bold Alcides, and the lovely Endymion.

## DCXXII. UNOWNED.

Here I stand a pillar of stone for thee, Pericles, son of Archias, in remembrance of (thy) hunting. All around thy monument are carved horses, light spears, dogs, stakes, and nets upon the stakes. Alas! all are of stone; and wild beasts run round. But thyself twenty years old hast the unwakened sleep.

To thee, O son of Archias, In token that the chace,

To avoid the repetition in λῆγε and παῦε, one would prefer πολλὰ united to χαιρετε.
 Jacobs acutely reads οἶός ποτε, φασὶν, for οἶός ποτ' ἔφυσεν—

Periclees, thy pastime was,
This tomb of stone we place.
And all around thy monument
We've carved thy hunting-gear,
The dogs, the steeds, each implement,
The pole, the net, the spear.
All, all of stone, alas! unscared
The deer run tripping by;
Whilst thou for twenty brief years spared,
Sleep'st here eternally.

H. W.

#### DCXXIII. UNOWNED.

Ariston had a crow-hitting instrument, fitted for hungry poverty, with which he shot, as with a sling, at geese on the wing; when, going along a crafty road, he was able to cheat them, while feeding with oblique eyes. But now he is in Hades. But his weapon is devoid of sound and a hand; and the prey flies over his tomb.

## DCXXIV. UNOWNED.

Me, by name Myrtas, who used, near the holy winepress of Bacchus, to draw without stint a flask of unmixed (wine), a little dust does not conceal. But over me is a delightful tomb, flagon-like, as the symbol of jollity.

DCXXVI. ETON EXTRACTS, 140 EP.

DCXXVI. WESTMINSTER, 4 BOOK, 9 EP.

DCXXVII. — 3 — 50 —

Harass'd by age and want, without a friend One helping hand, my need's support, to lend,

By κορωνοβόλον, literally "crow-hitting," Jacobs understands "a sling" that hits any birds.

Jacobs says olog is put for ológ τε—

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> As the word  $\chi^2 \nu a c$  is here strangely used for  $\chi \bar{\eta} \nu a c$ , Brunck suggested  $\kappa (\chi \lambda a c)$ . But the sling would rather be used against the larger birds, as shown by Pseudo-Babrias Fab. 26 and 33.

In the words λοξοῖς ὅμμασι, equally unintelligible whether applied to the man or the birds, there probably lies hid an error, not easy to be corrected.

Hither I crept with tottering step and slow,
And in the grave at length found peace from woe;
Buried ere dead; for me's reversed the doom
Assign'd to men, whose death precedes the tomb.
Fr. Wrangham.

## DCXXVIII. UNOWNED.

A lad still in the first period of youth, still wanting the down of a beard, has envious Fate deprived of life; and thou, a deity with an evil eye, hast cut off unholily hopes how great from him, who has left many works of a wise hand. But do thou, Earth, be kind, and lightly lie upon Aquilinus; and mayest thou produce sweet-scented flowers by his side, such as thou bearest amongst the Arabians, and such as are amongst the Indians; so that the exhalation, coming from his sweet-scented skin, may tell that a boy, loved by the gods, lies here, worthy of libations and frankincense, not of lamentations. Fate has carried off quickly a lad of twenty years old; and he is now in the region of the pious through his temperate conduct.

## DCXXIX. UNOWNED.

May many flowers grow on this newly-built tomb; not the dried-up bramble nor the noxious ægipyrus; but violets, and marjoram, and the narcissus growing in water; and around thee, Vibius, may all roses grow.

May many a flower, O Vibius, bedeck thy burial-place, Nor bramble rude, nor hurtful weed, the chosen spot deface; But may the soft narcissus bloom upon the new-raised mound, With marjoram, and violets, and roses all around. H. W.

#### DCXXX. UNOWNED.

Thou hast not, O ruler Pluto, snatched holily under the ground a girl of five years old, admired by all. For thou hast cut, as it were, from the root a sweet-scented rose in the season of a commencing spring, before it had

<sup>1</sup> This is said to be a kind of thyme.

Completed its proper time. But come, Alexandra and Philtatus, do not any longer with tears pour forth lamentations for the regretted girl. For she had, yes, she had, a charm in her countenance with a beautiful colour, so as to remain in the immortal dwellings of the sky. Trust then to the stories of old. For the Naiads, not Death, have snatched away a good girl, as a plaything.

Too soon, grim monarch, with unholy hand
You snatch'd this infant to your dreary land;
Like some fair rose-bud, pluck'd from mortal sight,
Ere all its beauties open'd into light.
Cease, wretched parents, cease your wailing wild,
Nor mourn for ever your departed child.
Her youthful graces, and her form so fair,
Deserved a dwelling in the realms of air.
As Hylas once—believe the soothing lay—
The Nymphs—not Death—have borne your child away.
R. Bl. Jr.

## DCXXXI. UNOWNED.

This is the tomb of Popilia. My husband Oceanus, skilled in all wisdom, made it. Therefore light is the dust over me, and in Acheron I will celebrate, husband, thy piety. And do thou amongst the living remember me; and often on the tomb shed from thy eyelids tears for me deceased; and say, my husband, that Popilia is sleeping; for it is not just for the good to die, but merely to have a pleasant sleep.

#### DCXXXII. UNOWNED.

I, who was more musical than the Sirens—I, who was more golden than Venus herself, while seated near Bacchus and at banquets—I, who was the twittering and glossy swallow, lie here, by name Homonæa, after bequeathing tears to Atimetus, to whom I was dear from the time I was a little child. But friendship of such standing has a deity, not previously seen, dispersed.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> The ancients, says Jacobs, often connected with the swallow the idea of something pleasant to hear.

#### DCXXXIII. UNOWNED.

Proté, thou art not dead, but hast removed to a better place, and dwellest in the islands of the blest amongst abundant banquets; where thou art delighted, while skipping along the Elysian plains amongst soft flowers, far from all ills. ¹The winter pains not thee, nor does heat;¹ nor disease trouble thee; nor hunger nor thirst possess thee; nor is the life of man any longer regretted by thee; for thou livest without blame in the pure splendour of Olympus that is near.

Thou art not dead, my Proté; though no more
A sojourner on earth's tempestuous shore;
Fled to the peaceful islands of the blest,
Where youth and love, for ever beaming, rest;
Or joyful wand'ring o'er Elysian ground,
Among sweet flowers, where not a thorn is found.
No winter freezes there; no summer fires;
No sickness weakens; and no labour tires.
No longer poverty or thirst oppress,
Nor envy of man's boasted happiness;
But spring for ever glows serenely bright,
And bliss immortal hails the heavenly light.

J. H. M.

Proté, thou art not dead; but thou hast pass'd To better lands, where pleasures ever last, To bound in joy amidst the fairest flowers Of the blest isles, Elysium's blooming bowers: Thee nor the summer's heat, nor winter's chill, Shall e'er annoy, apart from every ill; Nor sickness, hunger, thirst again distress. Oh! is there aught on earth to equal this?

1—1 So Shakspeare in Cymbeline, Act iv. sc. 2, Fear no more the heat of the sun; Nor the furious winter's rages; Thou thy worldly task hast done.

So too Mason in Caractacus—

Fear not now the fever's fire; Fear not now the death-bed groan; Pangs, that torture; pains, that tire; Bed-rid age, with feeble moan. Contented thou—remote from human woes—
In the pure light, which from Olympus flows. Hay.

Proté, thou art not dead, but thou art gone
To a far better place and joys unknown.

Thou in the islands of the blest dost dwell,
Where sounds are not, except of feasts to tell.

Far from all ills, in sweet Elysian bowers
With gladden'd feet thou stray'st midst blooming flowers;
No winter's cold, no summer's rays annoy;
Thirst, hunger, sickness break not on thy joy.
There no regrets for life thy pleasure blight;
But pure thy hours in heaven's own unstain'd light.

M. A. S.

## DCXXXIV. UNOWNED.

Thou hast come more sweet than life, who hast reased me from diseases, and troubles, and a painful gout.

## DCXXXV. UNOWNED.

Do not thou, who passest by the road, if perchance nou perceivest this monument, laugh, I pray, although is the tomb of a dog. I have been wept for. And the ust have the hands of a king put together, who has aused this account to be sculptured on the pillar.

DCXXXVI. WESTMINSTER, 1 BOOK, 67 EP.

DCXXXVII. — 4 —

#### DCXXXVIII. PLATO THE YOUNGER.

#### N A FIGURE OF BACCHUS ENGRAVED UPON AN AMETHYST.

The stone is an Amethyst; 2 but I, the tippler Bacchus, ay—"Let it either persuade me to be sober; or let it earn to get drunk."

# DCXXXIX. ASCLEPIADES; SOME SAY, ANTIPATER OF THESSALONICA.

I am Drunkenness, the carving of a clever hand; but

By avarrog Jacobs understands merely its owner.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> The Amethyst, as its name imports, "not to get drunk," was supused to be a charm against inebriety.

I am carved upon an Amethyst. Now the stone is alien to the art. But I am the holy possession of Cleopatra. For on the hand of a queen it behoves even a goddess, when drunk, to become sober.

The face, that sculptured here you see,
Is of the nymph Ebriety.
The cunning artist his design
Imbedded in no kindred shrine,
A pure and lucid amethyst.
Yet think not so his aim he miss'd.
Pure to the pure are things divine.
In Cleopatra's royal hands,
Unconscious of the power of wine,
Sober'd the tipsy goddess stands.

J. H. M.

# DCXL. HEDYLUS.

Agis neither gave a clyster to Aristagoras nor did he even touch him. But as soon as he entered, Aristagoras departed (this life). Where has aconite such a power? Ye coffin-makers, pelt Agis with crowns and chaplets.

DCXLI. WESTMINSTER, 2 BOOK, 23 EP.

#### DCXLII. ANTIPATER.

Bacchylis, the ashes of the cups of Bacchus, once lying under a disease, spoke these words to Ceres—" If I escape thoroughly the wave of a destructive fever, I will drink in honour of thee for a hundred suns from drops of dew, without the mixture of the wine of Bromius (Bacchus). But when she had escaped from the pain (of the disease), on that very day she thought of a plan of this kind. For taking in her hand a sieve with holes in it, she cleverly through many (interstices of the) twine beheld many suns.

#### DCXLIII. DEMODOCUS.

All the Cilicians are bad men. But amongst the Cili-

<sup>1—1</sup> This alludes, says Jacobs, to the custom of throwing bouquets at favourite public characters in public places.

2 For the sieve was made of twine.

cians there is one good man, Cinyrés. But even Cinyrés is a Cilician.<sup>1</sup>

# DCXLIV. THE SAME.

A noxious viper once bit a Cappadocian. But it died itself, after tasting the blood, that shot forth poison.<sup>2</sup>

A viper stung a Cappadocian's hide; And poison'd by his blood, that instant died.

J. H. M.

# DCXLV. THE SAME.

The Cappadocians are bad fellows; and when they obtain the military dress, they are worse; but the worst, for the sake of gain. And if they obtain twice or thrice the great car (of office), they then become the very worst. I pray you, king, the them not get it a fourth time, lest the whole world make a slip by becoming Cappadocianized.

DCXLVI. WESTMINSTER, 3 BOOK, 30 EP.

# DCXLVII. ANTIPATER OF THESSALONICA.

Fly from such as in verses make use of the words <sup>6</sup>λόκκα<sup>2</sup>, (bald women,) or λοφνίδα<sup>2</sup>, (torches of vine sticks,)

<sup>1</sup> This is an imitation of Phocylides, Ep. 636, thus parodied by Porson— The Germans at Greek

Are sadly to seek; Not five in fivescore, But ninety-nine more; Except Godfrey Hermann; And Hermann's a German.

<sup>2</sup> Compare the distich of Byron—

Die, as thou must; and as thou rott'st away, E'en worms shall perish on thy poisonous clay.

So Jacobs explain ζώνη—

4 Grotius renders  $\dot{\alpha}\pi\dot{\eta}\nu\eta_{\varsigma}$  by "curules," in allusion to the chair of office at Rome.

<sup>5</sup> As there is no person to whom βασιλεῦ can be referred, perhaps the

author wrote  $\beta a \sigma i \lambda \epsilon \tilde{v}$  Ze $\tilde{v}$ , not  $\beta a \sigma i \lambda \epsilon \tilde{v}$ ,  $\mu \eta$ —

Of the three strange words here mentioned, one, says Jacobs, is found in a fragment of Empedocles quoted by Athenæus; and, while Λοκτός is known only from Hesychius, λοφνίς, according to Athenæus, was used by the Rhodians to denote a torch made of a vine-branch covered with its bark. or \*\*caµaonua\*, (fishes,) a tribe of poets, who are thorn-collectors, and who, practising themselves in the tortuous arrangement of words, drink from a sacred fountain a little water. To-day we are making libations for the day of Archilochus and Homer. The flask does not admit water-drinkers.

## DCXLVIII. BASSUS OF SMYRNA.

Cytotaris—who is with hoary locks on her temples—who is an old woman with many stories—compared with whom Nestor is not a very old man—who has numbered the light (of days) more than a stag 5—who has begun to count a second time her old age with her left hand, 6 is alive and sees, and is hale, like a lass, so that I am in doubt lest Hades had suffered somewhat.

# DCXLIX. NICARCHUS.

By Jupiter, drive out Onesimus, the old woman hard of hearing. She gives me a great deal of trouble. If we tell her to bring soft πυρούς, (cheese,) she comes bringing young πυρούς (wheat). The day before yesterday I was suffering with a head-ache, and I asked for πήγανον (rue); and she brought me τήγανον (a fryingpan) of earthen-ware; if I ask for ὁπὸν (cream) she brings λοπὸν (the rind of some fruit): if when hungry

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> The word  $\ddot{a}\kappa a\nu\theta a$  was applied to language as difficult to be grasped as is a thorn.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> In lieu of lερῆς, the sense requires θολερῆς, "muddy—"

By the expression ἡμαρ Ὁμήρου σπένδομεν is meant, "we are making libations on the day sacred to Homer."

Jacobs opportunely refers to Horace—"Nulla placere diu nec carmina vivere possunt Quæ scribuntur aquæ potoribus;" who remembered the line of Cratinus—"Υδωρ ὁ πίνων χρηστὸν οὐδὲν ἀν τέκοι. "Who water drinks, will nought that's good produce."

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>5</sup> According to Hesiod the stag was four times as long-lived as the crow; or, as Ausonius says—At quater egreditur cornicis sæcula cervus.

The ancients, says Gronovius, counted numbers up to 100 on the left and; then from 100 to 200 on the right; and from 200 to 300 on the left, and so on alternately.

<sup>7</sup> The common reading is dord, to which Scaliger was the first to object; as he saw that in all the other words only a single letter was either changed or added, to say nothing of the absurdity of a servant bringing

I say, give me λάχανον, (some vegetable,) she straightway brings λάσανον (a dirt utensil); if I ask for όξον, (vinegar,) she brings τόξον (a bow); and altogether she never understands what I am saying. It is disgraceful for me to become a common crier for the sake of an old woman; and I shall have to practise (the business), when called up in the night.

# DCL. WESTMINSTER, 1 BOOK, 78 EP. DCLI. LEONIDAS.

Simylus, the lute-player, has killed all his neighbours by playing on his lute, except Origen alone; for Nature has made him deaf; and hence in return for hearing she has given him a longer existence.

# DCLII. THE SAME.

Do not again after supper, when I can no longer persuade 1 my stomach, place before me the teats and the prepared 2 cutlets of a sow. For not even to farmers after harvest is an unseasonable rain useful, nor to sailors in harbour a gentle Zephyr.

When the gorged stomach will no more allow, Why tempt me with thy dainty paps, O sow? Soft showers descend in vain, when harvest's o'er; And Zephyrs vainly breathe for those on shore.

J. H. M.

# DCLIII. AUTOMEDON.

By bringing ten measures of charcoal be you too a citizen; but if you bring a pig, be Triptolemus himself. But to Heracleides, the under secretary, there

one of the timbers of the roof of a house. Hence for ὁπὸν, "the juice" of some fruit, it was easy to misunderstand λοπὸν, "the rind."

<sup>1</sup> From his "gorged stomach" it would seem that J. H. M. wished to read  $\pi \lambda \dot{\eta} \theta \omega$  in lieu of  $\pi \epsilon i \theta \omega$ .

In ἄρτα τίθει, where Jacobs would read λαρὰ τίθει, lies hid perhaps ἄρτυτα θὲς—or some other culinary word.

In this Epigram, says Jacobs, is ridiculed the custom of persons buy-

ing the privileges of citizenship for a trifle.

<sup>4</sup> By ὑφηγητηρ is meant, says Jacobs, the scribe, whose business it was to keep the register of citizens.

must be given either the stalks of a cabbage, or a lentil, or periwinkles. Have these, and call yourself Erechtheus, Cecrops, Codrus, and whom you like. No one takes any thought of it.

# DCLIV. WESTMINSTER, 2 BOOK, 78 EP.

# DCLV. ANTOMEDON.

A. Receive, Phœbus, the supper, which I bring to thee. PH. I will, if a person permits, receive it. A. Dost thou then, son of Latona, fear any thing? PH. No one else but Arrius; for he has a hand stronger than the rapacious vulture; he, who is the young attendant upon a smokeless altar; but should you perform a sacrifice, he goes away taking all with him. For the ambrosia of Jupiter great thanks (are due). For I should be one of you, if, although a god, I felt hunger.

## DCLVI. LUCILLIUS.

Yesterday Dion stole (the figure of) Venus entirely of gold, as she rose from her mother the sea, and he dragged to himself moreover Adonis, that had been hammered out by hand, and the little Cupid that was standing by. Now will those, who are the best thieves say, "No longer come we to a contest of hands with you."

# DCLVII. THE SAME.

Eutychides stole the god himself, by whom he was about to swear, saying—"I cannot swear by thee."

#### DCLVIII. THE SAME.

Eutychides stole Phœbus, who is the pointer-out of thieves, saying—Do not thou chatter very much, but compare art with art, and oracles with hands, and a prophet with a thief, and a god with Eutychides. But straightway on being sold on account of thy unreined

<sup>1</sup> The sense evidently requires τελέσης instead of τελέση—

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Here again the sense requires  $\dot{y}\sigma\theta\alpha\nu\dot{\phi}\mu\eta\nu$ , not  $\dot{y}\sigma\theta\dot{\alpha}\nu\epsilon\tau\sigma$ —for Phœbus is speaking of himself, not of another god.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>3</sup> The whole of this Epigram is a parody of one by Antipater in Westminster, 3 Book, 40 Ep.

mouth, say what thou wilt of me to those, who have purchased thee.

# DCLIX. THE SAME.

<sup>1</sup> Pasture your drove, neat-herd, farther off, lest Pericles the thief drive you off together with the cows themselves.<sup>1</sup>

· DCLX. WESTMINSTER, 2 BOOK, 76 EP.

#### DCLXI. PHILIP.

A. Shall I touch a cabbage, (say) thou born at Cyllené?

B. Do not, passer-by. A. What grudging is there of a cabbage? B. There is no grudging; but there is a law for thieving hands to abstain from the property of others.

A. Oh, strange indeed; Mercury has laid down a new law—"Steal not."

# DCLXII. DIONYSIUS OF ANDROS.

It is no great thing for me, when wetted by Jove (rain) and Bromius (wine), to make a slip, being one (stumbling) through two, and a mortal through immortals.<sup>2</sup>

# DCLXIII. TRAJAN THE EMPEROR.

By placing your nose and gaping mouth opposite to the sun, you will show the hours to those who pass by.

Let Dick some summer's day expose
Before the sun his monstrous nose,
And stretch his giant mouth to cause
Its shade to fall upon his jaws;
With nose so long and mouth so wide,
And those twelve grinders side by side,
Dick, with a very little trial,
Would make an excellent sun-dial.

J. H. M.

# DCLXIV. ANTIOCHUS.

UPON AN UNEDUCATED PERSON MAKING A PUBLIC DISPLAY.

Besas, if he had any sense, would have hanged him-

1—1 Compare a similar idea in Westminster, 1 Book, 63 Ep.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Literally "the blessed"—But the other is required by the antithesis.

self. But now, through his want of sense, he lives and is rich, even after his first entrance on the scene.<sup>1</sup>

#### DCLXV. THE SAME.

31

th

th n.P. ar n

3

It is difficult to paint the soul. But to sketch the (outward) form is easy. But in your case both is the reverse. For nature by bringing out the distortion of your soul has worked it out in things to be seen. But who could paint the medley of your form and the brutality of your body, when unwilling even to look at them?

DCLXVI.	westminster,	3	BOOK,	47	EP.
NOT WITH				94	2

DCLXVIII. — — 75 —

DCLXIX. — 1 — 32 —

# DCLXX. LUCIAN.

Amongst all who were drunk Acindunus wished to be sober; hence it was thought that he got drunk alone by himself.

DCLXXI. WESTMINSTER, 4 BOOK, 23 EP.

# DCLXXII. LUCIAN.

A. Answer thou, born at Cyllené, to my inquiry, how did the soul of Lollianus go down to the house of Proserpine? It were strange, if it was silent. B. It wished to tell me <sup>3</sup> something that had happened. A. Alas! for even the dead, who shall meet him.

¹ The word πάροδος is properly applied to the first song of the Chorus in a play; here to a rhetorician's first appearance before his audience.

 $^3$  As Mercury is supposed to answer, it is evident that the author wrote  $\mu\epsilon_1$  not  $\sigma\epsilon-$ 

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> In the Westminster collection the Epigram is a tetrastich, of which only the last distich is given here; and is there attributed to Philo; but here to Lucian.

#### DCLXXIII. LUCILLIUS.

# ON A GRAMMARIAN, WHO HAD BEEN CORNUTED. 1

Out (of thy house) thou teachest the evils of Paris and Menelaus; but within it thou hast many Parises for thy Helen.

# DCLXXIV. WESTMINSTER, 2 BOOK, 83 EP.

# DCLXXV. LUCILLIUS.

So may it be for thee, Dionysius,<sup>2</sup> ever to digest these things; but, for the sake of what is just, grant that I may eat something here. For I too was invited, and Poplius placed before me some of these things to taste: and for me too there is a share; unless indeed, on seeing me to be thin, you thought I reclined (at supper) not in robust health, and you thus were on the watch, lest I should secretly eat something.

# DCLXXVI. THE SAME.

I was seeking from whence I could derive the name of miraf (a dish); but, on being invited by you, I found out from whence it was so called. For you have placed great dishes for great meivy (hunger), and hungry-looking dishes as the utensils for a famine.

DCLXXVII. WESTMINSTER, 2 BOOK, 36 EP.

DCLXXVIII. 70 —

# DCLXXIX. LUCIAN.

Themistonoé, thrice as old as a crow, after dyeing her white hair, has become on a sudden not 3 youth-like, but Rhea-like.<sup>8</sup>

<sup>1</sup> This is perhaps the oldest instance of a cuckold being said to be

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> The joke of the Epigram turns upon Dionysius, who was a medical man, eating every thing at supper himself, to prevent a thin fellow-guest, whom he conceived to be in a bad state of health, from injuring himself y eating any thing.

3—3 Here is a pun upon νέα and 'Pέα.

self. But now, through his want of sense, he lives and is rich, even after his first entrance on the scene.<sup>1</sup>

# DCLXV. THE SAME.

It is difficult to paint the soul. But to sketch the (outward) form is easy. But in your case both is the reverse. For nature by bringing out the distortion of your soul has worked it out in things to be seen. But who could paint the medley of your form and the brutality of your body, when unwilling even to look at them?

DCLXVI.	WESTMINSTER,	3	BOOK,	47	KP.
DCLXVII.	-	2	-	34	-2
DCLXVIII.				75	_
DCLXIX.		1		32	

## DCLXX. LUCIAN.

Amongst all who were drunk Acindunus wished to be sober; hence it was thought that he got drunk alone by himself.

# DCLXXI. WESTMINSTER, 4 BOOK, 28 EP.

# DCLXXII. LUCIAN.

A. Answer thou, born at Cyllené, to my inquiry, how did the soul of Lollianus go down to the house of Proserpine? It were strange, if it was silent. B. It wished to tell me something that had happened. A. Alas! for even the dead, who shall meet him.

1 The word πάροδος is properly applied to the first song of the Chorus in a play; here to a rhetorician's first appearance before his audience.

<sup>3</sup> As Mercury is supposed to answer, it is evident that the author wrote  $\mu\epsilon$ , not  $\sigma\epsilon$ —

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>3</sup> In the Westminster collection the Epigram is a tetrastich, of which only the last distich is given here; and is there attributed to Philo; but here to Lucian.

#### DCLXXIII. LUCILLIUS.

# ON A GRAMMARIAN, WHO HAD BEEN CORNUTED. 1

Out (of thy house) thou teachest the evils of Paris and Menelaus; but within it thou hast many Parises for thy Helen.

# DCLXXIV. WESTMINSTER, 2 BOOK, 83 EP.

# DCLXXV. LUCILLIUS.

So may it be for thee, Dionysius, ever to digest these things; but, for the sake of what is just, grant that I may eat something here. For I too was invited, and Poplius placed before me some of these things to taste: and for me too there is a share; unless indeed, on seeing me to be thin, you thought I reclined (at supper) not in robust health, and you thus were on the watch, lest I should secretly eat something.

# DCLXXVI. THE SAME.

I was seeking from whence I could derive the name of  $\pi l \nu a \xi$  (a dish); but, on being invited by you, I found out from whence it was so called. For you have placed great dishes for great  $\pi e l \nu \eta$  (hunger), and hungry-looking dishes as the utensils for a famine.

DCLXXVII. WESTMINSTER, 2 BOOK, 36 EP.

DCLXXVIII. --- 1 -- 70 --

#### DCLXXIX. LUCIAN.

Themistonoé, thrice as old as a crow, after dyeing her white hair, has become on a sudden not <sup>3</sup> youth-like, but Rhea-like.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> This is perhaps the oldest instance of a cuckold being said to be cornuted.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>3</sup> The joke of the Epigram turns upon Dionysius, who was a medical man, eating every thing at supper himself, to prevent a thin fellow-guest, whom he conceived to be in a bad state of health, from injuring himself by eating any thing.

3—3 Here is a pun upon νέα and 'Ρέα.

# DCLXXX. ETON EXTRACTS, 90 EP.

DCLXXXI. —— 85 —

# DCLXXXII. LUCIAN.

Antiochus once saw the bolster of Lysimachus. That bolster Lysimachus never saw again.

Meniscus saw old Cleon's purse of gold:
That purse will Cleon never more behold. J. H. M.

Since Antiochus set eyes upon Lysimachus's pad, No chance of setting eyes on it Lysimachus has had. H. W.

# DCLXXXIII. THE SAME.

That poet is truly the best entirely, who gives a supper to his audience. But if he merely reads (his poem) and sends them home hungry, may he turn upon himself his own (poetic) madness.

Give me the bard accustom'd to regale
His hungry auditors with beef and ale;
Who oft his friends with savoury pastry cheers,
Or pays with pudding those, who lend their ears.
May he, who this forgets, with rhyme content,
Dine on sweet thoughts and sup on sentiment. Bl.

# DCLXXXIV. WESTMINSTER, 3 BOOK, 13 EP.

#### DCLXXXV. LUCILLIUS.

Apollophanes, the tragic actor, bought for five oboli the dresses of five gods, the club of Hercules, the fearexciting properties of Tisiphoné, the trident of Neptune, the weapon of Minerva, (and) the quiver of Diana. But the deities, who sit near Jove, were stript (to purchase) a small portion of inferior bread and wine.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> These were a torch, snakes, and a cloak red with blood, as shown by Ovid in Metam. iv. 480, "Tisiphone—sumit—facem, fluidoque cruore rubentem Induitur pallam, tortoque accingitur angue."

<sup>2</sup> This was the ægis, says Jacobs.

# DCLXXXVI. THE SAME.

Although dancing entirely according to history, you have, by neglecting one thing of the greatest moment, pained (me) greatly. For in dancing the part of Niobé, you stood like a rock; and again, while you were Capaneus, you fell down on a sudden; but in the part of Canacé, you did unnaturally, when there was a sword by you, go off the stage alive. This was contrary to the story.

In historical ballets 'tis a great want of tact
To neglect closely sticking to matters of fact.
In the Niobé dance you stood just like a rock,
And your tumble in Capaneus came with a shock;
But in Canacé's part I am forced to object,
That to go off alive, sword in hand, 's incorrect. H. W.

# DCLXXXVII. THE SAME.

Pluto does not receive Marcus the orator when dead, saying—Let Cerberus the dog be sufficient here; but if you wish it, altogether 2 practise before Ixion and Melito, the lyric-poet, and Tityus. For I have no evil greater than you, until Rufus, the grammarian, shall come here with his solecisms.

# DCLXXXVIII.

Even when not speaking, <sup>3</sup> Flaccus the rhetorician was guilty of a solecism <sup>3</sup> lately; and being about to open his mouth, he straightway became a barbarian, and in other respects he solecizes by nodding with his hand, and I, on seeing him, my mouth was bound.

For Canacé was said to have destroyed herself.
 In πάντως there probably lies hid στόμα δούς—

<sup>3—3</sup> Το prove that Flaccus μηδε λαλών—ἐσολοίκισε, it is added that τή χειρὶ—σολοικίζει διανεύων: while to confirm the assertion, χαίνων—ἐβαρβάρισε, the writer seems to have added κάγώ δ' αὐτὸν ἰδών τὸ στόμα μου δίδεται— an expression used probably by Flaccus instead of δίδεμαι, what correct syntax would require. And thus, too, we may defend μέλλων χαίνειν—ἐβαρβάρισεν, where one would otherwise prefer καὶ μᾶλλον γαίνων—

#### DCLXXXIX. THE SAME.

Not the Chimæra, according to Homer, had so bad a breath, nor the herd of fire-breathing bulls, as the story goes; not the whole of Lemnos, and the superfluities of the Harpies, nor the foot of Philoctetes when rotting away; so that you, Telessilla, by the votes of all, conquer in this Chimæras, rottenness, bulls, birds, (and) Lemnian (women).

DCXC.	westminster,	2	BOOK,	20	EP.
DCXCL		1	_	9	
DCXCII.		2		29	_

# DCXCIII. LUCILLIUS.

The envious Diophon, on seeing near him another person impaled on a cross longer than his own, wasted away.

Poor Cleon out of envy died,
His brother thief to see
Nail'd near him to be crucified
Upon a higher tree.
F. H.

# DCXCIV. NICARCHUS.

Niconoé was once in her prime. And so say I;

<sup>1</sup> This alludes, says Jacobs, to the story told by Apollodorus, i. 9, of Venus having punished the women of Lesbos with a bad breath.

<sup>2</sup> Jacobs explains Αρπυιῶν τὰ περισσὰ, by saying that the relics of the food, on which the Harpies fed, emitted an unpleasant smell. But τὰ περισσὰ could hardly mean the relics. Perhaps the poet wrote Οὐ Λῆμ-νος σύμπασ', ὰ καὶ 'Αρπυιῶν πτίρ' ἀησι—" Not the whole of Lemnos, and what the wings of the Harpies breathe out—"

Jacobs refers to Hyginus, Fab. 102, where it is said that such a stench arose from the wounded foot of Philoctetes, that the Greeks were compelled to send him away to Lemnos.

\*— From the expression κάγω λέγω, it is evident that those words were spoken in answer to a remark; and hence the whole Epigram was written in the form of a dialogue, as marked in the second metrical version.

she was herself in her prime, when Deucalion saw water without end. Of those matters we know nothing; but that it now behoves her to seek not a husband, but a tomb.

Of charms Niconoé might have boasted With reason in her prime; Perhaps by every wit was toasted, Who lived in Noah's time.

But now her days of love are over,
Of ogling and of sighing;
'Twere wise no more to seek a lover,
But think at last of dying.
BL

A. Niconoé once was in her prime.

B. I say so too. A. Your eyes then cast
Upon her now. B. Then was the time,
When saw Deucalion waters vast
Around him. A. Nought of things we know
That happen'd many years ago.

B. But of things present we can speak; She should a tomb, not husband seek. G. B.

#### DCXCV. THE SAME.

Some one came to inquire of Olympicus, the wizard, whether he should sail to Rhodes, and how he should sail in safety. And the wizard said—First have a new vessel, and do not set sail in winter, but in the summer; for, if you act thus, you will go thither and hither again, unless a pirate lays hold of you at sea.

"Olympic Seer," said a wayfaring man,
"Tell me, to Rhodes how may I safely sail?"
"First let the ship be sound," the sage began,
"Next court the summer, not the winter gale.
Do this, and thou shalt go and come again;
Unless a pirate seize thee on the main."

HAY.

Instead of was the sense requires wo av-answering to "again," in

Hay's translation.

As there is not a particle of meaning here in the word αὐτη, it is probable the poet wrote ἡκμασ΄. "Ιδ΄ αὐτην—where "Ιδ΄ αὐτην would be said pointedly of Niconoë.

#### IMITATED BY J. H. M.

Tom, prudently thinking his labour ill-spared, If e'er unadvised for his plans he prepared, Consulted a Seer on his passage to Dover, If the wind would be fair and the voyage well over. The Seer gravely answer'd, first stroking his beard, "If the vessel be new, and well-rigg'd and well steer'd, If you stay all the winter, and still wait on shore Till the spring is advanced, and the equinox o'er, You may sail there and back, without danger or fear—Unless you are caught by a French privateer."

# DCXCVI. LUCIAN, OR NICARCHUS.

Artemidorus, counting over many myriads (of small coins) and expending nothing, lives the life of mules, who frequently have on their backs a great burden of valuable gold, but eat only fodder.

#### DCXCVII, NICARCHUS.

Stephanus was a poor man and a gardener likewise. But now, after getting on in life, he is rich, and has straightway become Philo-Stephanus, by adding four pretty letters to the first Stephanus; and in due time he will be Hippocrat-ippi-ades, or, through his notions of luxury, Dionysio-pegano-dorus, but in every list of the market-steward he remains Stephanus.

# DCXCVIII. WESTMINSTER, 2 BOOK, 21 EP.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> This allusion to mules is explained by a similar story in Plutarch, ii. p. 525, D., quoted by Jacobs.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> The four are in Greek  $\phi\lambda o$ . Something similar is said to have taken place in modern times. For the celebrated O'Connell is reported to have prefixed O to his family name Connell, with the view of showing his connexion with one of the old families of Ireland.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>3</sup> This would mean in English, "the son of Hippias, the tamer of horses."

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>4</sup> This would mean literally, "the giver of wine mixed with rue."
<sup>5</sup> Jacobs says that αγορανόμιον is not found elsewhere. He forgot that in Plato, Legg. xi. p. 917, E., Stephens properly suggested αγορανομίον in lieu of αγορανόμου.

# DCXCIX. NICARCHUS.

A. What, stranger, are you inquiring about? B. Who are they in the ground under these tombs? A. Those, whom Zopyrus has deprived of the pleasant light, namely, Damis, Aristotle, Demetrius, Arcesilaus, Sostratus, and those farther off as far as Parætonium. For having, like Mercury, a wand—(but) made of wood, and winged feet (but) not genuine, he leads down (to the grave) those, whom he has attended.

DCC. WESTMINSTER, 1 BOOK, 30 EP.

## DCCI. NICARCHUS.

A deaf person had a law-suit with (another) deaf person; and the judge was still more deaf than the two (contending parties); of whom one said that the other owed him house-rent for five months; and the other, that he had been working at a mill all night; when the judge, looking at them, said—Why are ye contending? You have a mother. Both of you support her.

Defendant and Plaintiff were deaf as a post,
'And the judge in the cause was deafer almost:
The Plaintiff he sued for a five-months' rent;
The Defendant thought something different meant,
And answer'd—"By night I did grind the corn;"
And the judge he decided with anger and scorn—
"The woman's the mother of both; why then,
Maintain her between you, undutiful men." C. C. S.

# DCCII. AMMIANUS.

Sooner shall a beetle make honey, or a gnat milk, than shall you, being a scorpion, do any good thing. For you neither do any thing yourself willingly, nor suffer another; and, like the star of Saturn,<sup>2</sup> are hated by all.

<sup>2</sup> On the malign influence of the star of Saturn Jacobs refers to Horace, Odes, ii. 17, 22.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Jacobs conceives that Zopyrus is feigned to have filled with dead bodies the whole of the sea-board of Egypt, even to Parætonium, which was the limit of that country to the west.

# DCCIII. WESTMINSTER, 1 BOOK, 36 EP.

#### DCCIV. AMMIANUS.

Proclus is unable to wipe his nose with his hand, for he has his hand shorter than his nose; nor does he say— "Jove, save me," when he sneezes, for he does not hear (the sound of) his nose; since it is far out of hearing.

Proclus with his hand his nose can never wipe;
His hand too little is his nose to gripe:
He sneezing calls not Jove; for why? he hears
Himself not sneeze; the sound's far off his ears.
T. Brown.

Dick cannot wipe his nostrils when he pleases;
His nose so long is, and his arm so short:
Nor ever cries—"God bless me," when he sneezes,
He cannot hear so distant a report.

J. H. M.

# DCCV. THE SAME.

As if he had sacrificed a garden, Apelles placed before me a supper, thinking he was feeding sheep instead of friends. There was turnip, succory, fenugreels, lettuce, leeks, bulbs, sweet-swelling basil, rue, asparagus. And fearing lest after this he would place before me fodder, I fled after supping on half-boiled lupines.

# DCCVI. WESTMINSTER, 2 BOOK, 35 EP.

Thou wear'st a fan, lest flies the beauty spoil
Of beard, thou deem'st the nourisher of brains.
Shave it off quickly. Trust me, vain's thy toil.
Beards feed not biting wit, but lice that pain. G. B

#### DCCVII. THE SAME.

From the words  $^{2}\hat{\omega}$  ' $\gamma a\theta \hat{\epsilon}$ , and  $\mu \hat{\omega} \nu$  or  $\hat{\nu}$ , and  $\pi o \hat{\epsilon}$  or, and  $\pi \delta \hat{\theta} \epsilon \nu$ , (and)  $\hat{\omega}$  ' $\tau \hat{a} \nu$ , and  $\theta \hat{a} \mu a$ , and  $\phi \hat{\epsilon} \rho \epsilon$  or, and  $\kappa o \mu \iota \delta \hat{\eta}$ , and  $\kappa o \mu \iota \delta \hat{\eta}$ , and

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> The custom of saying "God bless you" to a person when sneezing, owed its origin to the notion that sneezing was supposed to be an incipient symptom of the plague, or other fatal disorder.

<sup>2</sup>—<sup>2</sup> The words here enumerated are taken from the dialogues of

10.2 and (from things, as) a short cloak, bushy hair, a beard. (and) shoulder-blade uncovered, the wisdom of the present time gains a reputation.

# DCCVIII. PALLADAS OF ALEXANDRIA.

. Jupiter has given in the place of fire another fire, namely, women. Would that neither woman nor fire had appeared. The fire is quickly extinguished indeed; but woman is a fire not to be extinguished, burning and lighted up at all times.

# DCCIX. THE SAME.

If you boast greatly that you do not obey the orders of your wife, you talk silly. For you are not, as they say, sprung from an oak nor a rock; and, what the majority of all of us suffer of necessity, you too are ruled by your wife; and if you say—I am not beaten by her slipper, nor must I, when my wife acts improperly, bear it and hold my tongue,-I say that your slavery is moderate, since you are sold to a mistress considerate and not very harsh.

#### DCCX. THE SAME.

I have sworn ten thousand times I would make epigrams no more. For I have brought upon me the enmity of many fools. But when I look upon the face of Pantagathus the Paphlagonian, I cannot restrain my disease (of writing).

#### DCCXI THE SAME.

Menander, standing in a vision before Paulus the

Plato, and mean respectively-O (my) good man; do not then; whither then? from whence? O friend; frequently; come (say) then; really;

The things enumerated refer to the peculiar dress of philosophers, especially those of the sect of Cynics.

The writer alludes to Homer 1\(\lambda\). X. 126, and O\(\delta\). T. 162.

comedian, said—"I have (said) nothing against you; and yet you speak ill of me."

Once in a fearful vision of the night Lothario seem'd Rowe's frowning ghost to see. "I never wrong'd thee," said the laurell'd sprite, "Oh! why, Lothario, dost thou murder me." J. H. M.

# DCCXII. THE SAME.

Memphis, the flat-nosed, danced the parts of Daphné and Niobé; that of Daphné, like a person of wood; that of Niobé, of stone.

The dance of Memphis well portray'd
Daphné and Niobé;
Like stone the Niobé he play'd,
The Daphné like a tree.

H. W.

#### DCCXIII. THE SAME.

You have insulted not me, but Poverty; and if Jupiter were upon earth as a poor person, he would himself have suffered an insult.

'Tis on poverty only, but not upon me
That your insolence leaves any trace.

If Jove were a beggar on earth, even he
Would share in a beggar's disgrace.

H. W.

DCCXIV. WESTMINSTER, 1 BOOK, 81 EP.

#### DCCXV. PALLADAS.

If ye are μοναχοὶ (living alone), why so many? and if so many, how, on the other hand, living alone? Oh ye multitude of μοναχοὶ (those living alone), who give the lie to μονάδα (aloneness).

#### DCCXVI. THE SAME.

Thou hast a son (called) Love, and a wife (called)

¹ The pun in the Greek, κακῶς με λέγεις, which means "you speak ill of me," or, "you speak ill my words," is lost in the English, except by an imitation.

Aphrodité; not unjustly then, blacksmith, dost thou have a lame foot.1

DCCXVII. WESTMINSTER, 2 BOOK, 97 EP.

## DCCXVIII. AGATHIAS.

An unhappy man went to Diodorus the rhetorician and made an inquiry of him on this point of law. My female servant some time ago ran away. And some one on finding her, and knowing that she was the servant of a stranger, united her to his own male servant, and by him she had children. Now of whom are the children most justly the slaves. And he, after he had pondered and looked into each book, said, turning (towards the inquirer) his arched eye-brows—"Either to you or the party who got hold of the female servant it must needs be that those children, about whom you are speaking, are the slaves. But do you seek out an intelligent judge, and you will quickly obtain a decision of greater authority, if you are stating what is just."

A plaintiff thus explain'd his cause
To counsel learned in the laws.
"My bond-maid lately ran away,
And in her flight was met by A;
Who, knowing she belong'd to me,
Espoused her to his servant B.
The issue of this marriage, pray,
Do they belong to me or A?"
The lawyer, true to his vocation,
Gave signs of deepest cogitation;
Look'd at a score of books, or near,
Then hemm'd and said—"Your case is clear.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Like Vulcan, who was the husband of Venus, who was the mother of Love.

In lieu of εὐμενέοντα, "well-disposed," the sense evidently requires ἔννοον ὅντα, as translated.

<sup>\*-3</sup> The common reading is εί γε δίκαια λέγεις. But it was the business of the judge to say what is just, not of the party, laying his case before counsel. The author wrote, no doubt, with a ridicule of the judge, εί τὰ δίκαια λέγει, "if he says what is just."

Those children, so begot by B
Upon your bond-maid, must, you see,
Be yours or A's. Now this I say,
They can't be yours, if they to A
Belong. It follows then of course,
That, if they are not his, they're yours.
Therefore, by my advice, in short,
You'll take the opinion of the court."

J. H. M.

# DCCXIX. MACEDONIUS THE CONSUL.

I sneezed 1 near a tomb; and wished to hear myself, what I was thinking of, the death of my wife. But I sneezed to the winds. For nothing of a sad kind happened to my wife, neither a disorder, nor death.

# DCCXX. UNOWNED.

Bουλεύει (you are a senator) Agathinus. Now at what price did you purchase the B? For the letter was formerly Δ (i. e. Δουλεύει, you are a slave).

#### DCCXXI. UNCERTAIN.

A. What mortal, Justice, has dishonoured you? B. The thief, who placed me here, who has nothing to do with me.

#### DCCXXII. UNOWNED.

Who has taken away Mercury the thief? Bold was the thief, who has gone away, taking with him the prince of thieves.

# DCCXXIII. UNCERTAIN.

If a person, after marrying once, goes again in pursuit of a second marriage, he sails twice shipwrecked on the destructive deep.

A widower once, who courts a second chain, Tempts, like the shipwreck'd sailor, shoals again.

J. H. M.

 $^{1}$  On sneezing, as an omen of good, Brodæus refers to Hom. Of. P. 541.

# DCCXXIV. WESTMINSTER, 2 BOOK, 27 EP.

# DCCXXV. UNOWNED.

A Phrygian, standing by the tomb of the fearless Ajax, was beginning to throw out saucy words, (and said)—""Ajax did not remain:" but he spoke in return from below—"He did remain:" and the other although alive did not endure (the voice of) the dead.

# DCCXXVI. UNOWNED.

<sup>4</sup>All hail! ye seven pupils of Aristides the rhetorician, namely, the four walls (of the room) and the three benches (in it).<sup>2</sup>

# DCCXXVII. SIMONIDES.

Boidion the flute-player and Pythias, who were formerly thy lovers, have offered up to thee, Venus, their girdles and portraits. Thy purse, O foreign merchant and freight-carrier, knows from whence are the girdles and the pictures.

Cælia and Lycé, once to lovers known,
To Venus vow'd a portrait and a zone.
Oh! wandering god of trade! thy purse can tell
Both whence the zone and whence the portrait fell.

J. H. M.

# DCCXXVIII. WESTMINSTER, 2 BOOK, 90 EP.

# DCCXXIX. MNASALCAS.

For thee, O Phœbus, are hung up this bent bow, and quiver rejoicing in arrows, as the gifts from Promachus; but the arrows (themselves) hostile men have in their hearts, the deadly presents from a stranger, during the bustle (of a battle).

1—1 The words alluded to are in Hom. Iλ. O. 717.

 <sup>2—2</sup> A similar story, says Jacobs, is found in Athenæus, viii. p. 348, D.
 3 Jacobs quotes opportunely from Horace, "seu vocat institor Seu navis Hispanæ magister Dedecorum pretiosus emptor."

Phoebus! to thee this curved bow and empty-sounding quiver

Are offer'd at thy sacred shrine, by Promachus, the giver. But ah! the shafts that used within that painted case to rattle.

Now in the foemen's hearts are sheath'd, whom he hath slain in battle.

J. H. M.

#### DCCXXX. NOSSIS.

It is likely that Venus will with delight receive as an offering this cap from the hair of Samutha. For it is elaborately worked, and it smells sweetly of that nectar, with which she anointed the beautiful Adonis.

# DCCXXXI. ANYTÉ.

To Pan with hair erect, and to the Nymphs of Aulis, Theodotus the shepherd has offered up this gift under a look-out spot, because they relieved him while suffering greatly during a burning summer, and with their hands stretched out pointed to sweet-flowing water.

To shaggy Pan and all the Wood-Nymphs fair,
Fast by the rock this grateful offering stands,
A shepherd's gift to those, who gave him there
Rest, when he fainted in the sultry air,
And reach'd him sweetest water with their hands.
J. W. B.

#### DCCXXXII. MYRO OF BYZANTIUM.

Ye Hamadryad 1 Nymphs, daughters of a river, who ever traverse these ambrosial depths with rosy feet, all hail, and preserve Cleonymus, who placed these beautiful statues under the pines in honour of you goddesses.

O Forest-Nymphs, O daughters of the river, Who haunt ambrosial these deep glades for ever With rosy feet,

Thrice hail, and be Cleonymus your care.

For he, in this pine-shelter'd, calm retreat,

To you erected all these statues fair.

J. W. B.

 $<sup>^1</sup>$  Instead of ἀμαδρυάδες one would have expected here ἐφυδριάδες—"presiding over waters."

# DCCXXXIII. LEONIDAS.

Its mother, as being poor, presents to Bacchus a picture of her Micythus, after painting it a mere daub. But do you, Bacchus, place Micythus on high. If the gift be worthless, it is poverty not little that brings this offering.

## DCCXXXIV. LEONIDAS.

Three brothers offer to thee, rustic Pan, these their nets, one from one kind of capture, another from another; Pigres these, who (lives) from winged animals; Damis these, who (lives) from four-footed; Cleitor the third, from those in the sea. In return for which send thou to one the prey struck successfully through the air; to another, that through thickets; and to another, that by the sea-shore.

# DCCXXXV. UNCERTAIN; SOME SAY, LEONIDAS.2

To the Satyrs, who drink sweet wine, and to Bacchus, the vine-grower, Heronax dedicates the pluckings from the first produce, these three casks from three vineyards, after filling them with the first-drawn wine; from which, after making a libation, as is lawful, to the red-faced Bacchus and the Satyrs, we will drink more than the Satyrs.

# DCCXXXVI. LEONIDAS OF TARENTUM; SOME SAY, GÆTULICUS.

To Pan living in the fields, and to Bacchus the reveller, and to the Nymphs, the aged Biton of Arcadia has made these offerings; to Pan a kid recently born, that plays with its mother; and to Bacchus a branch of the much-wandering ivy; and to the Nymphs the variously-coloured produce of the shaded grape, and the blood-coloured petals of expanded roses. In return for which do ye, Nymphs, cause this dwelling of the old

<sup>2</sup> Compare Westm. 2 Book, 91 Ep.

<sup>1</sup> Instead of à the sense evidently requires où, as translated.

man to be well-watered; and thou, Pan, to be full of milk; and thou, Bacchus, with many grape-bunches.

To Pan, the master of the woodland plain, To young Lyaus, and the azure train Of Nymphs, that make the pastoral life their care, With offerings due old Biton forms his prayer. To Pan a playful kid, in wars untried, He vows, still sporting by its mother's side; And lays the creeping ivy on the vine, A grateful present to the god of wine; And to the gentler deities, who guide Their winding streamlets o'er the mountain's side, Each varied bud from autumn's shady bowers. Mix'd with the full-blown roses' purple flowers. Therefore, ye Nymphs, enrich my narrow field With the full stores your bounteous fountains yield; Pan, bid my luscious pails with milk o'erflow; And, Bacchus, teach my yellow vines to glow. J. H. M.

# DCCXXXVII. LEONIDAS OF TARENTUM.

These spoils are not mine. Who has hung up on the coping-stone this graceless gift to Mars? The cones of the helmets are unbroken; the shining shields are bloodless; and unbroken are the fragile spears. My whole face is red with shame; and from my forehead sweat drops on my breast, as if from a fountain. With such things let a person adorn a private chapel, or an eating-room for men, or a hall, or a bridal chamber; but let spoils stained with blood adorn the temple of Mars, who pursues on horse-back; for with such are we delighted.

These are no spoils of mine. Who dares to place Such offerings here, and thinks this fane to grace? Unbroken is each helmet's crest; and clear Each bloodless shield; unscathed each fragile spear. With shame my face is fired; and from my brow Down to my breast big drops of anger flow.

Hence; with such trophies deck thy porch, thy hall, The court-yard of thy house, thy chamber wall; But Mars—besprent with gore the arms must be That deck his temple; such are dear to me. H. W.

# DCCXXXVIII. THE SAME.

Oh! thou cold water, that leapest down from a double rock, all hail; and ye images of the Nymphs carved by shepherds, 'and ye rocks, and these ornaments of yours, oh! virgins, perpetually wetted by the waters of fountains,' all hail. Behold, I, Aristocles, a way-farer, give you this horn, with which, after dipping it (in the water), I drove away thirst.

Farewell, cool rills, that from the cleft rock start,
And fountain-heads, and, carved by rustic art,
Your forms, sweet maiden Nymphs, who own this wave;
Adieu, th' unnumbered charms your waters lave.
The cup of horn, he dipp'd there to relieve
His thirst, from Aristoclees receive.

H. W.

#### DCCXXXIX. LEONIDAS.

These are the shields from the Lucanians; and the bridles placed in rows, and the spears polished about the handles, have been built up for Pallas; but about their (owners) dark death has opened its jaws.

#### DCCXL. HEGESIPPUS.

Receive, Hercules, me, the holy shield of Archestratus, in order that, reclining against a polished chapel, I may become old, while hearing the dances and hymns. Of the hateful contest of Mars let there be enough.

1—1 The Greek is at present Πέτραι τε κρηνίων και ἐν ὕδασι—out of which Reiske and others have been unable to make any thing satisfactory. And yet it is easy to see that the author probably wrote, as translated, Καὶ πέτραι, κρηνῶν τ' είν ὕδασι—

<sup>2</sup> Jacobs would understand by ἀμφίβολοι—"armed in both parts." But that appears scarcely intelligible. The version "about the handles" has been introduced, as if the author had written ἀμφὶ λαβάς—

## DCCXLI. EUPHORION.

When Eudoxus had shorn his first beautiful locks, he presented to Phœbus the charm of boyhood. In return for his ringlets, may the beauty of thou, oh! far-darter, come upon him, and the ivy of Acharnæ¹ ever increase (about him).

## DCCXLII. THEOCRITUS.

The roses sprinkled with dew, and that thick creeping plant, are placed for the Muses of Helicon; but the dark-leaved laurel for thee, O Pythian Pæan; since the rock of Delphi has made this an honour to thee. And this goat with horns and a shaggy coat shall stain thy altar with blood, through his nibbling the extreme bough of the terminthus.<sup>2</sup>

This wild thyme and these roses moist with dews,
Are sacred to the Heliconian Muse.
The bay, Apollo, with dark leaves is thine;
Thus art thou honour'd at the Delphic shrine;
And there to thee this shaggy goat I vow,
That loves to crop the pine-tree's pendent bough.

FAWKE:

# DCCXLIII. THE SAME.

Daphnis, the fair-skinned, he, who with pretty pipe played pastoral tunes, has offered up to Pan these things—the bored reeds, the hare-striking weapon, the sharp pole, the fawn-skin and wallet, in which he carried apples.

# DCCXLIV. THE SAME.

The Venus is not the common one. Propitiate the goddess by speaking of her as the heavenly offering of the chaste Chrysogoné in the house of Amphicles, toge-

<sup>2</sup> The terminthus was a kind of pine, or flax-plant.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> From this mention of the ivy of Acharnæ it would seem that Eudoxus gave promise of being a dramatic writer; for such persons, when successful, were crowned with that ivy.

ther with whom she had children, and a life in common; and to them, beginning (their rites) from you, O venerable goddess, there was ever something better during the year. For the mortals, who have a care for the immortals, do themselves gain something additional.

Here Venus not the vulgar you survey;
Style her celestial and your offerings pay;
This in the house of Amphicles was placed,
Fair present of Chrysogoné the chaste;
With him a sweet and social life she led,
And many children bore and many bred.
Favour'd by thee, O venerable fair,
Each year improved upon the happy pair.
For long as men the deities adore,
With large abundance Heaven augments their store.
FAWKES.

#### DCCXLV. CALLIMACHUS.

Callistion, the daughter of Critias, has offered to the god of Canopus me, a lamp rich with twenty wicks, after making a vow about her child Apellis; and you will say, when looking upon my lights—"How hast thou fallen, Hesperus!"

# DCCXLVI. THE SAME.

To thee, Diana, has Phileratis placed this statue here. Do thou, O venerable (goddess), receive it, and preserve her.

#### DCCXLVII. THE SAME.

A. To thee, 'O king, the lion-strangler' (and) boar-killer, me a beechen bough has offered—B. Who? A. Archinus. B. What kind of man? A. A Cretan. B. I receive it.

<sup>1—1</sup> In lieu of λεοντάγχωνε, which is not a Greek word, Valckenaer suggested λεόνταγχ' ὧδε—He should have proposed rather λεόνταγχ', ὧ 'να—as translated.

#### DCCXLVIII. THE SAME.

<sup>1</sup> Ye (wild animals) of Cynthus, be of good cheer; <sup>1</sup> for the bows and arrows of Echemma the Cretan lie in Ortygia at the temple of Diana, with which he cleared the great mountain of you. But now he is at rest, ye goats;2 since the goddess 3 has effected a truce.

## DCCXLIX. THE SAME.

I am, O Zephyritis, a shell, 4 the marvel of sailing. But thou, Venus, dost now possess me, a Nautilus, the first offering of Selenéa; me, who used to sail over the sea, if there was a breeze, stretching a sail by my own cordage; 5 but if there was a calm, I ran over the plain of the smooth (sea), rowing with my feet: 6 my name coincides with the work of a vessel. And I was stranded near the shore of Julius, in order that I might become a plaything, surveyed all round, for thee, Arsinoé; and that no longer in me, as a recess, the egg of the hapless

1-1 As it seems scarcely possible to understand Kurdiadec by itself, it is probable the author wrote, not Κυνθιάδες θαρσείτε τὰ γάρ τοῦ—but Κυνθιάδες θῆρες, βάτε τοῦ γάρ—while, to show of what kind were the wild animals, one would prefer λύγκες to αίγες in 2, similar to the expression in Horace, "Nec curat Orion leones Aut timidas agitare lyncas."

<sup>3</sup> Since Diana was the goddess of hunting, she would hardly effect a truce between the hunter and hunted. In lieu then of imei, one would have expected ἐκεῖ—for ἐκεῖ ἡ θεὸς would mean "the goddess there," i. e. in the grave, namely, Proserpine.

4-4 Instead of the unintelligible παλαίτερος, Bentley proposed παλαίτεpov, "formerly." But the Nautilus was as much a shell, when out of the water as in it. Hence Jacobs would read πάλαι τέρας— He should have

suggested πλόου τέρας, as translated.

5—5 The Greek is Εί δὲ γαληναίη λιπαρή θεὸς οὐλος—which Lennep was the first to correct by reading  $\theta iov$ : while  $ov\lambda oc$  has continued to baffle the attempts of all, who have hitherto endeavoured to explain or alter it; for they did not perceive it was a corruption of αλσος, applied to the sea by Æschylus, in Suppl. 5, and Pers. 115, and that λιπαρής, not λιπαρή, is to agree with άλὸς, understood in γαληναίη-

"From the reading, Ποσσίν ϊν' ωστ' ἔργφ, Blomfield elicited Hereir έμοῖς τῷργφ— But he failed to see likewise Ποσσί· νεώς τῷργφ—as trans-Jacobs has adopted Hermann's Hoosi Mr, Got'- But my is

scarcely intelligible.

7-7 They, who are desirous of seeing the utter absurdity in the words, ώς πάρος—Τίκτηται—ωιον, must turn to Blackwood's Magazine for Alcyoné might be hatched as formerly—for I am without breath. But grant thou thy grace to the daughter of Clinias; for she knows how to perform good acts; and she is from Smyrna in Æolia.

Queen of the Zephyr's breezy cape! to thee This polish'd shell, the treasure of the sea, Her earliest offspring young Seléna bears, Join'd with the incense of her maiden prayers. Erewhile with motion, power, and sense endued, Alive it floated on the parent flood; When, if the gale more rudely breathed, it gave Its natural sail expanded to the wave; But while the billows slept upon the shore, And the tempestuous winds forgot to roar, Like some proud galley, floated on the tide, And busy feet the want of oars supplied. Shipwreck'd at last upon th' Iulian strand, It now, Arsinoé, asks thy favouring hand. No more its vows the plaintive Halcyon hail For the soft breathings of a western gale; But that, O mighty queen, thy genial power On young Seléna every gift may shower, That love with beauteous innocence can share; J. H. M. For these, and only these, accept the prayer.

Erst a mere conch, I now an offering shine—Selené's first, to Venus Zephyrine.

Then, lightly skimming o'er the azure seas,
My native sail I hoisted to the breeze;
Or plough'd, becalm'd, with oary feet the main;
And thus deserved the name I still retain.

Now tost by storms on fair Iulis' strand,
A brilliant toy, I grace Arsinoe's hand.

September, 1833, p. 405, where Wilson was the first to object to τίκτηται: but he did not discover that ως πάρος and ἄπνους were equally incorrect. The poet probably wrote Μηδί μου ἐν θαλάμησιν ἔθ', δ σπόρεν—εἰμὶ γὰρ ἄπλους—Κλαίη τεκνολέτειρ ὅιον ᾿Αλκυόνη—" and that Alcyoné may not, losing her young, lament for the egg, which she had laid in my receas—for I am sailing no longer;" by which Callimachus meant to say that the Alcyoné, after depositing her egg in the shell of a dead Nautilus, used to lament the loss of her young, carried out to sea in the shell, when it was put into motion by the water.

Nor longer need, from all my toils at rest, The Halcyon more lament her rifled nest; But for the offering fitting thanks be paid To Clinias' daughter, Smyrna's pious maid.

F. WRANGHAN.

Oh! Zephyritis, for Selena's sake, My ancient shell, her virgin offering, take. Venus, thou art my goddess now; the sea, When the south winds blew cheerly, wafted me, Thy Nautilus, who swam before the gale, Stretching with cordage all my own the sail. In the bright calm with twinkling feet I float, Rapidly rowing; hence my name of boat. Cast on Iulis' shore, 'tis mine to be A plaything and thy toy, Arsinoé, To gaze on with delight; for I am dead, And sad Alcyoné finds not the bed, In which to lay her eggs, where once she laid, And hatch'd her young. But let all thanks be paid To Clinias' daughter, who the offering gives Duteous, and in Æolian Smyrna lives.

W. Lisle Bowles.

Once a mere shell, no more; but now to thee, O Venus Zephyritis, the first gift From Selenæa, offer'd here am I, The Nautilus, the ocean's voyager: Who, when soft breezes breathed, was wont to stretch With mine own cordage mine own proper sail; But in bright calms to scud along, self-steer'd With oary feet, as well my name implies, Till I was stranded on the Julian shore; A toy indeed—but not unprized by thee, Arsinoé—for in thy temple placed, Never again, as heretofore, shall I, Now lifeless, watch the mournful Halcyon, Brooding in peace upon the tranquil deep. Be gracious then to Clinias' daughter; good Her life, who in Æolian Smyrna dwells. HAY.

## DCCL. RHIANUS.

Achrylis, the Phrygian chamber-attendant (on Cybelé), she, who often let flow her holy ringlets about the torches—she, who often gave for the Gallic 1 howling of Cybelé sounds from her mouth, that (came) heavy to the ear, has placed around the door these locks in honour of the mountain goddess; since she has stopt the foot fevered by madness.

# DCCLI. ANTIPATER.

The harp, and the bows and arrows, and the crooked nets, are for Phœbus, (the gifts) of Sosis, Philé, Polycrates. The archer has given the bow tipped with horn; the minstrel on the lyre, the shell; the hunter, the knitted threads; and may one man obtain a power over quick-striking darts; the female, excellence in the lyre; and the other man, the choice spoils in hunting.

# DCCLII. ANTIPATER.

The bull, that once bellowed on the high grounds of Mount Orbelius, the wild animal that formerly made Macedonia a desert, has the lightning-like Philip, the overthrower of the Dardanians, destroyed by striking the middle of its head with a hunting pole; and these horns, the defence of its (once) unrestrained head, has he put up for thee, Hercules, not without its strong hide. From thee as a root has he run up; nor is it unseemly for him to rival the ancestral arts of bull-slaying.

# DCCLIII. ANTIPATER OF SIDON.

These sandals that keep the feet warm, the delightful labour of skilful shoemakers, (has) Bitenna (offered up); and Philonis, this binder of the hair, that loves to be plaited, a cap dyed in the colour of the white sea; and Anticlea, the fan; and the lovely Heliodora, the veil for

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> By the word "Gallic" is meant the Galli, the attendants upon Cybele.

the face, a work partaking of the spider's web; but she, who has a name called after her father Aristotle, the scrpent with pretty folds, an ornament of gold for her slim ancles; all of one mind and age, (have given) presents to the heavenly Cythéra-born.

# DCCLIV. MELEAGER.

What mortal has tied up around the coping-stones these spoils for me, a delight disgraceful to Mars? For neither broken spears, nor a helmet without its crest, nor a shield stained with blood is hung up; but things vainly glittering, and not battered by iron, such as are the spoils not in a (war)-shout, but in a dance; with which adorn ye a bridal chamber; but may the shrine of Mars possess weapons dropping with human gore.

#### DCCLV. THEODORIDAS.

A. Thou, Labyrinthus <sup>2</sup> of the sea, tell me who offered thee up, on finding thee as a little capture on the white sea? B. Dionysius, the son of Protarchus, has offered me up to the Nymphs, who dwell in caves, and I am a present from the sacred (coast of) Pelorus; and a narrow and crooked sea-strait threw me up, in order that I might be a plaything for the smooth-faced Cave-Nymphs.

#### DCCLVI. ARCHIAS.

Bitenna (gave) these sandals; and Philænis the purple cap, that protects the much-wandering hair; and the light-haired Anticleia the fan, that conceals a not genuine breeze, and wards off violent heat; and Heracleia this thin concealment of the face, made like the nets of the spider; and she who bears the name of her father Aris-

In lieu of ἄρηρε, in MS. Vat., Planudes has ἀνῆρε—which evidently leads to ἀνῆρτο—as translated.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> By λαβύρινθος was meant a shell-fish, somewhat similar to the

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>3</sup> By νόθον—ἄημα Jacobs understands the artificial breeze produced by the fan.

totle, the beautiful folds of the serpent round the ancle; these splendid presents to thee, Venus, who presidest over marriage, have equals in age offered, who dwell by the sea-shore, at Naucratis.

# DCCLVII. ANTIPATER OF THESSALONICA.

Cythera of Bithynia has, after making a vow, offered up me, a white-marble representation of thy form, Venus. But do thou, for a small favour, give in return a great one, as is the custom. She is satisfied with the agreement in mind of her husband.

## DCCLVIII. APOLLONIDES.

Anaxagoras has offered up me, Priapus, not the one on his feet, but who is leaning on the ground with both knees. Philomachus made the figure. But on seeing near me a beautiful (one)<sup>2</sup> of the Graces, do not ask how I fell down.

# DCCLIX. CRINAGORAS.

We roses formerly bloomed in the spring, but now in the midst of winter we lay open our scarlet buds, smiling upon thy birth-day, and pleased with this morning, the nearest to the time of thy marriage-bed. It is better to be seen on the temples of Callista a wife, than to wait for the sun of spring.

Children of spring, but now in wintry snow
We purple roses for Callista blow.
Duteous we smile upon thy natal morn;
Thy bridal bed to-morrow we adorn.
Oh! sweeter far to bloom our little day,
Wreath'd in thy hair, than wait the sunny May. BL.

<sup>9</sup> To avoid the ellipse of μίαν here, Jacobs would read ἄγχι καλιήν instead of άγχόθι καλήν—

<sup>1</sup> In ai γυάλων, which Jacobs vainly endeavours to explain, evidently lies hid aiγιάλων—

We roses, Lady, with flower-loving May
Are wont to come; but now 'mid winter's cold
We love our purple blossoms to unfold,
And greet thee well on this thy natal day.
For thy near spousals, too, our sweets we bring—
Deeming it better and more blest to shed
Our blushing fragrance round thy lovely head,
Than tarry for the genial warmth of spring.

HAY.

# DCCLX. WESTMINSTER, 2 BOOK, 84 EP.

## DCCLXI. CRINAGORAS.

On a votive morning we perform these holy rites to Jupiter, presiding over marriage, and to Diana, the mild (goddess) of the pains of child-birth. For to them my brother, while yet without down on his chin, vowed he would offer the first-fruits of the spring (seen) upon the cheeks of young men. And may ye deities receive it; and forthwith from this down up to hoary hairs may ye lead Euclides.

#### DCCLXII. GÆTULICUS.

To thee, the superintendent of the shore near the sea, I send these small cakes of meal, and gifts of a slight sacrificial rite. For to-morrow I shall pass over the wide wave of the Ionian (sea), while hastening to the bosom of my Eidotheé. And do thou shine propitious to my love and sail-mast, O Venus, the mistress of marriage-beds and strands.

DCCLXIII. WESTMINSTER, 3 BOOK, 36 EP.

# DCCLXIV. ANTIPHILUS OF BYZANTIUM.

To thee, the deity over roads, has Antiphilus offered up this felt-covering for his head, the symbol of his way-faring life. For thou hast listened to his prayers; (and) been propitious to his paths. The present is not

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> By this was meant Hecaté. Jacobs refers to Orphic. Fragm. 34.

much, but it is a holy one. Nor let any greedy traveller snatch with his hand this offering of mine. It is not safe to steal even small things.

# DCCLXV. THE SAME.

In fortune, mistress, I am little. But I say that (my gift) peers above the wealth of all, inasmuch as it is from the heart. And do thou receive the covering of a carpet made of soft and thick sheep's wool, conspicuous with its bright-coloured scarlet, and worsted thread of a rose-colour, and nard for thy dark-haired locks, enclosed in a blue glass (bottle), in order that a vest may cover thy skin, and the work prove the manufacture, and a sweet-smelling exhalation come from thy ringlets.

# DCCLXVI. THE SAME.

Who has filled, with (the flour of) Ceres, me a cask, made for Dionysius? who me, a receptacle for the nectar-like wine of the Adriatic? What grudging is there to me of wine? Or is there a scarcity of vessels fit for corn? He has disgraced both (deities). Bacchus has been robbed, and Ceres does not receive drunkenness as a fellow-boarder.

# DCCLXVII. THE SAME.

I have an apple, as big as an ostrich, preserved from the preceding year, still beautiful in its youthful bloom, without a spot, without a wrinkle, with the down on it equal to those recently produced, still sticking to the full-leaved bough, a rare honour to the season of win-

In the place of είδόμενον, which is not used passively, Reiske suggests εἰβόμενον, "dropping with—"

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Brunck, justly objecting to où, has edited ἐνδέχεται. He should have read αὐ δέχεται.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>3</sup> Wakefield was the first to read  $\ell \chi \omega$  for  $\alpha \gamma \omega$ , which Jacobs vainly endeavours to defend.

Such seems to be the meaning of στρούθειον. From Galen, quoted by Brodæus and Jacobs, the apple called στρούθειον seems to have been a kind of large-sized quince.

ter; but for thee, O queen, such a fruit bears even the cold of snow.

# DCCLXVIII. DIODORUS.

Do thou, Juno, who rulest over Samos, and who hast obtained by lot the river Imbrasus, receive, O venerable deity, as the sacrificial rites on a birth-day, these sacred (portions) of calves, which we, who know the ordennances of the blessed (gods), know to be the most agreeable of all things. Maximus, on making the libations, uttered a prayer; and she (the goddess) has nodded favourably. Matters are firmly placed; and the threads of the Fates feel no envy.

#### DCCLXIX. LEONIDAS OF ALEXANDRIA.

Who has offered cakes greasy with oil? who grapes to Mars the city-destroyer? who the cup-like buds of roses? These things I wish a person would carry to the Nymphs. I, the bold-planning Mars, do not receive on my altars sacrifices unstained by blood.

#### DCCLXX. THE SAME.

Another person sends you birth-day presents, obtained from the hunter's net-stakes; and one from the air; and another from the sea; but from me receive a line of the Muses, which remains for ever, and is the mark of (my) friendship and (your) good education.

One sends thee game from nets and stakes obtain'd; Fowls of the air, another; fish has gain'd Another from the sea, to grace the day That marks thy birth; receive from me a lay Taught by the Muse, that long will live to show What thou to learning, I to friendship owe. G. B.

#### DCCLXXI. CORNELIUS LONGINUS.

From poverty, as you know, Venus, that is genuine, yet honest, receive these gifts from Leonidas; this small

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Jacebs quotes opportunely from Horace, "tenui censu, sine crimine noti."

purple grape, and this ripe salted olive, and the lawful sacrifice of small cakes, and a libation (of wine), which I have drawn without being shaken, and figs sweet as honey. Do thou then defend me as from disease, so likewise from poverty. And then thou shalt see me sacrificing an ox; and mayest thou, my good genius, hasten to receive my thanks in return.

# DCCLXXII. PHILIP OF THESSALONICA.

Philoxenides, the celebrated 1 goat-driver, after cutting thee, Pan, from a beech, has placed the figure with the bark on, after sacrificing a hoary goat, that mounts the ewes, and making the sacred altar drunk with the first-produced milk; in return for which may 2 the ewes in the folds be pregnant with two young ones, after escaping from the rough tooth of the wolf.

# DCCLXXIII. THE SAME.

The rounded lead, the marker of the sides of the page, and the scraper and splitter of the reeds with arrow-like tips, and the ruler placed at the top,<sup>3</sup> and the pumice-stone, (rolled) along the shore,<sup>4</sup> the dried stone with holes made in it by the sea, has Callimenes offered up to the Muses, after ceasing from business; <sup>5</sup> since through old age his eye could no longer see any thing.<sup>5</sup>

# DCCLXXIV. THE SAME.

A. Who has placed thee, Mercury, without down on

This seems a very strange epithet for a goat-driver.
 In lieu of ἔσονται, Brunck correctly reads ἔσοιντο—

3 Jacobs has failed to explain what is meant by ὑπάτην here. Perhaps it alludes to the upper part of the writing-desk, where the ruler is generally placed.

4 Instead of  $\pi a \rho \dot{a}$   $\theta \tilde{n} \nu a$ , which he could not understand, Brunck suggested  $\pi a \rho a \theta \tilde{n} \gamma a$ . But as the use of the pumice-stone was to render smooth the parchiment, one can hardly understand how it could be said

to sharpen any thing.

Such is evidently what the sense requires. But this would be in Greek, ἐπεὶ οὐ γήρα κάνθος ἔτ' ἔσκοπέ τι, not ἐπεὶ γήρα κάνθος ἐπεσκέπετο, translated by Jacobs, "since (his) eye is covered from above by old age."

thy chin, near the starting-post (of the course)? B. Hermogenes. A. Whose son is he? B. Of Daimenes. A. Of what country? B. Of Antioch. A. Honouring thee on what account? B. As being his assister in the stadium. A. At what place? B. At the Isthmus and Nemea. A. Did he run there? B. Yes; and (came in) first. A. Conquering whom? B. Nine boys; and he would have flown, had he possessed my feet.

# DCCLXXV. WESTMINSTER, 3 BOOK, 49 EP.

# DCCLXXVI. MÆCIUS QUINTUS.

To thee, Priapus, delighted with both the sunken rocks, worn down by the waves of Nessis on the seashore, and the bluff upper rocks, has Paris, the fisherman, hung up a crab, with its oyster-like shell, killed by the cleverly-catching rod; the flesh, when exposed to fire, did he happy place under his tooth, half-eaten (by age), but the offal-shell has he given to thee. Wherefore do thou give him not many things, but by means of a line, catching successfully, a quietness to his barking belly.<sup>4</sup>

# DCCLXXVII. HERMOCREON.

Ye Water-Nymphs, for whom Hermocreon has placed these gifts, after meeting with a sweetly-flowing fountain, all hail; and may ye with lovely feet walk in this house, placed over the water, filled yourselves with a pure draught.

Ye Water-Nymphs, for whom Hermocreon placed These gifts, when he a pleasant stream had found, All hail! and in this house with fountain graced, Quaff the pure draught; with light foot tread the ground.

G. B.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> So Meineke reads Δαϊμενέως for Δαιμονέως, referring to Pausanias, vi. 2.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> For the feet of Mercury had wings attached to them.

Nessis, says Jacobs, was an island near Campania, as shown by Statius in Sylv. iii. 1, 150, "Sylvaque, quæ fixam pelago Nessida coronat."

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>4</sup> Jacobs quotes opportunely "latrantem stomachum," in Horace ii. Sat. ii. 18,

DCCLXXVIII. WESTMINSTER, 2 BOOK, 89 EP.

DCCLXXX. WESTMINSTER, 2 BOOK, 92 EP.

DCCLXXXI. — 33 —

## DCCLXXXII. PALLADAS.

Instead of an ox and an offering of gold to Isis, Pamphylium has placed her shining ringlets. And the goddess is more pleased with these than was Apollo with the gold, which Crossus sent from Lydia to the god.

DCCLXXXIII. WESTMINSTER, 3 BOOK, 38 EP.

Lais saw Nature's quick decay,
The wrinkled cheek, the ringlet grey,
And heaved a heartfelt sigh—
"Witness of all that makes me grieve,
Venus, this hateful glass receive;
Your charms can time defy." Ph. SMYTH.

#### DCCLXXXIV. THE PREFECT OF EGYPT.

The aged Cinyras, on ceasing to labour, has offered up to the Nymphs these nets worn away by the continued catching (of fish). For no longer was he able, with a trembling hand, to cast the circular bosom of the opened net. If there be the offering of a small present, this, ye Nymphs, is no blame (to me); since the whole life of Cinyras is this.

To Ocean's Nymphs old Cinyras gives o'er
This useless net, which he can cast no more.
Now sport, ye fish, securely on the sea,
For he no longer threats your liberty.

J. H. M.

#### DCCLXXXV. THE SAME.

After bending his proud neck under my feet, Praxiteles has moulded me with his captive hands. For after model-

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> So Jacobs understands ληϊδίαις. But such could hardly be its meaning. Perhaps the poet wrote Δαιδαλέαις—

ling in copper me, who am Love itself, that was hidden within (him), he gave it as the honoured symbol of friendship to Phryné. And she carried it again to Love. For it is just that those in love bring Love himself as a gift to Love.

# DCCLXXXVI. JOHANNES OF BARBUCALLUS.

To Persuasion and the Paphian goddess, has Eurynomas the neatherd, the bridegroom of Hermophilé, with a chaplet of rose-buds offered up a cheese and honeycombs. And do ye receive the cheese in return for her, and the honey for me.

#### DCCLXXXVII. AGATHIAS.

Porphyris of Cnidus has for thyself, Dionysus, placed on high before thy chapel these ornaments of her beauty and madness, namely, the chaplets on her head, and the spear with a double pine-cone, and the ancle-band, with which she acted the Bacchant freely, when, after uniting to her bosom the fawn-skin, decked with ivy, she frequented the orgies of Dionysus.

# DCCLXXXVIII. THE SAME.

To the Paphian goddess her garland, to Pallas her ringlets, (and) to Artemis her girdle, has Callirrhoe offered up. For she has found the suitor she wished, and has reached a prudent period of youth, and borne a male race of children.

Venus! this chaplet take! Callirrhoé pray'd.

Thy youth I loved, thy power hath made him mine.

These locks to thee I vow, Athenian maid; By thee I holy kept my virgin shrine.

To Artemis my zone; a mother's joy

She gave me to possess—my beauteous boy. J. H. M.

# DCCLXXXIX. THE SAME.

Your husband Anchises, for whose sake you did, Venus, often run formerly to the shores of Ida, has now

 $<sup>^1</sup>$  As Mount Ida was at a distance from the sea-shore, one would prefer 'Ilian' to 'Idainv—

with difficulty found a black hair to cut off from his head, and has offered to you the relic of his former youth. But do you, goddess, for you can, either make me young, or receive my hoary age, as if it were youth.

Oft hast thou left the realms of air
To dwell with me on Ida's shore;
But now gay youth is mine no more,
And age has mark'd my brows with care.
Oh! Queen of Love, my youth restore,
Or take my offering of gray hair.

J. H. M.

#### DCCXC. THE SAME.

Stratonicus, the ploughman, has, in return for kindness, offered up to thee, Pan, who dwellest on the crests of hills, these unsown holy enclosures; and he said—"Feed with delight thy herds, and look upon thy ground, never as yet cut down by iron. Thou wilt find a proper dwelling-place; for here will Echo, pleased with thee, consummate even a marriage."

#### DCCXCI. PAULUS THE SILENTIARY.

To thee the ten-thousand tearings of garlands, deprived of leaves—to thee the broken cups of drunkenness disturbed in its mind—to thee the ringlets bedewed with myrrh,—all these lie in the dust as spoils for thee, Lais, from the love-struck Anaxagoras. For at thy threshold the unhappy man, after passing frequently the whole night with companions in the prime of youth, has never extorted a word, or a pleasant promise, or the saucy language of honey-dropping hope. Alas! alas! wasted in limbs, he has left these symbols of revellings, and blames the beauty of the damsel not to be turned.

To thee the relics of a thousand flowers
Torn from the chaplet, twined in gayer hours—
To thee the goblet, carved with skill divine,
Erewhile that foam'd with soul-subduing wine—
The locks now scatter'd on the dusty ground,
Once breathing odours and with garlands crowu'd—

Outcasts of pleasure and of hope bereft,
Lais! to thee thy Corydon has left.
Oft on thy threshold stretch'd at close of day,
He wept and sigh'd the cheerless night away;
Nor dared invoke thy name, nor dared aspire
To melt thy bosom with his amorous fire;
Or plead a gracious respite to his pain,
Or speak the language of a happier swain.
Alas! alas! now cold and senseless grown,
These last sad offerings make his sorrows known,
And dare upbraid those scornful charms that gave
His youth unpitied to the cheerless grave. J. H. M.

#### DCCXCII. THE SAME.

For thee, goat-footed Pan, has Teucer the Arabian put upon a pine this hide of a lion, armed with the five-pointed claws of its feet, with its jaws widely-opened, that he drew off from its head stained with blood, and likewise his rustic hunting spear; the marks of its teeth remain upon the spear, half-eaten, on which the wild beast emptied out its anger with a growl; and the Water-Nymphs together with those who haunt the woods, who have made a dance; since it had oftentimes thrown them into a fright.<sup>1</sup>

# DCCXCIII. WESTMINSTER, 4 BOOK, 60 EP.

There hang my lyre. This aged hand no more Shall wake the strings to rapture known before. Farewell, ye chords! Ye verse-inspiring powers, Accept the solace of my former hours! Be gone to youths, ye instruments of song! For crutches only to the old belong.

BL.

#### DCCXCIV. THE SAME.

I, Daphnis the reed-player, labouring under a trembling old age, have offered up to Pan, fond of a country life, this shepherd's crook belonging to a hand unable to

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> This idea Jacobs conceives was suggested by Apollon. Rh. ii. 821.

work, and weighed down, after having ceased in old age from the labours of a shepherd. ! For still 'do I play on the reed; still does a voice without trembling dwell in a trembling body. But let no goatherd tell to the destructive wolves in the mountains the weakness of my old age.

Daphnis the piper, trembling 'neath the load
Of years, this crook, his feeble hand no more
Had force to wield, to Pan, the shepherd's god,
Here offers up; his shepherd labours o'er.
His pipe he still can sweetly sound; and still
Strong is his voice, although his body's weak;
But look ye, swains, yon wolves upon the hill
Ne'er of my feebleness o'erhear ye speak. G. S.

# DCCXCV. THE SAME.

I am offering up to Pan and the Nymphs of the oakwoods, my dog, my wallet, and my staff with its crooked tooth. But the dog, still alive, I will take back to my cabin, and have him as a friend to share in my dry morsels.

### DCCXCVI. THE SAME.

To Bacchus with ivy-bound hair <sup>2</sup> Lenagoras, a person working at vines, has offered up a Satyr, shaken by wine. Upon him, heavy in his head, you would say that the dress made of a skin, the hair, the ivy, (and) the grape are all drunk; they are all in a relaxed state together; and art has by voiceless forms imitated nature, the material not enduring to say nay.

# DCCXCVII. THE SAME.

The old Amyntichus bound a net with lead at its extremity round the trident (of Neptune), after ceasing from his toils in the sea, and said to the deity, while shedding tears from his eye-lids, like 3 the salt swell of the

<sup>3</sup> Brunck has more correctly Κισσοκόμα to agree with Βάκχω than Jacobs Κισσοκόμαν to agree with Σάτυρον.

<sup>1—1</sup> To avoid the incongruity of an old reed-player thus speaking of himself, one would have expected obsers for siotes in both places.

As the address was made to Neptune alone, and not to the sea likewise, it is evident the author wrote not καὶ, but καθ'—as translated.

sea—" Thou knowest, O blessed (power), that I am past work. But limb-wasting poverty, from which there is no release, is young even at the threshold of wretched old age. Nourish still the gasping old man, but from the land, as thou choosest, O ruler over the land and sea."

# DCCXVIII. ERATOSTHENES SCHOLASTICUS.

The wine-tippler Xenophon has offered up an empty cask, O Bacchus! Receive it kindly. For he has nothing else.

Bacchus, from tippling Xenophon Accept his all, an empty tun. H. W.

# DCCXCIX. THE SAME.

O Daphnis, the lover of women, offer up to beloved Pan thy bored reeds, this sheep-skin, and crook. Receive, O Pan! the gifts of Daphnis. For thou lovest equally with him a tune, and art unfortunate in love:

# DCCC. UNCERTAIN.

Iynx, the daughter of Nico, she, who knows how to draw a man from over the sea, and young persons from marriage-beds, being beautifully variegated with gold and engraved out of a transparent amethyst, is laid up a loved possession, Venus, for thee, and tied in the middle by a soft hair of the scarlet-dyed (wool of) a lamb, (being) the offering of a sorceress of Larissa.

# DCCCI. UNCERTAIN.

Timareté before her marriage has offered up to Diana her tambourine, and her valued ball, and her cap, the defender of her locks, and her dolls, O Limnatis, as is

<sup>1</sup> The common reading is κακοῦ ἐπὶ γήραος ἡμῖν: where the genitive is without regimen. The author wrote, no doubt—γήραος οὐδῷ, remembering the expression in lλ. Q. 487, which has been adopted by Herodotus, ii. 14; Plato, Rep. i. p. 328, F.; Pseudo-Plato in Axiochus, § 10; and by Hyperides, according to Jul. Pollux ii. 15.
2 Neptune is here called "the ruler over the land" with reference to

Neptune is here called "the ruler over the land" with reference to his title 'Εννοσίγαιος, " earth-shaker."

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>3</sup> Diana was so called from a lake near Træsene, as remarked by Pierson on Mæris, p. 235.

fitting for a virgin to a virgin, and her dolls' dresses. And do thou, daughter of Latona, place thy hand over the girl Timareté, and preserve holily her who is holy.

# DCCCII. WESTMINSTER, 1 BOOK, 82 EP.

#### DCCCIII. UNCERTAIN.

Our <sup>1</sup> Pan has offered up to thee, Euïus (Bacchus), his crook and fawn-skin (dress), after leaving thy dance, through the Paphian (goddess); for he is in love with Echo, and is wandering about. But do thou, Bacchus, be propitious to him, who is labouring under <sup>2</sup> a common misfortune.<sup>3</sup>

#### DCCCIV. UNCERTAIN.

Rustic neat-herds living in the mountains have cut up this beechen bough, bent with old age, and, after polishing it, have placed it in the road as a pleasant pastime for Pan, the defender of young and beautiful neat-herds.

# DCCCV. UNCERTAIN.

This shield, a glory to Jupiter, has been regretting for a long while 4 the new youthfulness of Cydias, a man much to be envied; through it first did he extend his left arm, when violent war against the Galatian was at its height.

# DCCCVI. UNOWNED.

Say thou, who showest the books that are by the plane-trees, that this sacred grove has been set up for the Muses; and that we are guarding it; and if a true lover of us comes here, we will dress him with this ivy.

#### DCCCVII. UNCERTAIN.

# 70 Rhea, my mother, the feeder of Phrygian lions

- The expression ἡμέτερος Πάν seems rather strange here. Perhaps the author wrote—νεθρίδ', ἔμην' ὅτ' ἔρως, Πάν—" when love had maddened him—" Compare Epigr. Inc. 619, ἡ καὶ σὴν Κύπρις ἔμηνε φρένα.
  - <sup>2</sup> The sense evidently requires αμφιπονούντι in lieu of αμφιέποντι.
  - This alludes, says Jacobs, to Bacchus being in love with Ariadne.
     Instead of H μάλα δη, the sense requires, as above, Ἡν μάλα δην-
- <sup>5</sup> This Epig. is supposed, says Jacobs, îo be spoken by the Muses, placed over the entrance to a library, round which plane-trees were planted.
  - <sup>6</sup> The ivy was, says Horace, "doctarum—præmia frontium."

    7—7 In lieu of  $\Gamma a(\eta \bar{\eta})$ , Hermann on Orphica, p. 766, acutely sug-

through <sup>7</sup> the mountain Dindymus, not untrodden by the Mystæ, to thee has the emasculated Alexis offered up the excitements to his madness, after ceasing from the paroxysm, when brass is beaten, and from his sharp-toned cymbals, and the roar of the hoarse-sounding tubes, <sup>1</sup> for which the calf has bent its horn awry, <sup>1</sup> and from the sounding drums, and the swords made red by blood, and the stained hair, which he shook formerly. Be propitious, O mistress, and cause him who was mad in his youth to cease when old from his previous wild conduct.

#### DCCCVIII. UNOWNED.

The poor Alcimenes, after tasting the benefit of a summer favourable to the production of fruit in his little garden, did, when bringing a dried fig and an apple and water in honour of Pan, say—"O thou, the dispenser of good things to my life, receive some of these things from (my) garden, others from your own rock; and grant in return more than thou hast received."

To Pan, the guardian of my narrow soil,
Who gave my fruits to grow, and blest my toil,
Pure water and a votive fig I bear,
A scant oblation from the teeming year.
The fruit ambrosial in thy garden blush'd,
And from thy rock the living water gush'd.
Receive the tribute from my niggard urn,
Nor with thy bounty weigh my poor return.
BL.

gested ' $P\epsilon i\eta - \hat{a}\nu$ —but he did not see that, although a country might be called a feeder of lions, as in Horace, "Jubæ tellus—leonum—nutrix," yet a deity could scarcely be so; and hence the poet probably wrote,  $\sigma r \rho i \pi r \epsilon \iota \rho a$ —"the turner," for Rhea was represented as driving lions in her car, as shown by Soph. in Philoct. 401.

1—1 In lieu of ούς μόσχου λοξὸν ἔκαμψε κέρας, which Jacobs vainly attempts to explain, the author doubtless wrote οίς μόσχος λοξὸν ἔκαμψε

κέρας-

# MISCELLANEOUS SELECTIONS.

#### I. ARCHILOCHUS.

Sorrows for the dead, Pericles, are full of groans, and no one, who bears them in remembrance, will be delighted with feastings or drinking. ¹For of such kind of persons¹ has the wave of the much-roaring sea overwhelmed, and we have our lungs swollen with sorrow. But for ills not to be cured have the gods, my friend, given a remedy in a strong endurance. ²One person has this at one time, another at another.² Now they are turned against us, and we moan for a blood-producing sore; and again they will pass on to others. But do ye endure them very quickly,² driving away a womanly grief.

4 While lamenting the husband of his sister, who had been lost at sea, and had not obtained the customary

1-1 So roioug has been translated according to the language. But the word is probably corrupt.

3 In lieu of άλλὰ τάχιστα τλῆτε, which is unintelligible, one would have expected—άλλ' άτυχές τι τλῆτε, "but endure something unfortunate..."

4-4 The words between the numerals are the translation of the passage

<sup>2—2</sup> Such is the literal version of the Greek—άλλοτε δ' άλλος έχει τόδε —where τόδε, says Jacobs, would properly belong to φάρμακον, the noun immediately preceding, whereas the sense shows it should be referred to the more distant κύμα. But this the language would not permit. Perhaps the poet wrote άλλοτε δ' άλλα τύχης δοτά—" At one time some things of Fortune are given, at another others;" or άλλος έχει τόδ', δ υῦν—

rites of sepulture, Archilochus, says he, would have borne the event with greater moderation, if Hephæstus (fire) had been rolled in pure vestments around the head and graceful limbs of him (the husband).

For neither by weeping shall I medicine bring, nor shall I make the evil worse by attending to pleasures and feastings.

Loud are our griefs, my friend, and vain is he Who steeps the sense in mirth and revelry. O'er those we mourn the hoarse resounding wave Has closed, and whelm'd them in their ocean grave. Deep sorrow swells each breast. But Heaven bestows One healing med'cine for severest woes—Resolved endurance. For affliction pours To all by turns; to-day the cup is ours. Bear bravely then the common trial sent, And cast away your womanish lament.

Ah! had it been the will of Heaven to save His honour'd reliques from a nameless grave! Had we but seen th' accustomed flames aspire, And wrap his corse in purifying fire!

Yet what avails it to lament the dead? Say, will it profit aught to shroud our head, And wear away in grief the fleeting hours, Rather than 'mid bright nymphs in rosy bowers?

J. H. M.

# II. THE SAME.

Some one of the Saïans 2 glories in the shield, which I left, a weapon not to be mocked-at, unwillingly near a

in Plutarch, T. ii. p. 23, B., where a fragment of Archilochus has been preserved, which Jacobs, followed by Merrivale, has united to the preceding and following one, found in the same treatise of Plutarch, p. 33, B. I The vestments of fire are called "pure," from the purifying power

which that element is known to possess.

<sup>2</sup> The Saïans, according to Strabo, were the first settlers in Samothrace.
<sup>3</sup> Such is the literal meaning of ἀμώμητον. Bustathins, on Dionys.

thicket, <sup>1</sup> and I escaped myself the end of death. Let that shield perish; <sup>1</sup> hereafter I will possess not a worse one.

The foeman glories in my shield;
I left it in the battle-field;
I threw it down beside the wood,
Unscathed by scars, unstain'd by blood;
And let him glory, since from death
Escaped, I keep my forfeit breath.
I soon may find, at little cost,
As good a shield as that I've lost. J. H. M.

# III. THE SAME.

Many bows are not<sup>2</sup> stretched, nor frequent slings (hurled), when war brings together the combat in the plain; but of swords there will be the much-groan-producing work; for in this kind of fight are skilled those lords of Eubœa, renowned for the spear.

Bows will not avail thee,
Darts and slings will fail thee,
When Mars tumultuous rages
On wide-embattled land;
Then with faulchions clashing,
Eyes with fury flashing,
Man with man engages
In combat hand to hand.
But most Eubœa's chiefs are known,
Marshall'd hosts of spearmen leading

To conflict, whence is no receding, To make this—war's best art—their own. J. H. M.

Perieg. 533, explains it by ἄχραντον, "unsullied," whom Merrivale has followed. But as ἔντος is not found elsewhere in the singular to signify

"a weapon"—perhaps the poet wrote "Εντέ' ἀμώμητος—similar to οὐθ' ὅπλων σχέσιν Μωμητὸς in Æschyl. S. Th. 490.

1—1 Brunck and Jacobs have adopted the reading furnished by Sextus Empiric. Pyrrhon. Hypot. iii. 24, p. 181. But as Aristophanes in Είρ. 1301, has ψυχὴν δ' ἐξεσάωσα—Muretus, in Var. Lect. ix. 2, proposed to read ψυχὴν δ' ἐξεσάωσα φυγών ἀλλ' ἀσπὶς ἐκείνη—Instead however of ἐκείνη—one would prefer ἐκεῖ νῦν—and in lieu of θανάτου τέλος, perhaps θανάτου βέλος—although θανάτου τελευτὰν is found in Euripides, Med. 152.

<sup>2</sup> The sense seems to require Οῦτ' εὖ—οῦτε—not Οῦ τοι—οὐδὲ—

#### IV. THE SAME.

But come, walk with the flask through the benches of the swift ship, and tear away the lids from hollow legs, and take off the red wine to the dregs; for we shall not be able to drink water in this act of guarding.

Come then, my friend, and seize the flask,
And while the deck around us rolls,
Dash we the cover from the cask,
And crown with wine our flowing bowls.
While the deep hold is tempest-tost,
We'll strain bright nectar from the lees;
For though our freedom here be lost,
We drink no water on the seas.
J. H. M.

#### V. THE SAME.

I like not a big general, nor one who takes long strides, nor who is proud of his bushy hair, nor who is shaved close; but for me let him be of small size, and slightly bow-legged to look at, (and) walking firmly on his feet, (and) full of heart, and close in his thoughts.

Boast me not your valiant captain,
Strutting fierce with measured pride,
Glorying in his well-trimm'd beard, and
Wavy ringlets' cluster'd pride.
Mine be he, who's short of stature,
Firm of foot and bended knee;
Heart of oak in limb and feature,
And of courage bold and free. J. H. M.

#### VI. THE SAME.

I care not for Gyges with his much gold; nor has envy seized me at all; nor do I think much of the acts of the gods; nor have I love for a great empire; for they are far from my views.

In lieu of κοίλων one would have expected πλείων, "full"—For a hollow cask would be empty.

<sup>2</sup> So Jacobs renders ἀπὸ τρυγὸς—But that seems at variance with the language. The sense is rather "apart from the dregs," as rendered by Merrivale.

For Gyges' wealth let others care,
Gold is nothing to me;
Envy of another's share
Never shall undo me.
Nothing that the gods decree,
Moves my special wonder;
As for boastful tyranny—
We're too far asunder.

J. H. M.

#### VII. THE SAME.

The mind, O Glaucus, son of Leptines, becomes such to mortal men, as Zeus leads it from day to day.

The mind of man is such as Jove Ordains by his immortal will; Who moulds it in his courts above, His heavenly purpose to fulfil. J. H. M.

#### VIII. THE SAME.

Look you, Glaucus, for the deep sea is disturbed by waves, and a cloud stands <sup>1</sup> erect in a circle around the tops, <sup>1</sup> a sign of a wintry storm, and fear lays hold (of us) from its unexpectedness.

Behold, my Glaucus! how the deep
Heaves, while the sweeping billows howl,
And round the promontory steep
The big black clouds portentous scowl,
With thunder fraught and lightning's glare,
While Terror rules, and wild Despair. J. H. M.

1—1 Such is the literal version of ἀμφὶ δ' ἄκρα γυρεὸν ὁρθὸν—where Brunck ingeniously conjectured ὁρφνὸν, "dark"—obtained, it would seem, from ὅρπον in Heraclides, Allegor. Homer, § 4. But as ὁρθὸν is acknowledged by Theophrasus, Plutarch, and Schol. on Hermogenes, quoted by Jacobs and Gaisford, perhaps the poet wrote αθρόον—"collected into a mass:" while in ἄκρα γυρεῦον, the reading in Plutarch, lies hid ἀκροκεραῦνι"—the name of a lofty mountain, around which the lightnings play; for "feriunt summos fulmina montes," as Horace says; who has introduced the very Greek word, ἀκροκεραῦνια, into his Latin verse—"Infames scopulos, Acroceraunia." Now that a mountain was mentioned here is plain from the words of Theophrastus, while quoting this passage—ἐὰν ἐπὶ κορυφῆς ὅρους νέφος ὀρθὸν στῷ, χειμῶνα σημαίνει.

2 Ε 2

#### IX. THE SAME.

Place all things in the hands of the gods. Often after ills they cause men to stand erect, who have been lying on the dark earth; and often do they overturn even those, who have been walking very firmly, and throw them on their backs. Then many ills arise, and of life it is necessary that a person does not wander, and is carried aside in mind.

Leave the gods to order all things;
Often from the gulf of woe
They exalt the poor man, grov'ling
In the gloomy shades below.
Often turn again and prostrate
Lay in dust the loftiest head,
Dooming him through life to wander,
Reft of sense and wanting bread. J. H. M.

#### X. THE SAME.

Of things there is not one unexpected, nor to be forsworn, nor to be wondered at; since Zeus, the father of the Olympian (gods), has out of the mid-day brought night, and concealed the light of the shining sun; and a moist<sup>4</sup> fear has come upon men. <sup>5</sup> From hence all things arise, not to be disbelieved, and to be expected<sup>5</sup> by man; nor let any one of you wonder at beholding, even if wild beasts exchange with dolphins

This mention of the "dark" earth seems very strange here. For the question is not about the dead, but the living. Hence the poet probably wrote, δρθοῦσε ἐν γαλήνη. "in a calm," not δρθοῦσεν μελαίνη—
The sense and syntax require Χύπτίους, not Υπτίους: for the words

καὶ μάλ' εὐ βεβηκότας are to be referred to άνατρέπουσι, not to κλίνουσι:

3—3 Such is the literal version of the unintelligible καὶ βίου χρη μή
πλανᾶται καὶ νόου παρήορος:—where Abresch suggested—χρήμη πλανᾶται—referring to Suidas. Χρήμη χρεία, σπάνις: which gives an allsufficient sense—" and a person wanders from the want of a living—"."

Instead of λυγρον, which destroys the metre, Valckenaer suggested υγρον—

<sup>3—5</sup> Such is the literal version of the Greek, Ἐκ δὲ τοῦ οὐκ ἄπιστα πάντα κἀπίελπτα γίνεται. Liebel would read Ἐκ δὲ τοῦ καὶ πιστα—and he should have read likewise, Ἐκ δὲ θεοῦ—where θεοῦ is a monosyllable.

their pasture in the sea, or if the booming waves become more agreeable than the continent to them (the dolphins); and a mountain is pleasant to them.

> Never man again may swear Things still shall be, as erst they were: Never more in wonder stare, Since Jove, th' Olympian thunderer, Bade the sun's meridian splendour Hide in shades of thickest night: While th' affrighted nations started, Trembling at the fearful sight. Who shall dare to doubt hereafter, Whatsoever man may say? Who refuse with stupid laughter, Credence to the wildest lay? Though for pasture dolphins ranging, Leap the hills and scour the wood, And fierce wolves, their nature changing, Dive beneath th' astonish'd flood. J. H. M.

#### XI. THE SAME.

<sup>2</sup>No one, when dead, although previously <sup>3</sup> a man of might, becomes an object of reverence with citizens.2 We who are alive, pursue rather the favour of the living; but to the dead man himself4 the worst things occur. Nor<sup>5</sup> is it well to speak in a galling manner over men who are dead?

> Death seals the fountains of reward and fame; Man dies, and leaves no guardian of his name.

'-' In the letters τοῖσι δ' ἡδὺ ἢν ὄρος, at variance with metre and syntax, for ην should be η—to answer to ανταμείψωνται and γένηται, lie hid the words τοῖς δ΄ ἄδη δένδρ' ηδ΄ ὅρος, "and to them trees and a hill are pleasing:" where δένδρα is explained by Horace, "Piscium et summa genus hæsit ulmo—Omne quum Proteus pecus egit altos Visere montes."

\*\_\_ The words between the numerals are generally divided into two fragments, which Merrivale has united, and translated as if he wished to read  $O\dot{v}\delta'$   $\ddot{a}\rho'$ , for  $O\dot{v}$   $\gamma\dot{a}\rho$ , in 5.

The antithesis evidently requires καὶ πρὶν, as translated, in lieu of καί

περ The poet probably alluded to the fate of Ajax.

As "himself" is here without meaning, perhaps the poet wrote, not κάκιστα δ' αὐτῷ τῷ, but κάκιστα δ' αἰεὶ τῷApplause awaits us only while we live, While we can honour take and honour give. Yet it were base in man, of woman born, To mock the naked ghost with jests or scorn. J. H. M.

# XII. THE SAME.

It stands, like the back-bone of an ass, covered with a wild wood.

Like the sharp back-bone of an ass it stood, That rugged isle, 'o'ergrown with shaggy wood, No verdant grot; no lawn for poet's dream Is there, like those by Siris' pleasant stream. J. H. M.

#### XIII. SAPPHO.

<sup>2</sup>I, being a little one without a voice, <sup>2</sup> say this—should a person ask—after I have put down an untired voice at (my) feet, "Aristo, (the wife) of Hermocleidas, (who was the son) of Saoniadas, has offered me up to the daughter of Latona (worshipped) at Æthiopium, thy servant, O mistress of women; for whom do thou, pleased and with forethought, render famous our family."

Does any ask? I answer from the dead;
A voice that lives is graven o'er my head
To dark-eyed Dian, ere my days begun,
Aristo vow'd me, wife of Saon's son.
Then hear thy priestess, hear, O virgin power,
And thy best gifts on Saon's lineage shower.

R.

#### XIV. THE SAME.

In honour of Pelagon the fisherman, has his father Meniscus offered up a wicker-net and oar, a memorial of his wretched life.

<sup>1</sup> The isle was Thasus, as appears from Plutarch ii. p. 604, C., by whom the fragment has been preserved.

\*—3 Such is the version of Dorville's feading, adopted by Jacobs. But as the Vat. MS. has Παϊδες ἄφωνος ἐοῖσα—perhaps Sappho wrote Παιδές ἄφωνος γλῶσσα—for the inscription was probably written on a scroll, that appeared to come out of the child's mouth, and hung down to its feet.

<sup>3</sup> From Stephan. Byz. in.  $Al\theta\iota i \sigma \pi \iota \nu$ , quoted by Jacobs, it seems to be uncertain, whether by  $Al\theta\iota i \sigma \pi \iota \varphi$  we are to understand a town in Lydia or Ethiopia.

This oar and net, and fisher's wicker snare,
Themiscus placed above his buried son;
Memorials of the lot in life he bare,
The hard and needy life of Pelagon. ELTON.

#### XV. ERINNA.

<sup>1</sup>These lines (are) from gentle hands, O best Prometheus. Even men are equal to you in cleverness. For whoever painted this virgin exactly, if he had added a voice, she would have been Agatharchis wholly.

From skilful hands my being I derive;
O best Prometheus, own that human art
May with thy plastic power not vainly strive;
Here Agatharchis breathes in every part,
Save that she wants the charm of voice, alive. J. H. M.

#### XVI. ANACREON.

Thee too, Cleanorides, did a desire for father-land destroy, while confiding in the wintry whirlwind of a south-easter.<sup>2</sup> For it <sup>3</sup>bound thee without a bail to Fate; <sup>3</sup> and the wet waves overwhelmed thy youth still <sup>4</sup> loved.

Thee too, Cleanor, strong Desire laid low, Desire, that wretched exiles only know,

1—1 This is the literal version of Jacob's text, Έξ ἀταλᾶν χειρῶν τάδε γράμματα, λῷστε Προμηθεῦ. But as MS. Vat. has Δέξ' for 'Εξ—and as λῷστε could not thus stand by itself, perhaps Erinna wrote, Δέξ' — πλάστα Προμηθεῦ, "Receive, O moulder Prometheus—" From which it would seem that the picture, or statue—for γράμματα might apply to either—was put up in a temple of Prometheus.

This seems here the best version of Nότου: although this union of χειμερίη and Nότου appears rather strange. For Nότος is opposed to

Boosac in Claudian Epigr. 5.

s.—3 Casaubon, unable to understand "Ωρη γάρ σε πέδησεν ἀνέγγνος, suggested Αθρη.— But Αθρη is rarely, if ever, applied to a boisterous wind; and, if it were, one cannot understand how a wind could be said to be ἀνέγγνος, "without a surety or bail." Perhaps the poet wrote Μοίρη γάρ σ' ἐνέδησεν ἀνέγγυον—remembering the expression in Homer, άτη μ' ἐνδόησε βαρείη—while ἀνέγγυον would allude to the fiction of there being no one ready to be a security for Cleanorides, and willing to suffer, should he escape.

In the unintelligible ἀφ' ἰμερτάν evidently lies hid ἔθ' ἰμερτάν—

Of thy loved native land. The tyrant sway
Of winter had no force to make thee stay.
Thy fatal hour was come; and tempest-sped,
The wild waves closed around thy cherish'd head.

J. H. M.

BL.

# XVII. THE SAME.

He is no friend, who, drinking wine near a full flagon, talks of quarrels and tearful war: but he is one, who, mixing together the glorious gifts of the Muses and Venus, brings to remembrance delightful mirth.

Ne'er shall that man a comrade be, Or drink a generous glass with me, Who o'er his bumpers brags of scars, Of noisy brawls, and mournful wars. But welcome thou, congenial soul, And share my purse and drain my bowl, Who canst in social knot combine The Muse, Good-humour, Love, and Wine.

# XVIII. CLEOBULUS.

I am a virgin in brass, and I lie over the tomb of Midas. As long as water shall flow, and tall trees grow, and rivers be full, and the sea wash round, and the sun on returning be seen, and the moon (be) bright, here shall I remain on his much-wept tomb, and tell to passersby that Midas is buried here.

Sculptured in brass, a virgin bright,
On Midas' tomb I stand.
While water cools—while flowers delight—
While rivers part the land—
While ocean girds the earth around—
While with returning day
Phebus returns, and Night is crown'd
By Luna's glimmering ray—
So long as these shall last, will I,
A monument of woe,
Declare to every passer-by,
That Midas sleeps below.
J. H. M.

As φαίνη is used here improperly for φαίνηται, we may adopt λάμπη, found in the Pseud.-Herodotean Life of Homer.

#### XIX. SIMONIDES.

Through the valour of these men, the smoke of extensive Tegea, when it was burning, did not reach the sky. They were willing to leave to their children their city flourishing in freedom, and to die themselves in the front rank.

'Twas by their valour that to heaven ascended
No curling smoke from Tegea's ravaged field;
Who chose—so as the town their arms defended
They to their sons a heritage might yield,
Inscribed with freedom's ever-blooming name,
Themselves to perish in the ranks of fame. J. H. M.

#### XX. THE SAME.

Truly a great light arose to the Athenians, when Aristogeiton and Harmodius killed Hipparchus.

Fair was the light, that brighten'd as it grew,
Of Freedom on Athena's favour'd land,
When him, the tyrant, bold Harmodius slew,
Link'd with Aristogeiton, hand in hand. J. H. M.

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The cloven-footed deity,
Dread king of sylvan Arcady,
Th' Athenians' hope, the Persians' fear,
Miltiades has station'd here.
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These divine women stood praying to Venus for the Greeks and our fellow-citizens engaged in a stand-up fight. For divine Venus had no thought of delivering

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up the Acropolis of the Greeks to the bow-bearing Medes.<sup>2</sup>

For those who, fighting on their country's side, Opposed th' imperial Mede's advancing tide, We, votaresses, to Cythera pray'd; Th' indulgent power vouchsafed her timely aid, And kept the citadel of Hellas free, From rude assaults of Persia's archery. J. H. M.

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Five hostile barks he captured then; the sixth, that late was ta'en,

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We formerly, O stranger, inhabited the well-watered city of Corinth. But now Salamis, the island of Ajax, holds us. There, after taking Phœnician vessels from the Persians and Medes, we liberated the holy land of Greece.

We dwelt of yore in Corinth by the deep; In Salamis, Ajacian isle, we sleep. The ships of Tyre we routed on the sea, And Persia, warring, holy Greece, for thee. C. M.

statues of brass, put up in honour of some women of Corinth, who during the Persian invasion had offered up prayers to their tutelary goddess for the success of the Greeks.

Because Corinth had the sea on its eastern and western side, and hence was called "bimaris" by Horace.

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This is the tomb of that Adeimantus, by whose counsels Greece put on a crown of freedom.

Here Adeimantus rests; the same was he, Whose counsels won for Greece the crown of liberty. J. H. M.

# XXVI. THE SAME.

From the time when the sea divided Europe from Asia, and impetuous Mars superintended the wars of mortals, never has a deed been done by men on the earth more honourable, on the continent and by sea to boot. For these, after destroying many of the Medes on land, took at sea a hundred ships of the Phœnicians, full of men; and greatly did Asia groan, when struck by them, by both arms, the strength of war.

Ne'er since that olden time, when Asia stood
First torn from Europe by the ocean flood,
Since horned Mars first pour'd on either shore
The storm of battle, and its wild uproar,
Hath man by sea and land such glory won,
As for the mighty deed this day was done.
By land the Medes in myriads press the ground;
By sea a hundred Tyrian ships are drown'd,
With all their martial host; while Asia stands
Deep groaning by, and wrings her helpless hands.

J. H. M.

# XXVII. THE SAME.

These by Eurymedon lost of old their brilliant period of youth, while fighting as spearmen with the first ranks of the bow-bearing Medes, and as foot-soldiers even upon the swift-going ships; and dying they have left a most honourable memorial of their valour.

These by the stream of famed Eurymedon, Their envied youth's short brilliant race have run. In swift-wing'd ships, and on th' embattled field, Alike they forced the Median bows to yield, Breaking their foremost rank. Now here they lie, Their names inscribed on rolls of victory. J. H. M.

These along Eurymedon,
Foremost in the arrowy fray,
Persia's mighty host upon
Threw their golden youth away;
Warriors thus by land and sea,
Famed for aye in chivalry. G. F. D. T.

#### XXVIII. THE SAME.

Impetuous war washed formerly with ruddy drops<sup>1</sup> in the bosoms of these men the long-pointed arrows. And in the place of men, who died, the receptacles of short spears, this dust conceals the soulless monument of persons (once) endued with soul.<sup>2</sup>

In life-blood streaming from those stubborn hearts,
The lord of war once bathed his barbed darts.
Where are those warriors, patient of the spear?
Dust—soulless, lifeless dust, alone lies here.
R.

#### XXIX. THE SAME.

These bows and arrows, after ceasing from tearful war, are laid up under the roof of the temple of Athéna, having frequently during a moan-producing rout in a battle been bathed in the blood of men of Persia fighting on horseback.

From wound and death they rest—this bow and quiver, Beneath Minerva's holy roof for ever.

Once did their shafts along the battle speed,

And drink the life-blood of the charging Mede.

R.

No longer bent in deadly fight, these bows
Beneath Minerva's sacred fane repose.
Wielded in many a battle-rout, they lie
Bathed in the blood of Persian cavalry. H. W

So Jacobs understands φοινίσσα—ψεκάδι.
In lieu of ἐμψύχων one would prefer εὐψύχων—"with a brave soul;" for even cowards could be called ἔμψυχοι.

# XXX. THE SAME.

So rest, long ashen spear, against the tall column, waiting for the sacred rites of Zeus Panomphæus; for already is the brass old, and thou art worn down, being frequently wielded in the hostile conflict.

Against this pillar tall, thou taper spear, Repose, to Jove oracular offer'd here; For now thy brass is old, and worn at length. By warlike uses, thou hast lost thy strength.

Good ashen spear, that erst this arm did wield, And hurl, fierce hissing, through the battle-field;

Now, peaceful resting in the sacred grove,
Thou lead'st the pomp of Panomphæan Jove. J. H. M.

Here, tapering lance, beneath the dome
Of Jove oracular, be thy home,
Yon column tall thy stay;
Dull'd is thy point, once keen and bright,
And brandish'd oft in mortal fight,
Thy shaft is worn away.
G. S.

# XXXI. THE SAME.

Farewell, ye best men in war, young men of Athens, after obtaining great glory, as pre-eminent in the deeds of cavalry; who for your country, famous for beautiful choirs, lost the age of youth, while fighting opposed to very many of the Greeks.

Hail, great in war, all hail, by glory cherish'd,
Athena's sons, in chivalry renown'd;
For your sweet native soil in youth ye perish'd,
When Hellas leagued in hostile ranks was found.
J. H. M.

#### XXXII. THE SAME.

We were subdued in the hollow under (Mount) Dir-

As giving all kinds of oracles.
2—2 In καλλιχόρου there is an allusion to the Χορὸς of the drama, found chiefly at Athens.

phys. But a monument has been heaped up over us at the public expense, near the Euripus, not unjustly. For we lost our lovely youth, while receiving the wild cloud of war.

At Dirphys' foot we fell; and o'er us here,
Beside Euripus' shore, this mound was piled;
Not undeserved; for youth to us was dear,
And that we lost in battle's tempest wild. STERLING.

In thy hollow recess, rugged Dirphys, we fell;
By wide-rolling Euripus our monument stands;
Nor false is the story it seemeth to tell,
How our sun set in clouds o'er those far-distant sands.
J. H. M.

# XXXIII. THE SAME.

O thou vine, the all-soother, the nurse of wine, the mother of the grape, who producest the twisting bend of the curling tendril, mayest thou grow in freshness on the top of the grave-stone of Anacreon, and on the slight mound of this tomb, so that the lover of the unmixed juice, and who heavy with wine was fond of revelry, may all night long strike the lyre, dear to youths, and drink even in the grave, and take to himself the transparent grape from the branch in due season hanging over his head; and may its dew-drop moisten him, sweeter than which the old man was wont to breathe from his soft lips.

All-cheering vine, with purple clusters crown'd, Whose tendrils, curling o'er the humble mound Beneath whose turf Anacreon's relics rest, Clasp the low column rising o'er his breast, Still may'st thou flourish; that the bard divine, Who nightly sang the joys of love and wine, May view, though sunk amongst the silent dead, Thy honours waving o'er his aged head; Whilst on his ashes in perennial rills, Soothing his shade, thy nectar'd juice distils;

Sweet juice! but sweeter still the words of fire,
That breathed responsive to his tuneful lyre.
W. Shepherd.

Sweet queen of autumn, mother of the wine,
Trail thy green tresses, sorrow-soothing vine,
Thy waving tendrils, round the pillar'd stone,
Above the grave where sleeps Anacreon;
That he, the bard who led the tipsy choir
The livelong night, and struck the joyous lyre,
May yet, though dead, around his brows entwine
A wreath of grapes, a garland from the vine.
Breathe o'er his tomb thy sweet and dewy rain;
Who rests below once waked a sweeter strain.

R.

Mother of cluster'd fruit and gushing wine,
With verdant ringlets deck'd, all-cheering vine,
Wind o'er the crowning stone and lowly mound,
Where rests Anacreon in this sheltering ground.
That he, sheer-tippling reveller, all night long,
Whose amorous lyre struck forth a wanton song,
Stretch'd though in earth he lies, may o'er his brow
Bear the rich burden of thy teeming bough;
And still thy dew the loved old bard may sip,
Whose own soft lay fell sweeter from his lip. G. Bo.

#### XXXIV. THE SAME.

This tomb in his country of Teos has received Anacreon, the minstrel immortal through the Muses; who fitted songs, breathing Graces and breathing Loves, to his delightful desire for young persons. He alone is weighed down (with grief) near Acheron, not because leaving the sun he has met there with the mansions of oblivion, but because he has left the graceful Megisteus in company with young persons, and the love he felt for the Thracian Smerdis. And he does not forget the strain, delighting like honey; and though dead he has not put to sleep that lyre of his in Hades.

Behold! where Teos shrouds her minstrel son, The deathless bard, the lost Anacreon, Whose raptur'd numbers, wing'd with soft desire, Did all the Graces, all the Loves inspire. For this alone he grieves within the grave; Not that the sun is dark on Lethe's wave, But that Megiste's eyes he may not see, Nor, Thressa, still look wistfully on thee. Still he remembers music's honey'd breath, Still wakes the lyre beneath the house of death. R.

# XXXV. THE SAME.

May those, who murdered me, meet in return, O Zeus, who presidest over hospitality, with a like fate; but may those, who placed me under ground, enjoy their life.

O holy Jove, my murderers, may they die A death like mine; my buriers live in joy. R.

# XXXVI. THE SAME.

<sup>1</sup>This is the saviour of Simonides of Ceos; who, although dead, repaid a favour to the living.<sup>1</sup>

Behold the bard's preserver. From the grave The spectre came the living man to save. R.

#### XXXVII. THE SAME.

Go ye to the shrine of Demeter, go ye, sharers in her mysteries, nor fear the flowing forth of the water in winter. For such a safe bridge has Xenocles of Lindus thrown for you across this wide stream.

Still wend your way, ye mystic votaries,
To Ceres' shrine, nor dread the wintry tide.
For you the Lindian stranger, Xenocles,
Has built this causeway o'er Cephisus wide. R.

1—1 The story to which this distich alludes, is told by Cicaro de Divinat. i. 27: "After Simonides had seen the corpse of some unknown person thrown on the shore by the sea and had buried it, he intended to go on board a vessel, but was advised by the ghost of the buried party not to do so; for that, if he set sail, he would be shipwrecked; whereupon he returned, while the rest, who had sailed, were lost."

#### XXXVIII. THE SAME.

Euphro, and Thais, and Boidion, the old women of hiomedes. 12 (in size like) merchant vessels with twenty ows of benches,2 have thrown overboard Apis, and leophon, and Antagoras, each of them one, quite aked, worse than if they had been shipwrecked. But o ye avoid the piracies of Venus together with her ips; for these are more inimical than the Sirens.

#### IMITATED BY J. H. M.

· Three roving vessels in the Cyprian trade Here on these noted shoals have shipwreck made Of three brave mariners, and naked sped From port to port to beg their daily bread. Sailors, be warn'd. How bright soe'er she be, Venus can cheat you like her mother sea.

#### XXXIX. THE SAME.

Surely I ween that wild beasts tremble at thy white ones, O hunting-dog Lycas, even though dead, placed a this tomb. For the great Pelion knew thy prowess, id the very conspicuous Ossa, and the sheep-pastured ok-outs of Cithæron.

Hound Lycas, even now thy white bones cold, Within this tomb, must needs the stags arouse; Thy worth great Pelion knew, and Ossa's wold, And all Cithæron's solitary brows. STERLING.

Dead though thou art, thy whitening relics here Still, Lycas, still the woodland stag shall fear.

2-2 Such may perhaps be the meaning of ναυκλήρων όλκάδες είκόσοροι. at the interpretation given by Brodæus, although rejected by Jacobs, ems preferable.

ted.

<sup>1-1</sup> From the words of the Scholiast on Aristoph. Eccl. 1021, where explains Διομήδεια ἀνάγκη, one would have expected Jacobs to sugst Moipai in lieu of Fpaiai.

<sup>3-3</sup> To get at this sense, which alone suits the context, we must suppose at the author wrote—ναυηγῶν μάσσονας, not ναυηγῶν ἡσσονας— In lieu of άγρῶστα the sense manifestly leads to άγρευτά, as trans-

Of thy loved native land. The tyrant sway
Of winter had no force to make thee stay.
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But welcome thou, congenial soul,
And share my purse and drain my bowl,
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The Muse, Good-humour, Love, and Wine.
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Since horned Mars first pour'd on either shore
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Hath man by sea and land such glory won,
As for the mighty deed this day was done.
By land the Medes in myriads press the ground;
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J. H. M.

# XXVII. THE SAME.

These by Eurymedon lost of old their brilliant period youth, while fighting as spearmen with the first ranks the bow-bearing Medes, and as foot-soldiers even on the swift-going ships; and dying they have left a ost honourable memorial of their valour.

These by the stream of famed Eurymedon, Their envied youth's short brilliant race have run. In swift-wing'd ships, and on th' embattled field, Alike they forced the Median bows to yield, the wet from his hair, on his footsteps came a lion very hungry to the hollow path; when he, laying hold of a large tambourine with his extended hand, struck it, and the whole cavern resounded with the noise; nor did the wood-inhabiting wild beast remain to endure the sacred sound of Cybelé, but rushed quickly through the woody mountain, fearing the half-female servant of the goddess, who for Rhea has hung up these, his dress and auburn locks.

From wintry snows, descending fiercely round, A priest of Cybelé a shelter found Beneath a desert cliff, that beetling stood O'er the wild margin of the ocean flood. Here, as he wrung the moisture from his hair, He saw, advancing to his secret lair, With hunger fierce, and horrid to behold, The grim destroyer of the nightly fold. Then, all dismay'd, the sacred drum he shook. With wide-extended hand, and wildly struck. He struck; the hollow cave, within, around, On every side, rebellow'd to the sound. The forest's lord, o'ercome with holy dread, Back to his native woods, loud howling, fled; Fled from that trembling votary; he in praise Of her, whose power redeem'd his forfeit days, Now hangs these locks, and garments wet with brine, For his deliverance due, at Rhea's shrine. J. H. M.

#### XLVIII. BACCHYLIDES.

O venerable Victory, the many-named daughter of Pallas, mayest thou ever look with forethought on the delightful choirs of the descendants of Cranaus, and in the amusements of the Muses, place many wreaths on the brows of Bacchylides of Ceos.

2-2 The Greek has, with an inverted order, ετλη μείναι.

¹ The word  $\beta o v \phi \dot{\alpha} \gamma o c$  means either "ox-eating," or "very hungry."—For  $\beta o v$ , like  $i\pi\pi o$ , in composition, signifies "excess." So we say "horse-radish," when speaking of a large radish, and still more strangely, "horse-mackerel" in a similar sense.

Oh! sovereign Pallantean progeny,
Thou many-titled virgin Victory,
Long, long may'st thou behold with fav'ring eyes
The bright Cranæan choir; and when the prize
Of song the Muses have adjudged, bestow
Thy wreath to grace the Cean poet's brow. J. H. M.

# XLIX. THE SAME.

Eudemus has dedicated this fane in the field to ephyr, the most mild of all winds; for to him on praying the god came as a helper, in order that he might innow out most quickly the grain from the ripe ears of orn.

To Zephyr, kindest wind that swells the grain, Eudemus consecrates this humble fane; For that he listen'd to his vows, and bore On his soft wings the rich autumnal store. J. H. M.

#### L. ÆSCHYLUS.

These men likewise did livid Fate destroy, while istaining the attack of spears, and defending their puntry rich in many sheep. But the glory of the dead still living, who enduringly invested their limbs with the dust of Ossa.

These, too, defenders of their country fell—
These mighty souls to gloomy death betray'd;
Immortal is their fame, who, suffering well,
Of Ossa's dust a glorious garment made.

C. M.

These livid Death destroy'd, who with spear stood, And from their country turn'd of shields the flood. Still lives of dead the fame; whose dust the sod Of Ossa keeps, and tells where brave men trod. G. B.

As it is difficult to understand how the soil of Attica, or even of any rt of Greece, except Arcadia, could be called "rich in many sheep"—, author probably wrote not Μοῖρα πολύρρηνον πατρίδα—but Μοῖρ', λων ρεῦμ' εὐ πατρίδι—where ὅπλων ρεῦμα would be similar to ρεύματι τῶν, and ρεῦμα—στρατοῦ, in Æsch. Pers. 88, and 404.

Whose raptur'd numbers, wing'd with soft desire, Did all the Graces, all the Loves inspire. For this alone he grieves within the grave; Not that the sun is dark on Lethe's wave, But that Megiste's eyes he may not see, Nor, Thressa, still look wistfully on thee. Still he remembers music's honey'd breath, Still wakes the lyre beneath the house of death. R.

## XXXV. THE SAME.

May those, who murdered me, meet in return, O Zeus, who presidest over hospitality, with a like fate; but may those, who placed me under ground, enjoy their life.

O holy Jove, my murderers, may they die A death like mine; my buriers live in joy. R

#### XXXVI. THE SAME.

<sup>1</sup>This is the saviour of Simonides of Ceos; who, although dead, repaid a favour to the living.<sup>1</sup>

Behold the bard's preserver. From the grave The spectre came the living man to save. R.

# XXXVII. THE SAME.

Go ye to the shrine of Demeter, go ye, sharers in her mysteries, nor fear the flowing forth of the water in winter. For such a safe bridge has Xenocles of Lindus thrown for you across this wide stream.

Still wend your way, ye mystic votaries,
To Ceres' shrine, nor dread the wintry tide.
For you the Lindian stranger, Xenocles,
Has built this causeway o'er Cephiaus wide. R.

1—1 The story to which this distich alludes, is told by Cicero de Divinat. i. 27: "After Simonides had seen the corpse of some unknown person thrown on the shore by the sea and had buried it, he intended to go on board a vessel, but was advised by the ghost of the buried party not to do so; for that, if he set sail, he would be shipwrecked; whereupon he returned, while the rest, who had sailed, were lost."

#### XXXVIII. THE SAME.

Euphro, and Thais, and Boidion, the old women of Diomedes, 2 (in size like) merchant vessels with twenty rows of benches, have thrown overboard Apis, and Cleophon, and Antagoras, each of them one, quite naked, worse than if they had been shipwrecked. But do ye avoid the piracies of Venus together with her ships; for these are more inimical than the Sirens.

## IMITATED BY J. H. M.

Three roving vessels in the Cyprian trade
Here on these noted shoals have shipwreck made
Of three brave mariners, and naked sped
From port to port to beg their daily bread.
Sailors, be warn'd. How bright soe'er she be,
Venus can cheat you like her mother sea.

# XXXIX. THE SAME.

Surely I ween that wild beasts tremble at thy white bones, O hunting-dog Lycas, even though dead, placed on this tomb. For the great Pelion knew thy prowess, and the very conspicuous Ossa, and the sheep-pastured look-outs of Cithæron.

Hound Lycas, even now thy white bones cold,
Within this tomb, must needs the stags arouse;
Thy worth great Pelion knew, and Ossa's wold,
And all Cithæron's solitary brows.

STERLING

Dead though thou art, thy whitening relics here Still, Lycas, still the woodland stag shall fear.

<sup>1—1</sup> From the words of the Scholiast on Aristoph. Eccl. 1021, where he explains Διομήδεια ἀνάγκη, one would have expected Jacobs to suggest Μοῖραι in lieu of Γραῖαι.

<sup>2-3</sup> Such may perhaps be the meaning of ναυκλήρων όλκάδες είκόσοροι. But the interpretation given by Brodæus, although rejected by Jacobs,

seems preferable.

3—3 To get at this sense, which alone suits the context, we must suppose that the author wrote—ναυηγῶν μάσσονας, not ναυηγῶν ήσσονας—

In lieu of άγρωστα the sense manifestly leads to άγρευτά, as translated.

Cithæron saw thee in thy fiery flight, And Pelion's waste, and Ossa's scarped height. R.

Lycas, thy bleaching bones from out this mound Startle the deer, I ween, much-dreaded hound; Huge Pelion and the far-seen Ossa speak Thy prowess, and Cithæron's lonely peak. H. W.

## XL. THE SAME.

Kings of Sparta (were) my father and brothers; and I, Cynisca, after conquering in the chariot-race of swift-footed horses, have put up this representation; and I say that I, the only one of women out of all Greece, have obtained this crown of victory.

My sire, my brethren, Sparta's princes are; Mine were the coursers, mine the conquering car. 'Twas I, Cynisca, I that raised this stone; I won the wreath, 'mid Grecian maids alone. R.

## XLI. THE SAME.

O misty¹ Geraneia, thou evil rock, thou shouldest have looked upon the Ister at a distance, and the Tanais ²far from the Scythians,² and not have been near the swell of the Sceironic sea, and about the defiles of Molouris² covered with snow. Now through thee⁴ is there a corpse stiff with cold in the sea; and an empty tomb here tells of a grievous voyaging.

O cloud-capt Geranéa, rock unblest, Would thou hadst rear'd far hence thy haughty crest,

¹ So we must translate ˈH $\epsilon \rho i \eta$ , not "lofty," with Jacobs. For it will be thus seen that the voyage turned out a fatal one, through the mist that descended from the mountain to the water.

<sup>3—3</sup> Reiske justly objected to the unintelligible καὶ ἐκ Σκυθέων μακρόν—3 This is the happy correction of Hemsterhuis on Lucian, i. p. 307, in lieu of Μεθουριάδος. For Μολουρίς was a promontory near Geranea, as stated by the Scholiast on Pindar.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>5</sup> Here again Reiske saw there was something wrong in Nöν δ' ὁ μὲν—but he did not see that the poet probably wrote Nöν διὰ σ'—For thus the mist on the mountain would be properly considered as the cause of the death.

By Tanais wild, or wastes where Ister flows, Nor look'd on Sciron from thy silent snows. A cold stiff corpse he lies beneath the wave; This tomb tells tenantless his ocean grave.

#### XLII. THE SAME.

<sup>1</sup> Foreign dust conceals the body; <sup>1</sup> but thee, Clisthenes, while wandering in the Euxine Sea, did the fate of death overtake; and thou hast missed a return home pleasant, honey-thinking, <sup>2</sup> nor hast thou arrived at Chios flowed-round.

A land not thine hath shed its dust o'er thee, A fated wanderer o'er the Pontic sea; No joys for thee of sweet regretted home; To sea-girt Chios thou didst never come. R.

## XLIII. THE SAME.

A feeling of shame led Cleodamus to a mournful death at the outlet<sup>3</sup> of the ever-flowing Theærus, when he met with a Thracian troop.<sup>4</sup> But the spear-bearing son of Diphilus has made his father's name famous.

Shame, glorious shame, beside Theærus' wave, Brought Cleodamus to his honour'd grave, 'Mid Theacian lances. For his father's name The warrior son hath gain'd immortal fame. R.

## XLIV. THE SAME.

These, who were carrying the spoils of war from the Tyrrhenians to Phœbus, did one sea, one ship, one tomb bury.

1—1 Here too Reiske was not without reason dissatisfied with  $\Sigma \tilde{\omega} \mu \alpha$   $\mu \tilde{\epsilon} \nu$ —but improperly preferred  $\Sigma \tilde{\eta} \mu a$ , the reading of MS. Vat. Did the poet write  $\Sigma \tilde{\omega} \mu a \tau \dot{a} \chi'$  and  $\epsilon l \ \sigma \dot{\epsilon} \gamma \epsilon$ —i. e. "Perchance foreign dust conceals the body, since—" instead of  $\epsilon l \ \delta \tilde{\epsilon} \ \sigma \tilde{\epsilon}$ —

<sup>2</sup> How a return could be said to be  $\mu$ ελίφρονος—and how that word could by an antiptosis be applied here to Clisthenes, it is impossible to explain. Perhaps the author wrote—δ'  $\dot{a}\mu$ ελής φρένας—" careless in mind—"

<sup>2</sup> By this is meant, says Jacobs, where the river Theærus, called Tearus by Herodotus, falls, according to that historian, into the river Contadesdus.

Or "ambuscade," as Jacobs understands λόχψ.

These, as the spoils of Tyrrhene war, to Phœbus' hallow'd dome They bore away, one sea received, one vessel, and one tomb.

J. H. M.

## XLV. THE SAME.

There is nothing amongst men that remains firmly fixed for ever; and this one sentiment the man of Chios has expressed the best,—" As is the race of leaves, such is of men." But few mortals, receiving it through the ears, deposit it in their breasts. For to each is present the hope, which is implanted in the bosoms of young men. And as long as a mortal possesses the much-desired flower of youth, he has light thoughts, and imagines many things that are never to be accomplished. For he has no expectation of becoming old or dying, nor, when he is in health, has he any thought of sickness. Simpletons (are they), whose mind lies in this direction, and who know not that short is the period of youth and life to mortals; but do you, after learning this, endure to the end of life in gratifying your soul with good things.

All human things are subject to decay;
And well the man of Chios tuned his lay—
"Like leaves on trees, the race of man is found."
Yet few receive the melancholy sound,
Or in their breasts imprint this solemn truth;
For Hope is near to all, but most to youth.
Hope's vernal season leads the laughing hours,
And strews o'er every path the fairest flowers;
To cloud the scene no distant mists appear;
Age moves no thought, and death awakes no fear.
Ah! how unmindful is the giddy crowd
Of the small span to youth and life allow'd!
Ye who reflect, the short-lived good employ,
And while the power remains, indulge your joy.
J. H. M

#### XLVI. THE SAME.

¹Of the snow, with which the sides of Olympus¹ did the bleak² Boreas, rushing from Thrace, cover, and nip the feelings of men without a cloak, but which has been concealed,³ ⁴still living, after being wrapt up in the Pierian land⁴—of this let a person pour a portion for me; for it is not right to carry a warm drink to a man, who is a friend.

With this the north-wind, rushing sharp from Thrace, Hath strewn Olympus to his giant base,
And vex'd the cloakless wanderer's soul, while deep
It lay beneath the cleft and crannied steep.
But here the feast its tempering breath demands,
For draughts preferr'd by hospitable hands. C. M.

#### XLVII. THE SAME.

When a Gallus,<sup>5</sup> to avoid the approach of a snowstorm, arrived under a deserted cliff, and had wiped off

1—1 This epigram, as we learn from Athenœus iii. p. 125, C., was improvised by Simonides, when, being at a banquet during a period of excessive heat, the cup-bearers mixed snow-water with the wine of other persons, but not with his. Merrivale truly observes that the epigram does not sufficiently express the occasion of it; which it would have done more clearly, had the Greek been, not Tỹ ρά ποτ Οὐλύμποιο περὶ πλευρὰς ἐκάλυψεν-Βορέης-but Ἡι ρά ποτ Οὐλύμποιο νυὰι-and shortly afterwards, not αὐτὰρ, but ἢ δ' ἄρ —as translated. For τỹ could scarcely be taken for τỹδε, as Jacobs fancies it might be. The error arose from the usual confusion in MSS. of the ligature that signifies φ and ερ, as shown by Alberti on Hesych. Έριννύς.

In lieu of ωκὸς, Valckenaer suggested, and Brunck adopted, ὀξὸς—for both of those scholars knew, what others did not, that, although ωκὸς is used frequently for ὀξὸς, when taken in a mental sense, it is not so,

when applied to a bleak wind.

\* As the MSS, offer  $i\kappa\dot{a}\mu\phi\theta\eta$ , an evident error for  $i\kappa\dot{a}\lambda\dot{\nu}\phi\theta\eta$ , as remarked by Gaisford, through the usual confusion between  $\lambda\nu$  and  $\mu$ , and as  $\rho$  and  $\lambda$  are in like manner frequently interchanged, Brunck's  $i\kappa\rho\dot{\nu}\phi\theta\eta$  is to be preferred to Porson's  $i\theta\dot{a}\phi\theta\eta$ , although the latter is patronized by Jacobs.

4—4 Jacobs says correctly that "to snow, which, when alive, that is, unmelted, is put under the ground, is applied the expression used in the

case of a human being put under the ground, when dead."

By this name was known a priest of Cybelé.

the wet from his hair, on his footsteps came a lion very hungry to the hollow path; when he, laying hold of a large tambourine with his extended hand, struck it, and the whole cavern resounded with the noise; nor did the wood-inhabiting wild beast remain to endure the sacred sound of Cybelé, but rushed quickly through the woody mountain, fearing the half-female servant of the goddess, who for Rhea has hung up these, his dress and auburn locks.

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### L. ÆSCHYLUS.

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These, too, defenders of their country fell—
These mighty souls to gloomy death betray'd;
Immortal is their fame, who, suffering well,
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These livid Death destroy'd, who with spear stood, And from their country turn'd of shields the flood. Still lives of dead the fame; whose dust the sod Of Ossa keeps, and tells where brave men trod. G. B.

As it is difficult to understand how the soil of Attica, or even of any part of Greece, except Arcadia, could be called "rich in many sheep"—, the author probably wrote not Μοῖρα πολύρρηνον πατρίδα—but Μοῖρ, δπλων ρέιμι εὐ πατρίδι—where ὅπλων ρέιμα would be similar to ρεύματι φωτών, and ρείμα—στρατοῦ, in Æsch. Pers. 88, and 404.

### LI. THE SAME.

This monument conceals Æschylus of Athens, the son of Euphorion, after he had died at wheat-bearing Gela. But the grove of Marathon will tell of his prowess in good repute, and the Mede with long hair, who knew it.

Athenian Æschylus, Euphorion's son,
Buried in Gela's fields these lines declare;
His deeds are register'd at Marathon,
Known to the deep-hair'd Mede, who met him there.
C. M.

This tomb of Æschylus, Euphorion's son,
At Athens born, wheat-bearing Gela shows.

Let Marathon tell what feats by him were done,
And what the vanquish'd long-hair'd Mede well knows.

G. B.

### LII. EMPEDOCLES.

Pausanias, a physician, 'rightly so called,' the son of Anchitas, a man 'in the trade of Æsculapius,' his country Gela has buried; who turned away many men, wasted away by painful diseases, from the chambers of Proserpine.

Pausanias—not so named without a cause—
As one, who oft had given to pain a pause—
Blest son of Æsculapius, good and wise,
Here in his native Gela buried lies;
Who many a wretch once rescued by his charms,
From dark Persephone's constraining arms. J. H. M.

#### LIII. EVENUS.

The best measure for Bacchus (wine) is what is not much, nor very little. For he is the cause either of grief or madness. He rejoices in being mixed, himself

<sup>1—1</sup> The name Παυσανίας is feigned to be formed from Παῦσαι ἀνίας, "to cause pains to cease."

<sup>2—2</sup> The Greek is 'Ασκληπιάδην, literally "a son of Æsculapius"—for such physicians were considered; just as "blacksmiths" are called "the sons of Vulcan" by Æschylus in Eum. 13.

the fourth, with three Nymphs; and then he is the most ready for the rites of wedlock. But if he breathes violently, he turns away the Loves, and is drowned in sleep, the neighbour of death.

Water your wine in moderation—
There's grief or madness in a strong potation;
For 'tis young Bacchus' chiefest pleasure
To move with Naiads three in linked measure.
'Tis then he is good company
For sports, and loves, and decent jollity.
But, when alone, avoid his breath;
He breathes not love, but sleep—a sleep like death.
C. M.

## LIV. PLATO.

My Star, upon the stars thou art looking. Would that I were heaven, that on thee I might look with many eyes.

Why dost thou gaze upon the sky?

Oh! that I were you spangled sphere!

Then every star should be an eye,

To wander o'er thy beauties here.

T. MOORE.

The stars, my Star, thou view'st; heaven might I be, That I with many eyes might gaze on thee. T. STANLEY.

#### LV. THE SAME.

While kissing Agathon, I had my soul upon my lips. For it came, the hapless, as if about to depart.

By "Nymphs" is to be understood "water" personified.
In lieu of the unintelligible πολύς πνεύσειεν, one would have expected πλίων γάνος εἰσεν, "the liquor has warmed him quite full," or πλίων πῶμ' εὐσεν—" the drinking has warmed him full "—and thus βαπτίζει would be taken in an active sense, as it should be, as applied to γάνος, or πῶμα—unless βάπτισται be read, as suggested by Scaliger, to which βαπτίζεται in Planudes seems to lead.

The play is upon 'Αστήρ, the name of a person, and a star. "Such is the literal version of the Greek. But Plato probably wrote 'Ηλθε γάρ, οὖ τλήμων ἡν διαβησομένη—"For it came (thither) from whence it was about to depart"—ποι ἡ τλήμων, ὡς—

My soul, when I kiss'd Agathon, did start
Up to my lips, just ready to depart. T. STANLEY.

Oh! on that kiss my soul,

As if in doubt to stay,

Linger'd awhile, on fluttering wing prepared

To fly away.

J. H. M.

### LVI. THE SAME.

I pelt thee with an apple; and do thou, if willingly thou lovest me, receive it, and give me a share of thy virginhood. But if thou art thinking upon what I wish may not happen, take this very (hint)—Think on thy beauty, how short-lived it is.

An apple I, love's emblem, at thee throw;
Thou in exchange thy virgin zone bestow.
If thou refuse my suit, receive yet this—
"Few are thy years, and frail thy beauty is."
T. STANLEY.

I throw an apple at my fair;
And if she love, and love me truly,
She'll guess aright the hidden prayer,
Accept it, and reward me duly.
But if—oh let it not be spoken—
She has no mind to be persuaded,
Still let her take the lover's token,
And think how soon it will be faded.

C. M.

#### LVII. THE SAME.

A frog, an attendant on the Nymphs, rain-loving, a moist minstrel, delighted with slight leapings,<sup>2</sup> did a

1 In lieu of τοῦτ' αὐτὸ, the sense seems to require—τοῦτ' ἄλλο—" this

<sup>2</sup> This is the ingenious correction of Jacobs, who saw acutely that in τον Λιβάσι κούφοις lay hid "Αλμασι τον κούφοις, similar to ἄλματι κούφω in Oppian, and κούφοις άλμασιν in Heliodorus. Others, perhaps, will prefer 'Οκλάσεσιν κούφαις: for ὀκλάζω and its derivatives were the proper words, applied to the leap of a frog, as shown by Pseudo-Babrias, Fab. 25. Καὶ βατράχων ὅμιλον είδον ἀκταίων, Βαθεῖαν εἰς ἰλὺν ὁκλαστὶ πηδώντων: for so found Suidas in his MS., who quotes the verse in 'Οκλαδίας: but as the Athos MS. reads ὀκλαδιστὶ, perhaps Socrates wrote - ὀκλάσεσι-

wayfarer mould in brass, and put up as his vow, on having cured his thirst, the most disagreeable in hot weather. For it showed him, while wandering, the water, by croaking opportunely with its amphibious mouth from a hollow and wet place; and the wayfarer, not leaving the guiding voice, found a draught of the pleasant drops that he desired.

Servant of the Nymphs, who dwell
In the fountain's deepest cell,
Lover of shades, hoarse frog, who carol'st free,
Where streamlets run, thy rustic minstrelsy,
Me, the thirsty traveller,
Has in brass ensculptured here,
A grateful offering to the powers, who gave,
To slake his burning thirst, the welcome wave.
Croaking minstrel, faithful guide,
I reveal'd the hidden tide
Of waters, bubbling from the reedy lake,
That agony of burning thirst to slake. J. H. M.

#### LVIII. THE SAME.

Formerly thou didst shine amongst the living as the morning star; but now, being dead, thou shinest amongst the dead the evening star.

A Phospher 'mongst the living late wert thou;
But shin'st amongst the dead a Hesper now. T. STANLEY.
In life thou wert my morning star;
But now that death has quench'd thy light,
Alas! thou shinest dim and far,
Like the pale beam that weeps at night. T. Moore.

#### LIX. THE SAME.

Tears for Hecuba and the women of Ilium did the Fates weave, for them born then. But for thee, Dion,

<sup>1</sup> This is the version of ἀκισσάμενος found in MS. Vat. For the way-farer himself, not the frog for him, cured his thirst; although it is true that the frog led the man to the water.

<sup>2</sup> In lieu of ναμάτων, found in MS. Vat. contrary to the metre, Brunck edited λιβάδων. But Jacobs thinks that some other word was the gemuine one. How strange he did not think of σταγόνων—

As it is difficult to extricate a satisfactory sense from the words on

who hadst made for thyself a wreath of victory for honourable deeds, have the deities scattered thy wide hopes; and thou liest in thy extensive native land, honoured by citizens, O Dion, thou that hast maddened my mind with love.

Old Hecuba's and Trojan matrons' fears
Were interwoven by the Fates with tears;
But thee, with blooming hopes, dear Dion, deckt,
Gods did a trophy of their power erect.
Thy honour'd relics in thy country rest,
Ah! Dion, whose love rages in my breast. T. STANLEY.

For Priam's queen and daughters at their birth
The Fates weaved tears into the web of life;
But for thee, Dion, in thy hour of mirth,
When triumph crown'd thine honourable strife,
Thy gathering hopes were pour'd upon the sand.

Thee still thy countrymen revere, and lay
In the broad precincts of thy native land.
But who the passion of my grief can stay? C. M.

#### LX. THE SAME.

Thou seest me a shipwrecked person, whom the sea through pity was ashamed to despoil of my last dress. But a man with fearless hands stript me,<sup>2</sup> taking upon

τότε γεινομέναις, perhaps the poet wrote λάμπρ' ἐπιτεινομέναις, "stretching after splendid things;" and thus Hecuba and the Trojan women, who aimed at something brilliant, are properly opposed to Dion, who did something brilliant. With regard to the metaphor, it may be compared with that in Horace—"Quid brevi fortes jaculemur ævo Multa;" by the aid of which has been corrected Eurip. Hippol. 920, 'Ω πόλλ' ἀμαρτάνοντες ἀνθρωποι μάτην, by reading 'Ω πόλλ' άγαν τείνοντες—similar το κευοί βροτῶν, Οῖ τόξον ἐντείνοντες ὡς καιροῦ πέρα—There are, indeed, those who would translate δὴ τότε γεινομέναις by "at their birth."—But such a meaning would require the omission of δὴ τότε. Others, again, would unite δή ποτε (for so reads Planudes) with ἐπέκλωσαν. But as those particles would be perfectly useless, one would have expected rather δύσποτμα—

1 In lieu of evpeiac, one would have expected depiac - For " airy

hopes" are less firm and more easily scattered than "wide."

This seems to have been a common practice even in ancient times, as appears from Phædrus, quoted by Jacobs, "Tunc pauci enatant—Prædones adsunt; rapiunt quod quisque extulit. Nudos relinquunt."

himself for such a gain such an unholy deed; <sup>1</sup> and may he put it on, <sup>1</sup> and may it be carried to Hades, and may Minos see him possessing my rag.

The cruel sea, which took my life away,
Forbore to strip me of my last array.
From this a covetous man did not refrain,
Crime so great acting for so small a gain.
But let him wear it to the shades, and there
Before great Pluto in my dress appear. T. STANLEY.

A shipwreck'd mariner you here behold,
From whose dead limbs e'en Ocean rude relented
To strip the cloak, that did these limbs enfold.
Unpitying man, more rude, that covering tore—
How little worth to be so long repented;
So let him bear away his plunder'd store,
And go to hell: he'll wish the deed undone,
When Minos sees him with my tatters on. J. H. M.

## LXI. THE SAME.

When we arrived at a grove in deep shade, we found within the child of Cythéra, <sup>2</sup> like, as to his mouth, to ruddy apples.<sup>2</sup> He had neither an arrow-holding quiver, nor a bent bow; for they were hanging on wide-spreading trees; and he was slumbering, fettered by sleep and smiling amongst rose-leaves; and brown bees above him kept going to his wax-shedding lips <sup>3</sup> for the sake of getting honey.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1—1</sup> In the words κεῖνό κεν ἐνδύσαιτο—for so MS. Vat., not μὲν, there is no doubt some error. There ought to be some allusion to the man's punishment. For otherwise there would be no use in Minos merely seeing the dress. Hence Plato probably wrote Κεῖνο μέγ' ἀν τίσει', ὅτε κὰν ἀλιδαο φοροῖτο—"Greatly will he suffer for that act, when it is worn in Hades"—where φοροῖτο is due to Wakefield.

<sup>2—2</sup> As it should be told in what way he was like red apples, it is probable that in μήλοισιν ἐοικότα lies hid μήλοις στόμ ἐοικότα, as translated.

3—3 From ἐντὸς λαγαροῖς in MSS. Vat. and Planud., to which Jacobs justly objected, it is easy to elicit—μέλιτος δι ἄγρας, which it is strange he did not stumble upon, after quoting Ælian, V. H. x. 21, who says of Plato, that καθεύδοντι ἐσμὸς μελισσῶν Ύμηττίου μέλιτος ἐν τοῖς χείλεσιν αὐτοῦ καθίσασαι ὑπῆγον— for so we must read in lieu of ὑπῆδον.

Within the covert of a shady grove We saw the little red-cheek'd god of love; He had no bow or quiver; these among The neighbouring trees upon a bough were hung. Upon a bank of tender rose-buds laid, He smiling slept; bees with their noise invade His rest, and on his lips their honey made. T. STANLEY. Deep in the bosom of a shady grove, We found, conceal'd, the truant god of love. The boy was sleeping; and his smiling face Glow'd like ripe peaches with a ruddy grace. Unarm'd he lay; his bow and quiver hung Upon the leafy boughs of trees; among Reses fresh blown his little head reposed, And round his laughing lips, that, half unclosed, Invited kisses; dropping from on high, A swarm of golden bees began to ply Their busy task; as if no hive could prove So fit for honey as the mouth of Love. To a thick wood we came; and there we found Young Love, as ruddy apples fair to see, And fast in slumber's softest shackles bound. Nor bow nor quiver full of shafts had he: For they were hanging on the green-wood tree. The boy himself, with rose-leaves cradled round, Lay smiling, as he slept, with half-closed lip, Whose juice nectareous oft the brown bee stoop'd to sip. G. S.

#### LXII. SPEUSIPPUS.

Earth holds in her bosom this body of Plato; but his soul possesses the rank of the blessed equal to the gods. Plato's dead form this earthly shroud invests;

His soul among the godlike heroes rests. J. H. M.

#### LXIII. MNASALCAS.

O vine, 'surely in thus hastening to shed your leaves, you are not fearing' the Pleiad setting in the west? Stay

<sup>1—1</sup> Such is Warton's translation of μήποτε—σπεύδουσα—Δείδιας—where Jacobs has adopted the alteration of Salmasius—"Αμπελ', ἐπεί τοι—which is perfectly unintelligible.

a sweet sleep falls upon Antileon, (while lying) under 1,<sup>12</sup>to at that time gratifying the handsome persons in things.<sup>2</sup>

Sweet Vine, when howls the wintry hour,
Not now thy leafy honours shower,
Nor strew them on the thankless plain;
Soon autumn will come round again.
Then, when with heat and wine opprest,
Beneath thy grateful bower to rest,
Antileon lays his drooping head,
Oh, then thy shadowy foliage shed
In heaps around the sleeping boy;
Thus Beauty should be crown'd with joy. J. H. M.

## LXIV. THE SAME.

Rest, shining shield, at this holy shrine, a warlike <sup>3</sup> ring to Artemis the daughter of Latona. For frequentin a conflict, combating <sup>4</sup> on the arms of Alexander, u hast never soiled with dust thy golden rim.<sup>5</sup>

A holy offering at Diana's shrine, See Alexander's glorious shield recline; Whose golden orb, through many a bloody day Triumphant, ne'er in dust dishonour'd lay. J. H. M.

# LXV. THE SAME.

Let us stand by the low land washed by the sea look-

The sense seems to require  $\dot{v}\pi\dot{o}$   $\sigma o\ddot{v}$ , as translated, not  $\dot{v}\pi\dot{o}$   $\tau\dot{o}v$ —re both  $\dot{v}\pi\dot{o}$  and  $\tau\dot{o}v$  are equally unintelligible. Meineke would read

Meineke would read μαρναμένου—and in 5, γένυν, "cheek," instead

<sup>-2</sup> Such is the literal version of the Greek, Ές τότε τοῖς καλοῖς πάντα ιζομένα: which Jacobs hopes some clever critic will be able to cornow. Now, as there seems to be here an allusion to the story told by mus in Dionys. p. 308, of the vine being originally a maiden, with m Bacchus fell in love, and was afterwards changed into a vine, pers the poet wrote, Ἡς ποτε παῖς κάλλος παιδὶ χαριζομένα, i. e. " thou t formerly a girl indulging a boy with thy beauty "—and hence thou est as a vine do so now. Meineke, however, considers this allusion to ar-fetched, and would merely alter χαριζομένα into χαριζόμεθα, with negsing

Such is the only version one can give here of  $\delta \dot{\eta} io\nu$ —which means ally "hostile."

ing upon the sacred grove of the marine Venus, and the fountain shaded by black poplars, from whence the yellow-winged Halcyons draw with their beaks a stream.

Here let us from the washed beach behold
Sea-born Cythera's venerable fane;
And fountains, fringed with shady poplars old,
Where dip their wings the golden Halcyon train.
J. H. M.

### LXVI. ANYTE.

### ON A DOLPHIN CAST ASHORE.

No longer leaping with delight in seas sailed over shall I throw up my neck, rushing from the deep, nor shall I puff out my beautiful lips near a well-benched ship, delighted with the cut-water, made like myself.<sup>1</sup> But the blue water of the sea has driven me on land, and I lie by this shelving shore.<sup>2</sup>

No more exulting o'er the buoyant sea High shall I raise my head in gambols free; Nor by some gallant ship breathe out the air, Pleased with my own bright image figured there;

1—1 Such seems to be the meaning of the words περικάλλεα χείλη ποιφύξω—for so the dolphin is generally represented in ancient works of art. But as ποιφύσσω is elsewhere intransitive, Jacobs unites χείλη with νεώς, and renders νεώς χείλη "navis marginem."—But as the margin of a ship would mean, if it meant any thing at all, the upper part of the deck, close to what is called the gangway, it is difficult to understand how the dolphin, if it could get there by a violent leap, such as salmon are known to make in a river, could see the cut-water, on which one of its own tribe was to its great delight represented; for such is the interpretation given by Kuster, and adopted by Jacobs, of the words τάμφ τερπόμενος προτομά.

<sup>2</sup> As the word ραδινός means "tapering," when applied to a column, or any thing placed vertically, it might perhaps mean "shelving," when said of a thing lying horizontally; and if the shore were a shelving one, the water at its edge would be too shallow to enable the fish to float, after it had been thrown by a wave on the adjoining land, even supposing that by some effort it got back from the land to the water. Perhaps however the poetess wrote κείμαι δ' ἀδρανία—"And through weakness I lie;"—thus showing that the fish had no strength to get back. Meineke would read κραναδν—which he renders "saxosam," a meaning not given to that word elsewhere.

The storm's black mist has forced me to the land, And laid me lifeless on this couch of sand. F. H.

#### LXVII. THE SAME.

We are gone to the grave, O Miletus, our loved country, not consenting to the unrighteous rudeness of the lawless Galatians, we three virgins of the city, whom the violent war of the Celts has driven to this fate. For we did not wait for 'an impious bridegroom even on the day of Hymen,' but we found in Hades an alliance.

Then let us hence, Miletus dear, sweet native land, farewell; Th' insulting wrongs of lawless Gauls we fear, whilst here we dwell.

Three virgins of Milesian race, to this dire fate compell'd By Celtic Mars; yet glad we die, that we have ne'er beheld Spousals of blood, nor sunk to be vile hand-maids to our foes, But rather owe our thanks to death, kind healer of our woes.

J. H. M.

# LXVIII. THE SAME.

I lament for the maiden Antibia; for the love of whom many suitors came to her father's house, through the renown of her beauty and wit; but destructive fate has rolled away their hopes far from <sup>2</sup> all.

Drop o'er Antibia's grave a pious tear,
For Virtue, Beauty, Wit lie buried here.
Full many a suitor sought her father's hall,
To gain the virgin's love; but death o'er all
Claim'd dire precedence. Who shall death withstand?
Their hopes were blasted by his ruthless hand. K.

# LXIX. MŒRO.

Thou liest, O bunch of grapes, filled with the liquor of Dionysus, under the golden portal of Aphrodité.

\* As έπι could not be united to πρόσω, nor to ἐκύλισσε, we must read

either ἀπὸ or ὑπὸ— where ὑπο would mean " secretly—"

<sup>1—1</sup> Jacobs has justly objected to αίμα το δυσσεβές οὐδ΄ Ύμεναίου Νύμφιον— But he did not see that the poetess wrote, as translated, ἄματι δυσσεβέ΄ οὐδ΄ Ύμεναίου Νύμφιον.

Nor any longer shall thy mother (the vine), throwing her loved branch around thee, produce the nectar-yielding bud above thy head.

Beneath Cythera's golden porch thou liest,
Sweet grape, with Bacchus' richest nectar swelling.
Thy mother-plant, amid her leafy dwelling,
Mourns her lost child; far off, sweet grape, thou diest.
J. H. M.

# LXX. SIMMIAS OF RHODES.

(I went) 1 above the wealthy people of the distant Hyperboreans, with whom once upon a time Perseus, 2 the king and hero, 2 feasted. There dwell the Massagetæ, the mounters upon swift horses, trusting to their far-shooting bows; and I came round the divine river of the ever-flowing Campasus, that rolls its sacred water to the eternal sea. From thence I went round the islands darkened with green olive 3 trees, and overspread with tall-leaved reeds, and I fancied the giant people to be a race of half-dogs; who nourished above their well-turned shoulders the head of a dog, grisly, with very powerful fangs; and theirs was the howl, as it were of dogs; nor did they know 4 the voice of other men, 5 that call things by their name. 5

I reach'd the distant Hyperborean state— The wealthy race, at whose high banquet sate Perseus the hero. On those wide-stretch'd plains Ride the Massagetæ, giving the reins

<sup>1</sup> From the subsequent  $\eta \lambda \nu \theta o \nu$ , and  $\delta \kappa \delta'$  in  $\delta \mu \eta \nu$ , it has been conjectured that a verb of similar meaning was found in the verse preceding. The fragment is supposed to be part of a speech by Apollo.

To avoid this strange union of ἄναξ ἥρως—one would have expected to find here—Tοῖς δ' (ἥκει ποτε νὺξ ἥρω)—"the night came upon the hero," and hence he was obliged to stop in his journey, and glad to get a supper. With the expression ἥκει νὺξ ἥρω—compare ἥκει τω κακὸν in Aristoph. Βατο, 552.

\* As olive trees do not grow in cold countries, Jacobs correctly suggested λλάταισι, "fir trees," in lieu of λλάαισι—

<sup>4</sup> The sense evidently requires not ἀγνώσσουσι, but γιγνώσκουσι.

Such is perhaps the best rendering of ὁνομάκλυτον—unless it be said that the author wrote—ὅνομ΄ ἤ κλύετ αὐδην—" the voice by which a name is heard."

To their fleet coursers, skilful with the bow.

And then I came to the stupendous flow
Of Campasus, who pours his mighty tide
To the ocean sea, eternally supplied.
Thence to isles clad with olives green and young,
With many a tufted bulrush overhung.
A giant race, half-man, half-dog, lives there;
Beneath their shoulders grow the heads they wear,
Jaws long and lank and grisly tusks they bear;
Much foreign tongues they learn, and can indite,
But when they strive to speak they bark outright. C. M.

## LXXI. ASCLEPIADES.

There remain, ye garlands of mine, suspended by the ouble-doors, nor shake off frowardly the leaves, ye hom I have wetted with tears—for watery are the eyes f lovers. But when, as the door opens, ye behold him, rop over his head the shower of mine, so that his uburn hair may better drink my tears.

Curl, ye sweet flowers; ye Zephyrs, softly breathe,
Nor shake from Helen's door my votive wreath.
Bedew'd with grief, your blooming honours keep—
For those, who love, are ever known to weep—
And when beneath my lovely maid appears,
Rain from your purple cups a lover's tears.

BL.

There hang suspended from the porch, ye flowers, Which I have garlanded from Venus' bowers; Nor shake the leaves off; they are wet with tears; For lovers' eyes with showers betray their fears. But when the door is open'd, and ye know Him, whom I love, then on his head below Drop all this rain of mine, so that his hair May better drink the tear-drops of his fair. G. B.

#### LXXII. THE SAME.

I am not even two and twenty years old, and yet I m tired of living. Ye Loves, why is this evil? Why o ye inflame me? For should I suffer aught, what will e do? It is evident, Loves, ye will play, as before, houghtless at dice.

My years are not quite two and twenty,
And I would fain go die.
Ye Loves, why doth it so content ye
This cruel sport to ply?
Think, Loves, if mischief should beset me,
Would it not grieve you then?
No—by my faith, you'd straight forget me,
And to your dice again.

C. M.

## LXXIII. THE SAME.

A pleasant drink is snow water in summer to a thirsty person; and pleasant for sailors after winter to see a spring garland; but it is most pleasant when one coverlid conceals those who love, and Venus is praised by both.

Sweet is the goblet cool'd with winter snows,

To him, who pants in summer's scorching heat;

And sweet to weary mariners repose

From ocean's tempest in some green retreat;

But far more sweet than these the conscious bower,

Where lovers meet at Love's delighted hour. J. H. M.

#### LXXIV. THE SAME.

With her eye has Didymé caught me: woe's me, I melt, like wax by the fire, on seeing her beauty. But if she were black, what then? Nay, even charcoal, if we warm it, shines like rose-buds.

Young Didymé hath ravished me in my boyhood's flower, And, alas! I melt like wax before her beauty's power. Say, she is black—what then? The coals that on the hearth lie dead—

Set them on fire—from black they soon will turn to rosy red.

J. H. M.

¹ From the unintelligible  $\tau \tilde{\psi} \theta a \lambda \lambda \tilde{\psi}$  Ruhnken most ingeniously elicited  $\tau \dot{\omega} \delta \phi \theta a \lambda \mu \dot{\omega}$ . But as Propertius, quoted by himself, has "Cynthia—me cepit ocellis," it is strange he did not think upon  $\tau \tilde{\psi} \delta \phi \theta a \lambda \mu \tilde{\psi}$ . Meineke proposes  $\tau \tilde{\psi} \kappa \dot{a} \lambda \lambda \epsilon \iota$ .

## LXXV. THE SAME.

The Muses themselves beheld thee, Hesiod, tending sheep in mid-day on old mountains, and all of them, after plucking with their hands a branch with its beautiful flower of the holy laurel, handed it to thee; and they gave thee the inspiring water of the fountain of Helicon, which the heel of the winged steed had previously struck; with which, when thou wert satisfied, thou didst write in songs of the race of the blessed (gods), and of works of husbandry, and of the family of the ancient half-gods.

The Muses, Hesiod, on the mountain steep,
Themselves at noon thy flocks beheld thee keep.
The bright-leaved bay they pluck'd, and all the Nine
Placed in thy hand at once the branch divine.
Then their own Helicon's inspiring wave,
From where the wing'd steed smote the ground, they gave,
Which deeply quaff'd, thy verse the lineage told
Of gods, of husbandry, and heroes old.

G. S.

## LXXVI. LEONIDAS OF TARENTUM.

# Melo and Satyra, the tall<sup>8</sup> children of Antigenides,

- <sup>1</sup> This introduction of the word  $A\dot{\nu}\tau a\dot{\iota}$  here seems perfectly useless. Moreover, the Muses made their presents, not because Hesiod was tending flocks, like a common shepherd, but because he was soothing them by his music in no common way. Hence, for  $A\dot{\nu}\tau a\dot{\iota}$  we must probably read  $A\dot{\nu}\dot{\ell}\dot{q}$ —similar to the line of Ovid—" Pastor arundineo carmine mulcet oves."
- <sup>2</sup> Κραναοῖς, "old"—literally "as old as the time of Cranaus," one of the earlier kings of Attica. But as the epithet seems scarcely intelligible, as applied to a mountain, one would have preferred here κρημνοῖς οὕρεσίθ, to κραναοῖς οὕρεσίν—

\* In lieu of  $\pi \epsilon \rho i$  the sense evidently leads to  $\chi \epsilon \rho i$ , as translated, and Jacobs suggested.

\* Jacobs quotes opportunely from Ovid—" Dura Medusæi quem præpetis ungula rupit."

5 This alludes to the Theogonia.

6 This refers to the Εργα καὶ Ἡμέραι.

' It appears from Maxim. Tyr., quoted by Jacobs, that a portion of the lost work called "Holas was devoted to Heroes as well as Heroines.

\* So Reiske and Jacobs understand τανυήλικες. But a Greek word

and the easy-tempered workers for the Muses, (have offered up) to the Pimpleian Muses, Melo her quick-lipped pipe, and this pipe-case made of box-wood, and Satyra, given to loving, her reed, the fellow-reveller with wine-bibbers in the evening, after she had joined it with wax, a pleasant piper, in company with which, after having all the night through been making a noise at the outer doors, she beheld the morning dawn.

Melo and Satyra to the Muses these—
The tuneful race of Antigenides,
To the Pimpleian Muses, whom of late
Duteous they served, these offerings dedicate.
Melo this flute, whose notes in silver chase
Her swift lips follow'd, and this box-wood case,
And amorous Satyra, this vocal reed,
Oft by her tuneful breath, with wanton heed,
Waken'd to song, while Comus' revellers round
Clapp'd loud their hands, responsive to the sound,
From festive eve, until the first faint ray
Broke through the portals of rejoicing day.

J. H. M.

## LXXVII. THE SAME.

Oh thou, who takest thy course around Dindyma and the peaks of Phrygia, burning with fire,<sup>5</sup> mayest thou, O mother most venerable, cause to grow tall<sup>6</sup> the little

could not be so compounded: and the same objection lies against παννήλικες, suggested by Dorville. Perhaps the poet wrote πόνψ ήλικες, " equals in labour—"

1 As it is impossible to understand εὔκολοι here, one would prefer εὔκλεες—"renowned."

The verb requisite for the sense is wanting in the Greek. This ellipse is not uncommon in such inscriptions; as in the line of Virgil—" Æness

hæc de Danais victoribus arma."

3 Jacobs explains ταχυχειλεῖς by "qui celeribus labiis tibias percurrunt." He should have said "qui celeribus tibiis labia percurrunt"—if applied to the rapid movement of the pipe across the lips. Perhaps the poet wrote βραχυχειλεῖς—" the short-lipped—"

Meineke would read ζευξαμένη for τευξαμένη—
 According to Strabo, quoted by Jacobs, there were many subterranean

fires in Phrygia.

<sup>6</sup> Meineke has happily suggested άδρύναις—which is well opposed to μικρήν: and he refers to Bekker, Anecdot. Græc. p. 345, 'Αδρῦναι' άδρὸν καὶ μέγαν ποιῆσαι. Σοφοκλῆς.

Aristodice, the daughter of Seilene, to Hymen and to a marriage, the limits of maidenhood; for which I have strewn many things before thy fane, and near thy altars my virgin hair here and there.

O holy Mother, on the peak
Of Dindyma, and on those summits bleak
That frown on Phrygia's scorched plain,
Holding thy throne, with fav'ring aspect deign
To smile on Aristodicé,
Seilené's virgin child, that she
May grow in beauty, and her charms improve
To fulness, and invite connubial love.
For this thy porch she seeks with tributes rare,
And o'er thine altars strews her votive hair. J. H. M.

#### LXXVIII. THE SAME.

O ye that pass this road, whether ye are going to the country from town, or from the country to the Acropolis, we two deities (are) the guardians of boundaries; one of whom is Hermes, such as you see me; the other, Hercules. Both listen kindly to mortals; but if you place here pears, (either) preserved or unripe, he gobbles them up. And in like manner he makes ready his chops for grape bunches, whether they are just fit to eat, or unripe of no value. I dislike a partnership, nor am I pleased at it. But let a person, who brings any thing for both, put it down, not in common for the two, and say—Take this, Hercules; and you, Hermes, this—and he will dissolve the quarrel between both.

Wayfarers, who along this road your journey take, Whether amidst the fields a holyday to make,

By simply reading  $\dot{\alpha}\lambda\lambda'$   $\dot{\alpha}\pi o\theta \dot{\epsilon}\sigma\tau o\nu g$  in lieu of  $\dot{\alpha}\lambda\lambda\dot{\alpha}$   $\pi o\theta'$   $\dot{\alpha}\dot{\nu}\tau o\dot{\nu} g$ , we shall obviate the necessity of supposing, with Casaubon and Meineke, the existence of a lacuna. Before  $\dot{\alpha}\pi o\theta \dot{\epsilon}\sigma\tau o\nu g$  is to be supplied  $\dot{\alpha}kk$  from the second clause. On  $\dot{\alpha}\pi o\theta \dot{\epsilon}\sigma\tau o\nu g$ , or, as it would be written in prose Greek,  $\dot{\alpha}\pi o\theta \dot{\epsilon}\tau \sigma\nu g$ , see Plato Epistol. 13.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup>—<sup>2</sup> As εὐτρέπικεν wants its case, it is easy to elicit, as translated, καὶ γένυν from ναὶ μὰν, and to read εἰς in lieu of τὼς—where the article is unnecessary.

The sense and syntax require, not λύοι, but λύσει—

Or townward bending, to the famed Acropolis,
We rival gods, who guard the city's boundaries,
I, who am Hermes hight, and th' other Hercules,
Bid weary mortals peace, good-will, and lasting bliss.
But for ourselves, alas! nor peace nor joy have we—
At least I say so—I, unlucky Mercury.
If any swain brings pears or apples to our shrine,
E'en though unripe they be, not one of them is mine.
That glutton bolts them all. The same too with our grapes;
Not one, or sweet or sour, his greedy maw escapes.
Community of goods I therefore can't abide,
Let him, who means me well, my portion set aside;
And say—"This, Hermes, is for thee; that for thy friend
Alcides." Thus, at least, our strife may have an end.
J. H. M.

# LXXIX, THE SAME.

Ye lowly dwellings, and holy hill of the Nymphs, and rills under the rock, and pine, a neighbour of the water, and thou, Hermes, son of Maia, with four angular points, the saviour of fruits, and Pan, who keepest the rock, pastured by goats, kindly receive these slight cakes, and this bowl full of wine, the gift of Neoptolemus, the son of Æacides (Achilles).

Ye lowly huts, thou sacred hill—
Heart of the Nymphs, pure gushing rill—
That underneath the cold stone flowest;
Pine, that those clear streams o'ergrowest—
Thou, son of Maia, Mercury,
Squared in cunning statuary—
And thou, O Pan, whose wandering flocks
Frolic o'er the craggy rocks—
Pleased the rustic goblet take,
Fill'd with wine and th' oaten cake.
Offer'd to your deities
By a true Æacides.

J. H. M.

<sup>3</sup> As Hermes was in Greece, like Priapus in Italy, the god of the gardens, μηλοσσόε has been so translated, from μήλου, not μήλα, and σόος.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> This is perhaps the best way of translating  $\tau \epsilon \tau \rho \acute{\alpha} \gamma \lambda \omega \chi \iota \nu$ — For the pedestal, on which the figure of Hermes stood, had four sides, and every two sides formed an angle, which was the shape of the point of the harpoon, called in Greek  $\gamma \lambda \omega \chi i \varsigma$ .

Hear, O ye folds, and thou, the sacred hill
Of the fair Nymphs, and every trickling rill
Beneath the rocks; and thou, close-bordering pine—
Thou, too, quaint image of a form divine,
Four-corner'd Hermes, guardian of the fold,
And Pan, by whom each goat-fed peak we hold—
Deign to accept these cakes, this cup of wine,
From Pyrrhus, heir of great Achilles' line.

E. S.

### LXXX. THE SAME.

They call me the little (one); and that I do not make a good voyage without fear, equal to (large) vessels that pass over the sea. I do not deny it. The skiff is a little thing. But to the sea every thing is on an equality. The judgment is not about size, but fortune. To another let there be more for the rudder (to do). There is one boldness to one vessel, and another to another. But may I be saved by the gods.

They say that I am small and frail,
And cannot live in stormy seas;
It may be so; yet every sail
Makes shipwreck in the swelling breeze.
Not strength nor size can then hold fast;
But Fortune's favour, Heaven's decree:
Let others trust in oar and mast;
But may the gods take care of me. C. M.

#### LXXXI. THE SAME.

Do not go about, man, dragging on a wandering life, <sup>1</sup>tost from one land to another. <sup>1</sup> Do not go about. An empty hovel <sup>2</sup> <sup>3</sup> is wont to give something to cover you, <sup>3</sup> which a little fire lighted up may warm, <sup>4</sup> even if the puff-cake of maize be slight, and not one of fine meal,

<sup>1—1</sup> On this expression see Blomfield on Prometh. 702.

 <sup>\*</sup> Καλίη is literally "a bird-nest."
 \* The Greek is σε περιστέψαιτο, which, as being quite unintelligible,
 \*Meineke would alter into περιστέξαιτο: by the aid of which has been

Meineke would alter into περιστέξαιτο: by the aid of which has been elicited σ' ἔπορε στέξαι τι— as translated.

So Sophoeles says in Philoctet. 298. Οἰκουμένη—στέγη πυοὸς μέτα

<sup>-</sup> So Sophocles says in Philoctet. 298, Οἰκουμένη—στέγη πυρὸς μέτα Πάντ' ἐκπορίζει.

pounded in a hollow stone by the hand; and if there be for herbs, penny-royal, or thyme, and wretched groats to serve as a sweet-mixed relish.

#### IMITATED BY BL.

Cling to thy home. If there the meanest shed Yield thee a hearth and shelter for thy head; And some poor plot, with vegetables stored, Be all that Heaven allots thee for a board—Unsavoury bread, and herbs that scatter'd grow Wild on the river brink or mountain-brow—Yet e'en this cheerless dwelling shall provide More heart's repose than all the world beside.

#### LXXXII. THE SAME.

Not only sitting upon lofty trees do I know how to sing, warmed with the great heat of summer, an unpaid minstrel to wayfaring men, and sipping the vapour of dew, that is like woman's milk. But even upon the spear of Athené with her beautiful helmet will you see me, the Tettix, seated. For as much as we are loved by the Muses, by so much is Athené by us. For the virgin has established a prize (for melody).

Not only on the tree-top do I sing,
When summer heat expands my vocal wing,
Sipping the dewy morning's virgin tear,
Sweet unbought bard, to weary travellers dear;
But now you may behold me resting here,
E'en on the point of armed Minerva's spear.
Who love the Muses, thus each other suit;
Theirs is my voice; and theirs her maiden flute. J. H. M.

#### LXXXIII. THE SAME.

The shipwrecked Antheus, after escaping from the threats of the blue Triton, did not escape a terrible wolf

by Jacobs.  $^2-^2$  So Brunck understands  $ab\lambda o\theta \epsilon \tau \epsilon \tilde{\iota}$ , where Meineke would read  $\dot{a}\theta\lambda o\theta \epsilon \tau \epsilon \tilde{\iota}$ .

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup>—¹ Such is the meaning of θῆλυς ἐέρση, as shown by Hesiod's Shield of Hercules, v. 395, Τέττιγ', ῷ τε πόσις καὶ βρῶσις θῆλυς ἐέρση—quoted by Jacobs.

of Phthia. For he perished near the stream of the Peneus. Alas! unhappy one, who found the Nymphs less to be trusted than the Nereids.

Antheus, escaped the terrors of the flood, A savage wolf devour'd in Phthia's wood: Ill-fated mariner, condemn'd to find Naiads more curst than are the Nereids kind. J. H. M.

## LXXXIV. THE SAME.

Ye shepherds, who tend goats and fine-fleeced sheep, while walking over this back-bone of a mountain, pay, (I pray,) by the earth, to Cleitagoras a slight but agreeable tribute, for the sake of Proserpine under ground. Let the sheep bleat for me; and let a shepherd on the unpolished rock, pipe gently to them while feeding; and let a person of the place in earliest spring cut down flowers in the meadow, and adorn my tomb with a garland; and let him bedew it thrice with milk from an ewe that has fine lambs, by holding her udder full of milk (over it), moistening even the base of my tomb. There are favours paid to the dead, and there are returns made even by the dead.

## IMITATED BY HAYGARTH.

List, all ye swains, whose thirsty flocks
In silence wander o'er these rocks.
And oh! let my sad spirit share
Your constant love, your tender care.
In parching summer's fervid heat
May your young lambs a requiem bleat;
Whilst on the rock the shepherd swain
In mournful murmurs swells his strain.
To my lone shade in early spring,
Ye pilgrims, grateful offerings bring;
And o'er my solitary grave
With reverence pour the milky wave.
Then rifle every floweret's bloom
To deck the turf that forms my tomb.

The sense, or rather the custom, of ancient times requires τρὶς for τις, as shown by Soph. Œd. C. 476, τρισσάς γε πηγάς: τὸν τελευταΐον δ' δλαν.

For think not, that, when life is fled, No hopes or fears can reach the dead: E'en then their shades your care approve, And own with gratitude your love.

# LXXXV. NICIAS.

Thou bee with a varying movement, who showest forth the spring blooming with delight, of a brown colour, (and) mad (with love) for the flowers in season, (and) on the wing to (thy) sweet breathing-place, lay on thy work, until thy cell bound by wax is full.

Many-coloured sunshine-loving, spring-betokening bee, Yellow bee, so mad for love of early-blooming flowers, Till thy waxen cell be full, fair fall thy work and thee,

Buzzing round the sweetly smelling garden plots and bowers.

Thou nimble yellow bee, that bring'st the softly blooming spring,

Thee the love of primy flowers is ever maddening; Flutt'ring o'er sweetly breathing fields, increase thy honied store.

Until the wax-compacted cell at length can hold no more.

HAY.

# LXXXVI. THE SAME.

No longer rolling myself 3 over the level part 3 of a bough with long leaves shall I delight myself, by sending a sound from my quick-moving wings; for I have fallen into the savage hand of a boy, who seized me secretly, as I was sitting under 6 the green leaves.

1 Such is perhaps the best translation of αίόλος, applied to a bee.

<sup>2</sup> Such is the colour of the working bee. The word ξουθός is frequently translated "yellow" incorrectly.

3-3 As the MSS. Vat. and Planud. offer respectively ὑπ' ὅρπακα and ὑπὸ πλάκα, it is easy to elicit, as translated, ὑπὲρ πλάκα—for the Tettix did not sit under, but above the bough.

From these words it is evident that the Tettix is speaking. For its shrill sound proceeds, as in the case of the cricket, from its striking its wings quickly together.

<sup>5</sup> In ἀραιάν, which has puzzled both Jacobs and Meineke, evidently lies hid άγρίαν—

The sense requires, as translated, ὑπὸ for ἐπὶ—

I shall never sing my pleasant ditty now, Folded round by long leaves on the bough, Under my shrilly-chirping wing; For a child's hand seized me in a luckless hour. Sitting on the petals of a flower, Looking for no such evil thing.

# LXXXVII. DIOTIMUS.

We, 1 to whom there was one blood, 1 were two old women of the same age, Anaxo and Cleino, twin children of Epicrates. Cleino was the priestess of the Graces; Anaxo during life a handmaid of Demeter. We wanted nine suns (days) of being eighty years old to arrive at this fate. But of years there is no grudging to those, 2 to whom they were holy.2 We loved our husbands and children. But we old, first reached Hades, kind to us.

Two aged matrons, daughters of one sire, Lie in one tomb, twin-buried and twin-born: Clino, the priestess of the Graces' choir; Anaxo, unto Ceres' service sworn. Nine suns were wanting to our eightieth year; We died together; who would covet more? We held our husbands and our children dear, Nor death unkind, to which we sped before. C. M.

#### LXXXVIII. THE SAME.

The hopes of men are volatile deities. For otherwise Hades, the melody destroyer, would not have thus concealed Lesbus (from sight); who formerly ran even with

<sup>1-1</sup> From αἰνόμιμοι in MS. Vat., which has hitherto baffled the critics, it is easy to elicit alv alu' ev-as translated—of which the gl. was at ομαιμοι<u></u>

<sup>2-2</sup> Here too it is easy to elicit alç οσί ην from lσοσίη in MS. Vat.

Bernard was near the mark, as regards the letters, in reading alσ' ὁσίη.

3 As μέλος is both "a melody" and "a limb," λυσιμελής will mean either "melody destroyer," or "limb loosener." The former is the better epithet for the grave, in the case of a minstrel; the latter, in the case of a prize-fighter.

a king, and with chieftains.<sup>1</sup> Farewell, ye deities, the lightest of immortals; and lie (there) voiceless and unheard, ye flutes, <sup>2</sup> who possess a mouth, <sup>2</sup> since Acheron knows not either songs or dances.

Man's hopes are spirits with fast fleeting wings.
See where in death our hopeful Lesbus lies.
Lesbus is dead, the favourite of kings.
Farewell, light hopes, ye swiftest deities.
On his cold tomb we carve a voiceless flute;
For Pluto hears not, and the grave is mute.

C. M.

## LXXXIX. ARATUS.

I mourn for Diotimus, who sits upon a rock, telling to the children of the Gargareans Beta and Alpha.

I mourn for Diotimus, who sits among the rocks, Hammering all day A, B, C, on Gargara's infant blocks. J. H. M.

#### XC. HEGESIPPUS.

This, Artemis, near three roads has Agelocheia put up, the daughter of Damaretas, while still remaining a virgin in her father's house; for she (the goddess) appeared to her, like a flame of fire, near the thread of the distaff.

This statue at the meeting of three ways
A maiden, still beneath her father's roof,
Agelocheia, did to Dian raise;
Who, while her busy fingers plied the woof,
Appear'd before her in a sudden blaze.
C. M.

#### XCI. THE SAME.

Perish that day, and the destructive moonless dark-

Although Jacobs justly objected to ἐρώτων, he did not see that the poet wrote ἀριστέων—For he thought, as Horace did, "Principibus placuisseviris non ultima laus est." On the corruption of ἀριστεύς see Porson at Eurip. Med. 5.

 $^2$ — $^2$  In lieu of o'' o'  $\ell\nu\ell\pi o\nu\sigma\iota$ , which is perfectly unintelligible, the train of thought leads to o'  $\sigma\tau o\mu$ '  $\ell\chi o\nu\sigma\iota$ —For thus the flutes, which had still a mouth, are properly said to be voiceless after the death of Lesbus, who

used to play upon them.

ness, and the dreadful roar of the sea lashed by the winds, which caused the ship to roll down, on which Abderion, of a sweet disposition, prayed to the gods, for much that was not to be accomplished. For the vessel was utterly broken up, and he was carried by a wave to the rugged Seriphus, where meeting with a funeral at the hands of pitying strangers, he reached his country, Abdera, wrapped up in a jar of brass.

Perish the hour—that dark and starless hour— Perish the roaring main's tempestuous power— That whelm'd the ship, where loved Abdera's son Pray'd to unheeding heaven, and was undone. Yes, all were wreck'd; and by the stormy wave To rough Seriphus borne, he found a grave— Found from kind stranger hands funereal fires, Yet reach'd, inurn'd, the country of his sires. F. H.

## XCII. THE SAME.

They say that by the road on the right hand of the funeral pyre Hermes leads the good to Rhadamanthus; by which too Aristonoüs, the not-unwept son of Chærestratus, descended to the house of Hades, the leader of people.

'Tis by yon road, which from the funeral pyre
Slopes to the right, that Hermes, it is said,
Leads to the seat of Rhadamanthus dire,
The willing spirits of the virtuous dead.
That right-hand path thy pensive ghost pursued,
Loved Aristonoüs, when it left behind
Those not unmindful of the great and good,
Eternal joys among the blest to find.

J. H. M.

<sup>1</sup> In lieu of ποτε, the sense requires κατά—as translated.

#### XCIII. EUPHORION.

<sup>1</sup>Not the rough stony<sup>2</sup> conceals those<sup>3</sup> bones, nor the rock <sup>4</sup>that receives the azure writing;<sup>4</sup> but some of them does the Icarian wave break around the pebbly beach of the long and lofty Dracanum.<sup>5</sup> And I, the empty earth, am heaped up amongst the thirsty plants of the Dryopes <sup>6</sup>in the place of much-caring hospitality.<sup>6</sup><sup>1</sup>

Not rugged Trachis hides these whitening bones,
Nor that black isle, whose name its colour shows,
But the wild beach, o'er which, with ceaseless moans,
The vex'd Icarian wave eternal flows,
Of Drepanus, ill-famed promontory;
And there, instead of hospitable rites,
The long grass sweeping tells his fate's sad story
To rude tribes gather'd from the neighbouring heights.
J. H. M.

## XCIV. PHAENNUS.

Thou didst not endure, most brave Leonidas, to come back to the Eurotas, for, pressed by a difficult warfare;

1—1 Such is the literal version of this corrupt and consequently unin-

telligible epigram.

<sup>2</sup> From the reading of the MS. Οὐχ ὁ τρηχὺς σε λιθαῖος, Toup elicited Οὐ Τρηχὶς λιθιαῖος, adopted by Brunck and Jacobs. But as no notice is thus taken of o and σε, Meineke would read Οὐχ ὁ τρηχὸς ἐλαιος—which he renders, "Not the rough wild olive—" But why mention should be made of a wild olive, as if that tree were usually employed to cover the dead, he has failed to explain.

In lieu of the useless κεῖνα, Toup suggested δειλά, Jacobs λευκά— "" The words Οὐδ' ἡ κυάνεον γράμμα λαβοῦσα πέτρη, on which the commentators have said nothing, are left for the reader to understand, if he can. In γράμμα perhaps lies hid λαῖτμα—" sea swell," or χρῶμα—" colour."

6 On Δράκανον, the Doric name for Δρέπανον, see Berkelius in Steph.

Βyz. Δράκανον.

5—6 Jacobs, unable to understand the words between the numerals, proposes to read, Χερσί δ' ἐγὼ Ξενίης πολυκηδέος in lieu of 'Αντί δ' ἐγὼ ξενίης πολυκηδέος—conceiving that Ξενίης alludes to either the wife or mother of the defunct. Meineke says he has shown on Euphorion Frag. p. 182, that ξενίης is perfectly correct; but instead of πολυκηδέος, he would read with Salmasius πολυμηδέος: from which, however, nothing seems to be gained.

In lieu of σπερχόμενος, which Jacobs truly says is rather obscure,

one would have expected τρυχόμενος, as translated.

but at Thermopylæ, warding off the Persian nation, thou wast defeated, through reverencing the institutions of thy fathers.

Most brave Leonidas, thou would'st not bear, After defeat, to Sparta to repair; But at Thermopylæ didst nobly choose Still to maintain your country's ancient use. C. M.

## XCV. PANCRATES.

These two children of Cleio, Aristodicé and Ameino, born in Crete, (are brought) by their mother, thy temple-sweeper, O venerable Artemis, at four years old;<sup>2</sup> look kindly, queen, upon the children of this (woman), and make them two temple-sweepers in the place of one (myself).

Thy handmaid Cleio, Artemis divine, Her infant daughters offers at thy shrine. O holy queen, the offer'd tribute grace. And let two handmaids fill thy suppliant's place. J. H. M.

## XCVI. THE SAME.

His hammer, and pincers, and tongs are from the fire laid up as the gifts of Polycrates (to Vulcan), through whom, by frequent beatings upon the anvil, he found for his children abundance, and drove away miserable poverty.

These tongs and pincers, and this hammer stout, Polycrates in Vulcan's temple lays, Toiling with which, he barr'd grim hunger out, Nor vainly strove his children's lot to raise. C. M.

<sup>1</sup> The unpoetical  $\tilde{\epsilon}\theta\nu\sigma\varsigma$  is evidently a corruption of the poetical  $\tilde{a}\nu\theta\sigma\varsigma$ — See Æsch. Pers. 59, 248.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> From both being four years old, it is evident the children were twins, who were placed at an early age to be the future attendants on the temple, just as Ion is feigned to be by Euripides in the play of that name.

Meineke has properly adopted Εὐ τέκνα in lieu of Εὐτεκνα, as suggested by Lobeck on Phrynichus, p. 606.

## XCVII. ANTAGORAS.

Say, stranger, as you pass by, that in this tomb are concealed the divine Crates and Polemon, men of mighty mind for their union in sentiment; from whose divine mouths came holy discourses; and a pure life of wisdom gave an additional charm to their godlike age, through its following their tenets not to be turned aside.

Here Polemo and pious Crates lie—So speaks this column to the passers-by—In life unanimous and join'd in death,
Who taught pure wisdom with inspired breath;
Whose acts, accordant with the truths sincere
Their lips pronounced, bespoke the soul sincere. J. H. M.

## XCVIII. THE SAME.

My mind is in doubt as to what much-bruited race I shall call thee, Love; whether the first of immortal gods, such as Erebus and queen Night produced of old as their children, under the waves of the wide Ocean, or the son of the very-clever Venus, or of Earth, or of the Winds; for being of such a kind thou dost wander about, thinking of evil and good for mankind; and hence is thy body two-sexed.

Whither shall we go to prove
The genealogy of Love?
Shall we call him first created
Of the gods from Chaos dated,
When Erebus and Night were mated,
And their glorious progeny
Sprung from out the secret sea?
Or with Venus claim Love's birth?
Or the roving Winds, or Earth?
For his temper varieth so,
And the gifts he doth bestow—

¹ So Jacobs, by altering αίῶνα στρεπτοῖς into αίῶν' ἀστρέπτοις— and referring to Horace's description of a Stoic—" Virtutis veræ custos rigidusque satelles."

Like his form, which changeth still, Taking either sex at will-Are now so good, and now so bad, We know not whence his heart he had. C. M.

# XCIX. PHÆDIMUS.

Restrain, O far-darting lord of the arrow, the bow with which thou didst destroy the strength of the giant,<sup>2</sup> <sup>3</sup>although thy quiver is celebrated <sup>3</sup> as the wolf-slaver. But turn it, like the stirring gad-fly of Love, against youths, in order that they may defend their country, confident in the affection of young men.<sup>5</sup> For their strength is as fire; and the highest of the gods knows how to increase (it) 7 amongst those fighting in the front ranks; 7 8 and it were the part of Melistion 8 to receive thanks for aid from the people of Schænus as a family honour.

This bow, that erst that earth-born Dragon slew, O mighty god of day, restrain.

1 In the corrupt reading βίης ἐκάεργ' ἀνάσσων, evidently lies hid βέλους-άνάσσων- So Venus was called θαλάμων ἄνασσα, as Hesychius testifies in Θαλάμων.

<sup>2</sup> This was Porphyrion, as we learn, says Meineke, from Pindar, Pyth.

viii. 12.

3-3 MS. Vat. οὐ σοι-λύεται: where evidently lies hid εἰ σοῦ-κλείεται - At all events λύεται cannot have the sense of καταλλάσσεται, given to it by Jacobs.

4 MS. Vat., τόνδε δ' ἐπ' ἠεθέοις οΙστρον— But τόνδε is out of place here. The poet probably wrote, as translated—τον δ' ἄτ' ἐπ' ἡϊθέοισιν

οίστρον – Jacobs, whom Meineke follows, reads ἡϊθέοις ὁϊστὸν-

5 From this allusion to the affection of young men, and to the subsequent mention of Exolvoc, a town in Bœotia, Jacobs conceives that Apollo, who was held in great honour at Thebes, is called upon to assist Melistion, who was one of the holy band, as it was named, of lovers at Thebes.

From πυρὸς γὰρ άλκὴ in MS. Vat., Brunck elicited ἔρως γὰρ adopted by Jacobs; who, however, doubts about the truth of the correc-

tion, which should have been  $\pi \tilde{v} \rho \tilde{\omega} c \gamma d\rho$ , as translated.

 7—7 The sense requires ἐνὶ προμάχοις, as translated, not ἀεὶ προμάχους—
 8—8 The MS. Vat., Μελιστίωνος δῶ. From which has been elicited Μελιστίωνος δὸς— But as Μελιστίωνος is without regimen, Meineke would read Μελιστίωνα, referring to Porson on Eurip. Hec. 782, for the confusion in—og and a. In  $\delta \tilde{\omega}$  perhaps lies hid  $\delta' \tilde{\eta} \nu$ —as translated.

Not now those deadly shafts are due
That stretch the woodland tyrants of the plain.
Rather, O Phœbus, bring thy nobler darts,
With which thou piercest gentle hearts;
Bid them Themistio's breast inspire
With Love's bright flame, and Valour's holy fire—
Pure Valour, firm Heroic Love;
Twin deity, supreme o'er gods above,
United in the sacred cause
Of his dear native land and freedom's laws.
So let him win the glorious crown
His fathers wore, bright meed of fair renown. J. H. M.

## C. NICÆNETUS.

I do not, Philotherus, wish to banquet in the city, but in the ploughed field, delighted with the breath of the Zephyr. A slight¹ bed strewn on the ground under my sides is sufficient for me; for near is the couch of a willow of the country, and the osier, the ancient garland of the Carians. But let wine be brought and the agreeable lyre of the Muses, so that, while drinking what cheers the soul, we may sing the renowned bride of Jupiter, the mistress of our island.²

Not in the city be my banquet spread,
But in sweet meadows, where around my head
The Zephyr may float freely; be my seat
The mossy platform of some green retreat,
Where shrubs and creepers, starting at my side,
May furnish cushion smooth and carpet wide.
Let wine be served up, and the warbling lyre
Trill forth soft numbers of the Muses' choir;
That we still drinking and our hearts contenting,
Still to the dulcet tunes new hymns inventing,
May sing Jove's bride, from whom these pleasures come,
The guardian goddess of our island home. C. M.

From Aιτη in MS. Ven. of Athenæus xv. p. 673, B., Dindorf has happily elicited Aιτη, as translated.
 Samos, the birth-place of Nicænetus.

#### CI. THE SAME.

<sup>1</sup>Wine is to the agreeable bard a rapid steed; <sup>1</sup> but he, who drinks water, will bring forth nothing wise. So said, O Dionysus, and breathed Cratinus, the man not of one skin (of wine), but who smelt of a whole cask. <sup>2</sup>Hence did his whole <sup>2</sup> house bloom with garlands, and he had his forehead adorned, like you, with the yellow bud of the ivy.

"Wine is the Pegasus, whose wings
The pleasant poet plies;
But he, who drinks pure element,
Is pleasant in no wise."
Thus sang Cratinus, reeking with
The perfume of the cask;
When he had tried to his content
The strength of every flask.
And as he sate, his mansion walls,
Festoon'd from side to side,
His temples ivy-garlanded,
With purple Bacchus vied. C. M.

The first distich of the original is thus rendered by T. Moore.

If with water you fill up your glasses, You'll never write any thing wise; For wine is the horse of Parnassus, Which hurries a bard to the skies.

### CII. ALEXANDER THE ÆTOLIAN.

O Sardis, the ancient dwelling<sup>3</sup> of my ancestors, had I been brought up in thee, I should have been an handi-

1—1 In the words ΟΙνός τοι χαρίεντι πέλει ταχύς ἵππος ἀοιδῷ, lies hid perhaps the sense of a line of Cratinus, 'Ωιδῷ καλῷ 'στιν οἶνος ἵππος τις ταχύς.

Instead of the scarcely intelligible νόμος, the poet probably wrote

δόμος, as translated.

<sup>2.</sup> In τοι γάρ τοι στεφάνων δόμος evidently lies hid τοί γαρ πᾶς δόμος, as translated; and if so, we can dispense with μέγαρ, which Jacobs wished to elicit from μέγας in MS. Vat., and still more with τοι γαρ ὑπὸ στεφάνοις δέμας— the conjecture of Meineke.

craft, or a gold-wearing eunuch, beating the beautiful tambourines. But now is my name Alcman, and I am at Sparta, with many tripods, and I have been taught the Heliconian Muses, who have made me greater than Daskyles and Gyges.

Sardis, my ancient father-land,
Hadst thou, by Fate's supreme command,
My helpless childhood nourished,
I must have begg'd my daily bread,
Or else, a beardless priest become,
Have toss'd Cybelé frantic down.
Now Alcman I am call'd—a name
Inscribed in Sparta's lists of fame,
Whose many tripods record bear
Of solemn wreaths and tripods rare,
Achieved in worship at the shrine
Of Heliconian maids divine,
By whose great aid I'm mounted higher
Than Gyges or his wealthy sire. J. M.

## CIII. CALLIMACHUS.

Half of my soul is still breathing; but half I know not whether Love or Hades has seized, except that it has disappeared. Surely it has gone back to some stripling. And yet I have often denied it. "Do not, youths, receive the run-away." Has it not gone to Cephisus?

<sup>&#</sup>x27; In explanation of βακέλας, Jacobs appositely refers to Lucian's description of the attendants on Cybelé—ως άγείροιεν τῷ μητρὶ σὸν αὐλοῖς καὶ κυμβάλοις, βάκηλοι γενόμενοι.

From this it would appear that Alcman had no name, till he lived at Sparta. It was probably given with reference to the power of his hymns, in Greek, άλκη ὑμνων— contracted into άλκμὰν—

Successful poets were frequently wont to commemorate a victory by mentioning the fact on a tripod, dedicated to some deity.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>4</sup> As Dascyles was not a king, but a private person, Bentley wished to read Κανδαύλεω for Δασκύλεω. But as he seems, says Jacobs, to have been one of the chief men of Lydia, there is no necessity for the alteration.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>6</sup> In lieu of ἀπεῖπου, which is unintelligible, the poet wrote ἀνεῖπου, "I have proclaimed—"

The word Κηφισσὸν, which is elsewhere the name of a rivulet in Attica, is here applied to a youth, according to the conjecture of Scaliger; who elicited Οὐκ εἰς Κηφισὸν from Ουκαι συνιφησον in the MSS. Bentley

(Yes.) For thither it bends its way. I know that, when it is pelted with stones, and is ill-disposed for love.

Half of my soul yet breathes; the rest I know not whether
Cupid or Hades has possest,
'Tis altogether
Vanish'd. Among the virgin train
Perhaps 'tis straying.
O send the wanderer home again,
Or chide its staying.
Perhaps on fair Cephisa's breast
'Tis captive lying.
Of old it sought that haven's rest,
When almost dying. J. H. M.

#### CIV. THE SAME.

Thou bringest thy feet near the monument of the son of Battus, who knew minstrelsy well, and well to laugh in season at wine.

> Beside the tomb, where Battus' son is laid, Thy heedless feet, a passer-by, have stray'd. Well-skill'd in all the minstrel's lore was he; Yet had his hour for sport and jollity. J. H. M.

#### CV. THE SAME.

A. <sup>2</sup>Alas! young Menecrates—for I know thee there, on whom the down of the beard had come<sup>2</sup>—what has,

prefers  $O\dot{v}\kappa$  εἰς εἰς τὸν ἔφηβον, referring to Philostratus, Vit. Apoll. on i.  $\dot{c}$ , ποῖ τρώχεις ;  $\dot{\eta}$  ἐπὶ τὸν ἔφηβον ; Perhaps the poet wrote  $O\dot{v}\kappa$   $\ddot{y}$ ,  $\ddot{y}$  'στιν ἔφηβος, "Has it not gone, where is a youth?"

1—1 How the soul could be pelted with stones, it is hard to understand. Hence one would suspect that in ἡ λιθόλευστος κείνη καὶ δυσέρως lies hid ἡ λάθ ἄλευστος, Χαύνη, καὶ δυσέρως, "that which has been lying

hid, unseen, puffed up, and ill-disposed for love."

2—2 The Greek, as read in MS. Vat. is, Α΄νιε καὶ σὸ γὰρ ὧδε Μενέκρατες, οὐδ' ἐπὶ πουλὺ Ἡσθα: where Ernesti suggested Αἰλινε. Blomfield, Αἶ, αἶ. On Bailey's Hermesianact, p. 149, there is an emendation,
adopted here—Αὶ νε΄—ἐκεῖ σὲ γὰρ οἰδα, Μενέκρατες—ῷ γ΄ ἐπ' ἰουλὸς
Ἡλθε—for Menecrates is addressed as a young person, upon whose cheeks
ηλθον ἰουλοὶ, as Callimachus says in Hymn Jov. 56; while ἐκεῖ is said
pointedly to the grave by the party, who saw the bust of Menecrates over
his tomb, and to whom the dead is supposed to reply.

thou best of foreigners, done thee up? Was it that which (did up) a Centaur? B. My fated sleep had come. But unhappy wine bears the pretext.

Thee too, Lysander, doth the grave compel!
Which of thy various wines have vanquish'd thee?
Doubtless the same by which the Centaur fell.
My hour was come; and, friend, 'twere quite as well
To spare good wine so foul a calumny.

J. H. M

## CVI. MENECRATES.

In addition to two<sup>1</sup> children previously, a third did a mother place on the funeral fire, and, finding fault with the deity not to be satisfied, she brought forth a fourth source of sorrow, and did not wait for uncertain hopes, but placed the living infant in the fire, saying, I will not bring it up; for what profits it? my breasts labour for Hades. A grief that has a less trouble <sup>2</sup> is a gain to me.<sup>2</sup>

Twice had a wretched mother to the tomb
Borne the sad produce of her teeming womb.
A third in bitterness of soul she gave,
To feed the fierce insatiable grave.
But when a fourth time destin'd to sustain
The heavy load of ill-requited pain,
Then, madly desperate of a better fate,
The greedy flames she dared anticipate;
And to their rage her living fruit consign'd,
Saying, "No longer shall this bosom find
Nurture for those, whom Pluto claims his due;
If I must mourn, I will not labour too." J. H. M.

## CVII. RHIANUS.

Dexionicus, having caught with bird-lime a blackbird under a green plane-tree, was holding it by its wings;

The sense evidently requires προτέροισι δυσί— not προτέροις ήδη—2—3 In lieu of κερδήσω πένθος, one would have expected κέρδος μω, as translated.

In lieu of είλε, which is a mere tautology after άγρεύσας, the author evidently wrote είχε, as translated.

when the unfortunate 1 bird shrieking-out made a frequent moan.2-And (I said)-"O beloved Cupid and ye blooming Graces, would that I were a thrush or blackbird, so that I might pour my voice and a pleasant tear on his hand."

Dexionica with a limed thread Her snare beneath a verdant plane-tree spread, And caught a blackbird by the quivering wing. Oh, god of Love, oh, Graces blooming fair, I would that I a thrush or blackbird were; So in her grasp to breathe my murmur'd cries, And shed a sweet tear from my silent eyes.

## CVIII. SAMIUS.

We, the hide and horns a fathom long of a bull, (the offering) from a king, lie over the portal of (Hercules), the son of Amphitryon, which (animal), boasting of the fourteen palms length,4 when it met Philip, a terrible javelin brought to the ground, by the heel of the bullfeeding Orbélus. Happy is Hemathia, that is ruled over by such a leader.

> The mighty bull's capacious hide And horns—the forest's stately pride— Are offer'd, Hercules, to thee, By a kingly votary; Who with javelin's force arrested The bellowing monster's mad career, Braving the fury of his spear, Beneath Orbélus' heights, where long

In lieu of άναστενάχων ἐπεκώκυεν, where the two propositions are something too much, the poet probably wrote, as translated, ἀναστενάχων πυκνά κώκυεν-

Jacobs says that iερὸς is applied to a bird, on account of its singing; and he refers to Antipater of Sidon, Epigr. 62, Κόσσυφον είλε πάγα... Α δ' αδθις μεθέηκε τον ίερον. But there we may read αμμορον, as here άμμορός-

<sup>3.4</sup> By comparing the two measures, if we consider the English fathom of 6 feet to represent the Greek δργυιά, and the Greek δῶρον to answer to the English "hand," of 4 inches, we must read here ὀκτώ καὶ δέκα, not τέσσαρα και δέκα—where ζ (8) might have been corrupted into  $\delta$  (4).  $^5$  Jacobs happily suggested  $\dot{a}$  for  $\dot{a}$ , and  $\dot{a}$   $\dot{a}$  for  $\dot{a}$  for  $\dot{a}$  for  $\dot{a}$   $\dot{a}$  for  $\dot{a}$   $\dot{a}$  for  $\dot{a}$  for

In verdant pastures unmolested,
He ranged his subject herds among.
O blest Emathia, to obey
A chief so famed for warlike sway. J. H. M.

## CIX. ALCÆUS OF MESSENE.

The children in Ios pained Homer the minstrel of heroes, after having woven the riddle of the Muses; and the marine daughters of Nereus anointed him with nectar, and they placed his corpse under a rock on the sea-shore, because he had glorified Thetis and her son, and the conflict of other heroes, and the doings of (Ulysses) the son of Laertes of Ithacus. Most blessed of islands in the sea is Ios, because, though little, it conceals the star of the Muses and Graces.

The visionary dream of life is o'er;
The bard of heroes sleep on Ios' shore.
Fair Ios' sons their lamentations pay,
And wake the funeral dirge or solemn lay.
O'er his pale lifeless corse and drooping head,
Ambrosial sweets the weeping Nereids shed;
And on the shore their slumb'ring poet laid,
Beneath the towering mountain's peaceful shade.
Nor undeserved their care. His tuneful tongue
Achilles' wrath and Thetis' sorrows sung.
His strains Laertes' son in triumph bore
Through woes unnumber'd, to his native shore.
Blest isle of Ios! on thy rocky steeps
The star of song—the grace of Graces—sleeps.
HATGARTH.

## CX. THE SAME.

Not even dead does the old man nourish on his tomb the mild grape-bunch from the vine, but the bramble, and the wild pear, that suffocates, causing the lips of wayfarers to wrinkle up, and the throat to be dry with

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> The riddle alluded to is to be found in the Pseud-Herodotean Life of Homer, in Mackenzie's translation, § 35, prefixed to the Odyssey, in the Classical Library.

thirst. But let a person, as he passes by the monument of Hipponax, pray that the dead may sleep good-tempered.

Thy tomb no purple clusters rise to grace,
But thorns and briers choke the fearful place;
There herbs malign and bitter fruits supply
Unwholesome juices to the passer-by.
And as, Hipponax, near thy tomb he goes,
Shuddering he turns and prays for thy repose. BL.

#### CXL. POLYSTRATUS.

The great Acrocorinthus of Achæa, the star of Hellas, and the double shores that run together 'of the Isthmus, has Lucius' destroyed; and a single rock holds the bones heaped up' of the dead that were cowed by the spear. And the Achæans, who destroyed the house of Priam by fire, have the descendants of Æneas deprived unwept of funeral rites.

Achean Acrocorinth, the bright star
Of Hellas, with its narrow Isthmian bound,
Lucius o'ercame, in one enormous mound
Piling the dead, conspicuous from afar.
Thus to the Greeks, denying funeral fires,
Have great Æneas' later progeny
Perform'd high Jove's retributive decree,
And well avenged the city of their sires.

C. M.

#### CXII. PERSES.

Unhappy Mnasilla, why is this form sculptured upon the tomb of thy weeping daughter Neotima, whose life the pains of child-birth carried off? and she is lying with a mist on her eyes, while shedding tears how large

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> As the two sea-shores on each side of the Isthmus were prevented by the neck of land from coming together, the reading σύντροφον found in his MS. by Aldus is decidedly preferable; for each sea would thus be the feeder of Corinth.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> This Lucius was Mummius, by whom Corinth was destroyed.

<sup>3</sup> To avoid the necessity of taking, as Jacobs does, σκόπελος in the sense of a mound, it is easy to read σωρευθένθ' είς—in lieu of σωρευθείς είς—

upon the bent elbow of her dear mother; and alas! her father Aristotle not far off is wiping her head with his hand; and, most sad, not even the dead have forgotten their griefs.2

Unblest Mnasylla—on this speaking tomb What means the type of emblematic gloom? Thy lost Callirhoe we here survey, Just as she moan'd her ebbing soul away; Just as the death-mists on her eyelids fell, In those maternal arms she loved so well. There too the speechless father sculptured stands, That cherish'd head supporting with his hands. Alas! alas! thus grief is made to flow A ceaseless stream—eternity of woe. J. H. M.

#### CXIII. THEODORIDAS.

Thou didst go, Cinesias, the lacquey of Hermes, without a crutch, to pay the debt owed to Hades, carrying all (your limbs) bent, but sound; and Acheron, who forces all, having found thee a just debtor, loves thee.

Without the aid of crutch—entire of limb— Servant of Mercury, to hell thou goest; Whose king well pleased receive thee, since to him Thou freely payest all the debt thou owest. J. H. M.

### CXIV. THE SAME.

I, formerly a flat 6 stone, and thrown down unrubbed,

Instead of  $\dot{v}\pi\dot{o}$ , Jensius reads  $\dot{a}\pi\dot{o}$ —He should have suggested  $\dot{s}\pi\dot{i}$ , as translated.

This alludes, says Jacobs, to the perpetuation of the sorrows of the parents, even after death, by means of the sculpture on the tomb.

From αγρις in MS. Vat., Toup ingeniously elicited λάτρις—the

very name given to Hermes himself in Eurip. Ion. 4.

<sup>4</sup> MS. Vat. γήραι ἔτ'—where lies hid γῦρ' ἔτι δ'—as translated. Toup

proposed γυῖα ἔτ'—Reiske, γήρα ἔτ'—adopted by Brunck and Jacobs. In γυρὰ is an allusion to the "curva senectus" of Ovid.

<sup>8</sup> MS. Vat. has ἀχέων. From which Reiske and Pierson elicited 'Αχέρων—But Acheron could hardly be called Παντοβίης—One would, nave expected rather ποντοτριβής ὁ Χάρων-

As pebbles on the sea-shore become rounded, through being rubbed against each other by the action of the water, it is evident that a word is contain within the head of Heracleitus. But 1 time has worn me, like pebbles on the sea-shore; for I am extended in the road 2 where carts carry all kinds of young persons. But I tell to mortals, although I am without a pillar, that I possess the god-like dog, who barked at the masses.

Rounded by age, and like some pebble-stone
O'er which the wild wave dashes, shapeless grown,
No letters speak—no graven image tells—
That here the dust of Heracleitus dwells.
But still with fame's loud trumpet I proclaim
The barking cur's imperishable name.

J. H. M.

## CXV. POSEIDIPPUS.

Ye mariners, why bury me near the sea? It were meet to heap up the tomb for a wretched ship-wrecked person far away. I shudder at the sound of the sea, the cause of my death. But even thus, fare ye well, who have pitied Nicétes.

Oh, why, my brother mariners, so near the boisterous wave Of ocean have ye hollow'd out my solitary grave? 'Twere better that far hence a sailor's tomb should be—For I dread my rude destroyer—I dread the roaring sea. But may the smiles of fortune—may love and peace await All you, who shed a tear for poor Nicetas' hapless fate.

A. F. M.

Why, sailors, bury me so near the shore?

The shipwreck'd mariner's sad grave should be Far from the echoing breakers; in their roar Shudd'ring I hear my fate. Yet oh, all ye,

required here to convey the idea of something not round. Hence it is probable the poet wrote λευρή, as translated, not γυρή—

It is strange that Jacobs, who saw the necessity of an adversative particle here, did not suggest—Aiων δ' ἔτριψεν κροκάλαις μ' ἴσον—in lieu of his 'Αλλ' αἰων μ' ἔτριψε κρόκαις ἴσον—

As there is neither sense nor syntax in εν γάρ ἀμάξη Παμφόρφ αἰζήων είνοδίη τέταμαι—both may be recovered by reading—ου γάρ ἄμαξαι Παμφόροι—as translated.

Brunck reads correctly ναυηγῷ τλήμονι τύμβον in lieu of ναυηγοῦ

τλήμονα τύμβον—

Farowell, and blessings for your pity take, Who even this have done for poor Nicetas' sake. H. W.

### CXVI. ANTIPATER OF SIDON.

The men skilled in stars say that I am for a quick death. I am so; but that, Seleucus, is no care of mine. To all there is one descent to Hades. And if mine be the quicker, the quicker shall I behold Minos. Let us drink, 'for truly is wine a horse for the road,' 2 since to those on foot there is a path to Hades.

The wizards at my first nativity
Declared with one accord I soon should die.
What if—o'er all impends that certain fate—
I visit gloomy Minos soon or late?
Wine, like a racer, brings me there with ease.
The sober souls may walk it if they please. BL.

## CXVII. THE SAME.

Bacchus standing yesterday near my couch, when I had been filled with water unmixed (with wine), spoke thus, "Thou art sleeping the sleep of those, hateful to Venus. Tell me, thou sober fellow, hast thou heard of Hippolytus? Have a fear, lest thou sufferest something like (his fate)." So saying he departed; and to me from that (day) water has been no longer pleasant.

Bacchus found me yesterday,
As at full length stretch'd I lay,
Sated with the crystal tide.
The god was standing at my side,
And said, "Such sleep upon thee waits,
As those attends, whom Venus hates.

1—1 Since there seems to be here, as Jacobs has seen, an allusion to the sentiment of Cratinus, to which Nicemetus alludes in Epigr. 101, ΟΙνος—ταχὸς ἵππος, one would have expected to find something like—καὶ γὰρ τόδ ἔτήτυμον ἀσ' ὁ πρὶν—" Ἱππος ΟΙνος." "a person formerly sung this true sentiment," in lieu of καὶ γὰρ δὴ ἔτήτυμον εἰς ὁδὸν, ἵππος Οἰνος.

<sup>2</sup>—<sup>2</sup> In the words ἐπεὶ πεζοῖς ἀτραπος εἰς ᾿Αϊδην, there should be some allusion to the wineless, who go on foot, as Bland has expressed in his version. But how this sense is to be got at, is another affair. Did the poet write ἀγοι πεζοῦς ὁ τροπίας ᾿Αΐδη, " May wine turned sour lead those on foot to Hades."

Sav. idiot. didst thou never hear Of one Hippolytus? Beware. His destiny may else be thine." He left me then—the god of wine. But ever since this thing befell I've loathed the notion of a well. J. H. M.

As vester-eve I slept on sober water, The god of wine drew near, and gave no quarter. Quoth he-" That lubbard's sleep's past Venus' bearing. Hast never heard Hippolytus's faring? Beware his end be thine." He spake; my cure Came with his words. Water I can't endure. G. F. D. T.

### CXVIII. THE SAME.

Bitto placed as an offering to Athené her music-loving shuttle, the instrument of a trade driven by hunger, and said, "Farewell, goddess, and take this. For I, a widow,1 am come to the fourth decad of years, and I abjure your gifts. But, on the other hand, I am laying hold of the works of Venus. For I see that to be willing is better than beauty."

To Pallas Lysistrata offer'd her thimble And distaff, of matronly prudence the symbol. "Take this too," she said, "then farewell, mighty queen; I'm a widow, and just forty winters have seen. So thy yoke I renounce; and henceforward decree To live with Love's goddess, and prove I am free." J. H. M.

#### CXIX. THE SAME.

Thou sleepest, Anacreon, among the dead, after having laboured well; and sleeps too thy sweet harp, that discoursed music in the night; sleeps too thy Smerdis, the very spring-time of desire, for whom thou, O harp,

formerly-"

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Jacobs, justly objecting to the introduction of a widow here, would read  $\dot{\tau}\eta\nu\dot{\sigma}^i$  έχε εερκίδ΄ έγο in lieu of  $\dot{\tau}\eta\nu\dot{\sigma}^i$  έχε  $\dot{\chi}\dot{\eta}\rho\eta$  έγω— He should have suggested rather,  $\dot{\tau}\dot{\eta}\nu\dot{\sigma}^i$  έχ  $\dot{\alpha}\dot{\chi}\rho\bar{\epsilon}i\nu\dot{\tau}^i$  'ake this useless thing.' Although  $\dot{\tau}\dot{\alpha}$  δ' έμπαλι might perhaps stand, yet one would prefer  $\ddot{\sigma}\ddot{\omega}\rho^i$  å δὲ πρὶν, πάλι— $\ddot{\alpha}\pi\tau o\mu a\iota$ —"I lay hold of the works—which were

wast struck, giving in song the nectar of harmony. For thou wast the target to a youthful love, and against thee alone he directed his bow and not crooked far-shooting archery.

At length thy golden hours have wing'd their flight,
And drowsy death thine eyelid steepeth;
Thy harp, that whisper'd through each lingering night,
Now mutely in oblivion sleepeth.
She too, for whom that heart profusely shed
The purest nectar of its numbers—
She, the young spring of thy desires, has fled,
And with her blest Anacreon slumbers.
Farewell; thou hadst a pulse for every dart
That Love could scatter from his quiver,
And every woman found in thee a heart,

## CXX. THE SAME.

Which thou with all thy soul didst give her. T. MOORE.

I am a sacred tree. When passing by, have a care not to injure me. I feel a pain, stranger, when lopped. Remember, my bark is still virgin-like. It is not such as belongs to unripe wild pears. Who knows not the race of dark poplars? And if you cut me round, while near the road, you will cry for it. Although a tree, I am Apollo's care.

This plant is sacred. Passenger, beware.
From every wound a mortal pang I bear.
My tender limbs support a virgin rind,
Not the rude bark that shields the forest kind.
And e'en in these dark glens and pathless glades
Their parent sun protects his poplar maids. J. H. M.

## CXXI. MELEAGER.

If Love had a cloak and not wings, and did not carry on his shoulder a bow and quiver, but a bonnet with a feather, by the delicately-formed youth I swear, that

In lieu of ἡϊθέαν, Brunck correctly suggested ἡϊθέου—

2 The sense evidently requires κού σκολιάς instead of καὶ σκολιάς—

For an arrow ought to proceed in a not crooked line to hit the mark.

Antiochus would be Love, and Love on the other hand Antiochus.

Take away from young Cupid his wings and his bow,
And give him sweet Antipho's bonnet and feather,
So like is your boy to the god Love, I vow,
You'd not know your child, if you saw them together. K.

## CXXII. THE SAME.

If Love had not a bow, or wings, or a quiver, or had not the darts shot all around of Desire, you would not, I swear by the winged (god) himself, have known from his form whether he was Zoilus or Love.

Lesbia, thy child is so divinely fair,

That if beside him little Cupid stood,

Without his quiver, bow, or wings, I swear

I should not know the mortal from the god. K.

#### CXXIII. THE SAME.

Assist, O men, the person, whom, after placing just now his foot, that had made its first voyage, from the sea to land, Love is dragging this way with violence; and showing before me the light, as it were, from a young person, he is dazzling me with a beauty, lovely to look upon, and I go step by step; and I wish to seize with my lips the sweet form, that is modelled in the air. Do I not then, after escaping from the bitter sea, pass over the wave of Venus on land, which is far more bitter than the other.

<sup>1.—1</sup> This version answers to ἐν ἀέρι δ' οὕστι (i. e. ὅ ἐστι) τυπωθὲν, Εἰδος ἀφαρπάζειν χείλεσιν ἡδὺ φιλῶ—not δ' ἡδὺ τυπωθὲν—ἀφαρπαζων ἡδυφιλῶ: where Pierson and Reiske were the first to read ἡδὺ φιλῶ. With regard to "the form moulded in the air," we may compare the dagger, which Macbeth is feigned to see before him; while in the words of Plutarch, quoted by Jacobs, there lies hid a fragment, probably of Menander—Οὐτος ὁ ἔοικε νοῦ τις ὑπὸ κάλλους νέος "Ιλιγγος εἶναι καὶ πλάνος, ἐν νέφεσι μένον 'Υπὸ σκιαῖς θηρωμένου τὸ ποθούμενον, "This seems to be a fresh dizziness and wandering of the mind through a beauty, while it (the mind) is hunting after the object of desire, remaining under a shadow in the clouds."

Help, help, my friends; just landed from the main, New to its toils, and glad to feel again
The firm rebounding soil beneath my feet,
His prey love makes me; with enforcement sweet,
Waving his torch before my dazzled eyes,
Drags me to where my queen of beauty lies.
Now on her steps I tread; and if in air
My fancy roves, I view her picture there;
Stretch my fond arms to fold her, and delight
With unsubstantial joys my ravish'd sight.
Ah! vainly 'scaped the fearful ocean's roar,
To prove a fiercer hurricane on shore.

J. H. M.

#### CXXIV. THE SAME.

Ye Graces, when ye beheld the beautiful Aristagoras before you, ye embraced him with your luxurious arms; because from his form he darts forth a flame, 'and he speaks what is opportune,' and though silent, talks sweetly with his eyes. Let him wander from me. What matters it? since like a young² Jupiter, the boy knows how to hurl lightning even far off from Olympus.

The Graces smiling saw her opening charms,
And clasp'd Aristo in her lovely arms.
Hence her resistless beauty, matchless sense;
The music of her voice; the eloquence,
That e'en in silence flashes from her face.
All strikes the ravish'd heart; for all is grace.
List to my vows, sweet maid; or from my view
Far, far away remove. In vain I sue.
For, as no space can check the bolts of Jove,
No distance shields me from the shafts of Love. K.

<sup>1—1</sup> Warton was the first to perceive that this praise of a person speaking, what is in season, is better suited to an orator than to a mere boy, whose eyes, though silent, say all that is sweet. Hence he wished to read  $\gamma \lambda \nu \kappa \nu \mu \nu \theta \epsilon \bar{\epsilon}$  κηρία, "he speaks with the sweetness of the honey-comb." Perhaps the poet wrote  $\gamma \lambda \nu \kappa \epsilon' \dot{a} \nu \theta \epsilon \bar{\epsilon}$  κῆρ' i a— "and violets sweet bloom in his heart—" where κηρὶ would be the dative of κηρ, taken in the sense of heart.

<sup>2</sup> So Reiske and Wakefield would read νέος for νέον, which Jacobs supports by quoting Ζεὺς νέος in Christodorus.

#### CXXV. THE SAME.

I pray thee, Love, put to rest this sleepless passion of mine for Heliodora, and pity my suppliant muse. Yes, by thy archery, which has not been taught to hit another, but is ever pouring its winged weapons against me, 'should you kill me,' I will leave, speaking letters on my tomb—"Behold, stranger, the murderous deeds of Love."

Spare, Cupid, spare for shame my suppliant muse,
And give my love for Heliodora rest;
For by thy bow, whose winged shaft pursues
No other quarry now but this poor breast—
Die if I must—I'll leave a line to say—
Stranger, this man did felon Cupid slay.
G. S.

### CXXVI. THE SAME.

If I look upon Theron, I see every thing; but if I see every thing, and not him, I see on the other hand nothing.

Gazing on thee, sweet maid, all things I see;
For thou art all the universe to me.
But, when thou'rt absent, to my vacant sight
Though all things else be present, all is night.

K.

#### CXXVII. THE SAME.

Why dost thou weep, mind-robber? Why hast thou thrown away thy cruel bows and arrows, and let go<sup>2</sup> the tips of thy two wings? Has Myiscus, with whom it is hard to fight, inflamed even thee with his eyes? With how much difficulty hast thou learnt by suffering, what thou hast done before!

Why weep'st thou, Cupid? thou who steal'st men's hearts, And with their hearts their reason? Tell me, why

<sup>2</sup> It is not easy to perceive what the poet meant by ταρσον άνεὶς πτερ-ύγων.

2 1 2

¹ The MS. Vat. has Εἰ καί με κτείναις—from whence it is strange that no one should have elicited Εἰ με κατακτείναις—

Hast thou thrown down thy cruel bow and darts,
And doff'd thy radiant wings? Has Lesbia's eye,
Which beams on all resistless, pierced thy breast?
'Tis so; thy cause of sorrow stands confest;
And thou art doom'd to suffer in thy turn,
And feel what torture 'tis with love to burn.

K.

## CXXVIII. THE SAME.

No more do I, goat-footed Pan, desire to pass my life together with kids, no more to dwell upon the tops of mountains. For in the mountains, what is there sweet, what to desire? Daphnis is dead—Daphnis, who produced a flame within my breast. In this town will I dwell. Let some one else hie to the hanting of wild beasts. What was once dear to Pan is not so now.

Farewell, ye hills, ye sylvan scenes, farewell,
Which once my shaggy feet rejoiced to tread;
No more with goats on mountain-tops to dwell,
Half goat myself—no more the mazes thread
Of thicket, forest, or of bosky dell.
Daphnis, loved partner of my sports, is dead;
And with him all the joy he knew so well
To give my sylvan reign, for ever fied.
Scenes once beloved, I quit ye; to the chase
Let others hie. The town shall be Pan's dwelling-place.

#### CXXIX. THE SAME.

Ever the buzzing of Love is sinking in my ears, and silently through desire does my eye bring the pleasant tear. Neither night nor day-light puts me to rest; but through love-potions there is in my heart just now a form well known. O ye winged Loves, do ye know how to fly to a person, and are ye not able to fly away ever so little?

For ever in mine ear resound Love's wanton pinions, fluttering round;

In the words "Hôη που probably some proper name lies hid.

While amorous wishes from mine eve Melt in sweet tear-drops silently. It is not night, the level ray Not yet proclaims the close of day; Yet is one well-known form imprest. As by enchantment, on my breast. Ye winged Loves, who know the art, Too well to reach th' unguarded heart, Have ye no strength, ye flutterers, say, To spread your plumes and fly away? J. H. M.

## CXXX. THE SAME.

O soul to be sadly lamented, why is the wound of Love, that had been softened down, again inflamed through the bosom? 1 Do not by Jove, do not by Jove,1 O thou not counsel-loving, stir up a fire somewhat warmed a under the ashes. For, O thou forgetful of ills, Love will forthwith, should he lay hold of thee after running away, ill-treat thee, on recovering the fugitive.

Unquiet soul, for ever doom'd to weep, What need the wound, which time had 'gan assuage, Burst forth afresh from where it lay asleep, And with new fury in my bosom rage? Daringly thoughtless! cease, oh, cease to move

The fire, that slumbering in its ashes lay, Warm, but innocuous—cease; that fire is love. Ah! too forgetful of thine evil day!

Let him but wake, he'll claim thee for his right, And blows and tortures shall reward thy flight. J. H. M.

## CXXXI. THE SAME.

Oh! the ringlets of Demo; oh! the sandals of Heli-

1-1 This earnest appeal to Jupiter seems very strange in a matter of love. Instead of Mn, μn, πρός σε Διός, μn πρός Διός—one would have expected something like—Mn, μη, πρός σ' όλοης, μη, Κύπριδος—

2—3 Although φιλάβουλος is found in other epigrams, yet here, if the correct reading be Κύπριδος, one would prefer θίλ', άβουλε to ω φιλά-

βουλε—where Dorville was the first to suggest αβουλε.

So Jacobs has adopted Pierson's ὑποθαλπόμενον. But as MS. Vat. has υπολαμπόμενον, perhaps the poet wrote υποκρυπτόμενον—similar to "ignes suppositos cineri," in Horace.

odora; oh! the portal of Timarius, bedewed with myrrh; oh! the luxurious smile of the full-eyed Anticleia; oh! the wreaths lately blooming on Dorothea. No longer, Love, does thy golden quiver conceal winged arrows; for all thy darts are in me.

Ringlets, that with clustering shade
The snow-white brows of Demo braid;
Sandals, that with strict embrace
Heliodora's ancles grace;
Portal of Timarion's bower,
Besprent with many a fragrant shower;
Lovely smiles that lurking lie
In Anticleia's sun-bright eye;
Roses, fresh, in earliest bloom,
That Dorothea's breast perfume—
No more Love's golden quivers hold
Their feather'd arrows, as of old;
But every sharp and winged dart
Has found a quiver in my heart.

J. H. M.

#### CXXXII. THE SAME.

O holy night and lamp, both of us have chosen none others but you as cognizant of our oaths; and we swore, one to love me, and I never to leave that one; and ye had a testimony common for both. But now one says that such oaths are carried away in the water; and thou, lamp, beholdest the party in the bosom of others.

In holy night we made the vow;
And the same night, that long before
Had seen our early passion grow,
Was witness to the faith we swore.
Did I not swear to love her ever?
And have I ever dared to rove?
Did she not vow a rival never
Should shake her faith, or steal her love?

Although φέρεσθαι seems to be supported by the passages quoted by Jacobs, yet one would prefer here γράφεσθαι—similar to the proverb—Τους τῶν ἐρώντων ἐν ϋδασίν γ' ὁρκους γράφω.

Yet now she says those words are air;
Those vows were written in the water;
And, by the lamp, that heard her swear,
Hath yielded to the first who sought her. C. M.

#### CXXXIII. THE SAME.

When infant Love was playing at dawn of day at dice on the bosom of his mother, he made use of my life as a stake.

As infant Love one morning lay
Upon his mother's breast at play,
He found my soul, that stood hard by,
And, laughing, staked it on the die.

J. H. M.

## CXXXIV. THE SAME.

Farewell, light-bringing star, the herald of morn; and mayest thou, evening star, quickly come, and bring again her secretly, whom thou art taking away.

Farewell, bright Phosphor, herald of the morn; Yet soon in Hesper's name again be born— By stealth restoring, with thy later ray, The charms, thine early radiance drove away. J. H. M.

# CXXXV. THE SAME.

Even Love himself, the winged, was taken in bonds, in the air, caught by thine eyes, Timarion.

1—1 This seems to be said rather strangely, as if the morning and evening star were the same. The sense required is rather—" bring again her, who is secretly taking herself away"—in Greek ἢν ὑπάγει λάθριος, αὐθις ἄγων: where ὑπάγει is used intransitively, as it constantly is, and ἢν put for ἐκείνην ἢ—by attraction.

<sup>2</sup> Jacobs, whom Merrivale has followed, was the first to perceive some difficulty here; and he proposed to unite this epigram with another, attributed to Meleager in MS. Vat., and relating to the same Timarion. Perhaps the poet wrote not o πτανός, but πτερόν ως—"like a bird."

3 Although δέσμιος ήλω might perhaps mean "was taken and put into bonds "—yet one would prefer something like γῆς σίνις.—For thus Love would be prettily compared to a bird, that is a hurt to land, for whom a trap is laid.

Timaria's kiss, like bird-lime, clings
About the happy lips she blesses;
Her eye its sun-like radiance flings
Beneath her dark o'ershadowing tresses.
One look, fond lover, and you're burnt;
One torch, and all your strength is nought;
And Love himself this lesson learnt,
Late in her nets a captive caught.

J. H. M.

## CXXXVI. THE SAME.

Ye well-freighted ships, that navigate the Hellespont, receiving the favourable Boreas in (your) swelling sails, if perchance ye see on the strand along the island of Cos (my) Phanium, while she is looking upon the widemouthed sea, tell her this message—"O lovely 2nymph, (my) passion for thee brings 2 me 3 not a sailor, but a wayfarer on foot." For if ye tell this, straightway will Jupiter with a favourable wind breathe upon your canvass 4 to the end of the voyage.

Ye gallant ships, that plough the briny wave, Where beauteous Hella found a watery grave— As near the Coan strand the northern gales With steady impulse fill your swelling sails, Should you behold upon some dizzy steep My Phanion gazing on the azure deep,

The word κολποις is here applied to the sails that swell out with the wind, as the dress of a woman does from the same cause.

2—2 The Vat. MS. has νοεσώς με κομίζει. From whence critics have elicited ννὲ σός με κομίζει.—taking ννὸς in the sense of "a nymph," as in Theocritus, and not, as elsewhere, in that of a "daughter-in-law".—But they did not perceive the error in κομίζει.—which should be κομίζοι—For the lover is speaking of a future event, not a present one. Hence one would prefer—ννὲ, σῶν με κομίζοι "Ιμερος—" may Desire bring me safe"—

s\_3 Brunck was the first to find fault with—οὐ ναύταν ποσσίδὶ πεζοπόρον. For he was unable to understand how a person could go on foot to an island. For if he could, he need not request vessels to carry a message. Hence as the MS. Vat. offers οὐ ναύταν ποσσί δὲ παιζοπόορον, it is easy to see that the poet wrote—ψ ναύτα πλοῦς ἄλ' ὅπαζε περᾶν—" to whom, as a seaman, a voyage had given to pass the sea"—and thus we learn, who was the party, who sent the message, and why he was absent from his fair one.

\*— In είποιτε εὐ τελοι, as read in MS. Vat., lies hid—είποιτε, πλόου'ς τέλος—as translated.

Tell the dear maid that, mindful of her charms, Her lover hastens to her longing arms. So, while ye scud along the dashing spray, May prosperous breezes speed ye on your way. Shepherd.

Ye light-wing'd barks, that o'er the tide Of Helle's waters go, Speed with your swelling sails of pride, While northern breezes blow. And if along the lonely shore That fronts the Coan isle, My love shall gaze the ocean o'er, And sigh for me the while; Then tell her this—"Sweet lovely maid. All fickle is the sea: My deep love may not be delay'd, I come by land to thee." This message to my loved one bring, And fair your path shall be; For Boreas with his favouring wing T. P. R. Shall waft you o'er the sea.

#### CXXXVII. THE SAME.

Thou sleepest, Zenophila, a delicate plant. <sup>1</sup> Would that I might come to thee, falling, a wingless sleep, gently <sup>1</sup> on thy eyelids; so that he, who soothes the eyes of Jove, may not himself <sup>2</sup> come to you, <sup>3</sup> but I alone may properly smooth down thine.<sup>3</sup>

Thou sleep'st, soft silken flower. Would I were Sleep, For ever on those lids my watch to keep. So should I have thee all my own; nor he, Who seals Jove's wakeful eyes, my rival be. J. H. M.

<sup>1—1</sup> The Greek is at present είθ' ἐπὶ σοὶ νῦν Ἄπτερος εἰσψειν ὕπνος—But ἐπὶ σοὶ—and ἐπὶ σοὶ just afterwards, exhibit a tasteless repetition: nor could the pluperfect εἰσψειν thus follow εἰθε. Perhaps the poet wrote, as translated, εἶθε πεσών εὖ Ἄπτερος εἰς σἱ γ' ἴοιμ' ὕπνος— where a man without wings is properly called here a wingless sleep.

In lieu of οὖτος, the sense evidently requires αὐτὸς— 2—3 In the Greek καταθῶ δ' αὐτὸς ἐγὼ σὲ μόνος— in lieu of σὲ, one would have expected σὰ— But as the article could hardly be dispensed with, it is easy to elicit καταθῶ δ' εῦ τὰ σ' ἔγωγε μόνος, as translated.

### CXXXVIII. THE SAME.

I am training Love, as a player at ball. And he throws to thee, Heliodora, the heart, which is bounding in me. Come then, receive Desire as a play-fellow. But if you throw me from you, I will not endure the insult not suited to the palæstra.<sup>2</sup>

Love acts the tennis-player's part,
And throws to thee my panting heart,
Heliodora. Ere it fall
Let Desire catch swift the ball.
Let her in the ball-court move,
Fellow in the game of Love.
If you throw me back again,
I shall of foul play complain.
ELTON.

#### CXXXIX. THE SAME.

The winter with its winds having departed from the sky, the purple period of flower-bearing spring was smiling, and the light-blue<sup>3</sup> earth had arrayed itself in green grass; and plants full of juice were in leaf with young petals; and the meadows, drinking the tender dew of morning, that causes plants to increase, were smiling, as the rose (buds) were opening. And the shepherd, playing shrilly with his pipe on the mountains, is pleased; and delighted too the goat-herd with the white kids. And now mariners are sailing over the wide waves, while the Zephyr is causing the sails to swell out with its harmless breath. And now persons,

From ἀπαλαιστίραν in MS. Vat. Reiske elicited, what Jacobs has adopted, ἀπάλαιστρον— But if εἰ δὲ πέδοι με be correct, one would prefer here οὐκ οίσω τὰν καλόπαικτορ' άβράν; "shall I not endure the elegant maiden, who knows how to play well?"

ter nere our σίσω ταν καλοπαίκτορ αιρραν; sami I not endure the elegant maiden, who knows how to play well?"

'This seems a strange epithet for the earth in spring. Perhaps the poet wrote Γαῖα δὲ γυῖα νέ αῦ χλοερὴν ἐστέψατο ποίην— "And the earth has decked her young limbs again with the green grass."

To understand the game alluded to in the epigram, Reiske says that "the ball was given by one party and returned by the other, and so on alternately, until it fell to the ground, when the game was over;" as in the modern battledore and shuttlecock, or its counterpart, coronella. Hence one would prefer εἰ δὲ πίδοι με το εἰ δ᾽ ἀπὸ σεῦ με—

in honour of the grape-producing Dionysus, are uttering the Euan cry, decked as to their hair with the bunch-like flower of the ivy. And ¹to the bees produced from oxen,¹ their beautiful works are a care; and settling in the hive, they work up ²the honey through the hollow (and) flowing receptacles of the perforated honey-comb.² And on every side the race of birds sing with a shrill note; the halcyons about waves, the swallows about dwellings, the swan on the banks of a river, and the nightingale in the grove. Now where³ the leaves of plants feel a delight, and the earth is blooming, and the shepherd is piping, and well-fleeced flocks are gladdened, and mariners are sailing, and Dionysus is dancing, and birds are singing, and bees are in labour-pains, how must not a minstrel too sing sweetly in the spring?

Hush'd is the howl of wintry breezes wild;
The purple hour of youthful spring has smiled;
A livelier verdure clothes the teeming earth;
Buds press to life, rejoicing in their birth;
The laughing meadows drink the dews of night,
And, fresh with opening roses, glad the sight;
In songs the joyous swains responsive vie;
Wild music floats and mountain melody.
Adventurous seamen spread th' embosom'd sail
O'er waves light heaving to the western gale.
While village youths their brows with ivy twine,
And hail with song the promise of the vine.
In curious cells the bees digest their spoil,
When vernal sunshine animates their toil.

<sup>1—1</sup> On the story respecting bees being produced from the putrid carcass of an ox, see Virgil, Ge. iv.

<sup>2—2</sup> Such is the literal translation of what was probably the original text—κοῖλα πολυτρήτοιο μέλι ρύτ' ἀν ἄγγεα κηροῦ— as shown by Phocylides, Σμήνεσε μυριότρητα κατ' ἄγγεα κηροῦ . The present text is, Λευκά πολυτρήτοιο νεόρρυτα κάλλεα κηροῦ: where Λευκά, "white," can be applied to neither the honey, nor honey-comb, nor wax; while both νεόρρυτα and κάλλεα want the distinctness of ideas, which is to be found in the other parts of this fragment.

<sup>3</sup> In lieu of &, "if," the sense seems to require \$\vec{y}\$, "where," or o\vec{v}\$, "when—"

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the other hand, immortal? and must we call it body, or without body? and must it be ranked amongst things to be grasped by the mind, or laid hold materially? or is it both together?" When he had read over the books of Aristotle on things Sublime, and his work on the Soul, and, after poring over the sublimity of Plato in the Phædo, had meditated upon the whole truth and on every side, then wrapping his cloak round and stroking down his beard to the tips, he put forth his solution (of the inquiry). "If there be to the soul wholly a nature—for I really do not know—it is altogether mortal or immortal, of a solid substance, or immaterial. when you shall have passed over Acheron, you will know the truth there, as Plato does. Or if you like, imitate Cleombrotus the Ambraciote, and from the roof release your body (from life); and then you will know yourself, as being separated from the body, having left behind you that alone which you are seeking.

Nicostratus, that second Stagirite, Who sits, like Plato, perch'd on wisdom's height, A simple scholar thus address'd one day: "What is the soul, thou sage illumined, say— Mortal or deathless? substance or mere shade? Of reasoning sense, or naked feeling made? Or both alike? Resolve my doubts," he said. The sage his book of Meteors 'gan unroll, And Aristotle's treatise on the Soul, And Plato's Phædon to its source explored, Where truth from heaven's eternal fount is pour'd. Then waved his wand—applied it to his chin— And utter'd thus the oracle within: "If all the world be soul—and if 'tis so Or not, I must confess, I do not know— But if, I say, all nature spirit be, It must be mortal, or from death be free; Must be substantial; or, if not, mere shade; Of reasoning sense, or naked feeling made, Or both or neither. But, my friend," he said,

The sense requires ψυχỹ, in lieu of ψυχή—

And little birds with warblings sweet and clear Salute thee, May, the loveliest of the year. Thee round the waves the tuneful Halcyons hail, On streams the swan, in woods the nightingale; Thee, too, the swallows, when from flight they rest, And on man's dwellings fix their clay-built nest. If earth rejoices, with new verdure gay, And shepherds pipe, and flocks exulting play, And sailors roam, and Bacchus leads his throng, And bees to toil, and bards awake to song; Shall the glad bard be mute in tuneful spring, And. warm with love and joy, forget to sing?

#### CXL. AGATHIAS.

She, who was formerly elated with her splendid form; she, who shook her plaited curls of hair, and walked proudly; she, who boasted greatly over my attentions to her, has become wrinkled with old age, and lost her former charms. Her bosom has gone down; her eyebrows have fallen; her face has wasted away; her lips mumble with the talk of an old woman. Gray hair I call the Nemesis of desire; for it judges according to law, and comes rather quickly upon haughty women.

She, who but late in beauty's flower was seen, Proud of her auburn curls and noble mien—Who froze my hopes and triumph'd in my fears, Now sheds her graces in the waste of years. Changed to unlovely is that breast of snow, And dimm'd her eye, and wrinkled is her brow; And querulous the voice by time repress'd, Whose artless music stole me from my rest. Age gives redress to love; and silvery hair And earlier wrinkles brand the haughty fair.

## CXLI. THE SAME.

Bl.

Of Nicostratus, another Aristotle, (and) equal to Plato, the talker of the quibbles of wisdom most high, a person made this inquiry on the subject of the soul: "How may one say of the soul, that it is mortal, or, on

the other hand, immortal? and must we call it body, or without body? and must it be ranked amongst things to be grasped by the mind, or laid hold materially? or is it both together?" When he had read over the books of Aristotle on things Sublime, and his work on the Soul, and, after poring over the sublimity of Plato in the Phædo, had meditated upon the whole truth and on every side, then wrapping his cloak round and stroking down his beard to the tips, he put forth his solution (of the inquiry). "If there be to the soul wholly a nature—for I really do not know—it is altogether mortal or immortal, of a solid substance, or immaterial. when you shall have passed over Acheron, you will know the truth there, as Plato does. Or if you like, imitate Cleombrotus the Ambraciote, and from the roof release your body (from life); and then you will know yourself, as being separated from the body, having left behind you that alone which you are seeking.

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The sense requires ψυχῦ, in lieu of ψυχή—

"If more you wish to learn, to Hades go, And there, as much as Plato, soon you'll know. Or, if you choose, ascend the rampart's height, Mimic Cleombrotus, and plunge to night. <sup>1</sup> Quit this encumbering vest of moisten'd clay; And then return, and teach me, as you may."1

BL.

#### CXLII. THE SAME.

Bearing a ghost-like body, (and) kindred to the invisible air, do not be so bold as to approach any one, lest, while he inspires, he takes you into his nostrils, you, who are much lighter than a breath of air. You cannot fear death. For there again without any change you will be in the same manner the ghost you were formerly.

> So shadow-like a form you bear, So near allied to shapeless air, That with some reason you may fear, When you salute, to draw too near, Lest, if your friend be short of breath, The dire approach may prove your death; And that poor form, so light and thin, Be at his nostrils taken in. Yet, if with philosophic eye You look, you need not fear to die; For, if poetic tales be true. No transformation waits for you. You cannot, e'en at Pluto's bar, Be more a phantom than you are. Br.

# CXLIII. ANTIPATER OF THESSALONICA.

Day-break had gone by, Chrysilla, and long since the cock in the east had been heralding and bringing on the envious Aurora. Mayest thou perish, most envious of

In lieu of σύμπνοον, the sense requires σύγγονον Bland too trans-

lates "allied-"

<sup>&#</sup>x27;-1 " For the turn at the conclusion of the piece, I have no authority in the original," says Bland. For he was probably unable to see what Agathias was aiming at, whose meaning Jacobs was the first to unfold.

irds, who drivest me from home to many <sup>1</sup>conversations ith youths. <sup>1</sup> Thou art grown old, Tithonus. For why ast thou driven away so early from bed thy partner urora?

Oh! hateful bird of morn, whose harsh alarms
Drive me thus early from Chrysilla's arms,
Forced from th' embrace, so newly tried, to fly
With bitter soul to cursed society.
Old age has sprinkled Tithon's brow with snow;
No more his veins in ruddy currents flow.
How cold his sense—his wither'd heart how dead—
Who drives so soon a goddess from his bed! J. H. M.

## CXLIV. BIANOR.

Thebes is the burial-place of the sons of Œdipus. ut the all-destructive tomb perceives their warfare still ving; nor has Hades subdued them; and they are ghting in Acheron; and even their burial is that of ponents, and it has proved fire to be hostile to fire. unhappy children, who have laid hold of spears not be put to rest.

In Thebes the sons of Œdipus are laid;
But not the tomb's all-desolating shade,
The deep forgetfulness of Pluto's gate,
Nor Acheron, can quench their deathless hate.
E'en hostile madness shakes the funeral pyres;
Against each other blaze their pointed fires.
Unhappy boys! for whom high Jove ordains
Eternal hatred's never-sleeping pains.

J. H. M.

<sup>1—1</sup> By this, says Jacobs, is meant the conversations carried on at the 100l of the poet; and he quotes very appositely from Ovid—"Tu (Au-a) pueros somno fraudas tradisque magistris—" and shortly afterwards "Cum refugis (Tithonum), quia grandior zvo, Surgis ad invisas a sene ne rotas."

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> In lieu of  $i\delta a\mu a\sigma a\tau o$ , where the middle voice is scarcely admissible, e would have expected  $i\mu a\lambda a\sigma oi$   $\tau i$ —" softened down a little—" <sup>3</sup> The sense evidently requires  $i\lambda k \nu \xi \epsilon \nu$ , to be applied to the fire, not  $\epsilon \gamma \xi a \nu$ , to the foes.

#### CXLV. CRINAGORAS.

"Let a man practise (the art) which he has learnt."

The saying is frequent.¹ Under the tops of the Alps, robbers, after decking themselves with shaggy head-dresses, and putting their hands to the act of plunder, thus avoid the watch-dogs. ¹They anoint themselves with fat, which is part of a disease in the kidneys,² and cheat the sharp tracking of the nose. O ye plans of the Ligurians, more ready to discover a bad thing than a good one.

Whatever art you learn, employ it well.
Thus underneath an Alpine pinnacle,
The bold banditti, fierce with horrid hair,
By ancient usage for their work prepare.
First by false scent ingenious to betray
The guardian dogs, and lure them from the prey.
O wise Ligurians! how quick's your mind
To hurt, but not to benefit mankind!

J. H. M.

#### CXLVI. LEONIDAS OF ALEXANDRIA.

Through a wintry night, while avoiding a sweeping storm of hail and snow, and a piercing frost, a solitary lion, already suffering as to his contracted limbs, came to the hut of goat-herds, that love high grounds. But

1—1 In öπου καὶ, where Jacobs was the first to see some error, but unable to correct it, lies hid ἔπη πύκν — for the saying was a frequent one, as he has a shown a horder!

as he has shown abundantly.

2—2 The Greek is Χρίονται νεφροῖς πῖαρ ἄπεστι νόσου. Schneider would read with a most certain emendation, says Jacobs, Χρίονται νεβρῶν πῖαρ ἀκεστίνοσον— For Ælian, in Hist. Anim. i. 37, testifies that against the poison of all wild animals, the best antidote is the fat of the elephant, with which if a person anoints himself, and goes even naked against creatures the most fierce, he will return unhurt. But perhaps the poet wrote, as translated, Χρίονται νεφροῖς πῖαρ ο γ΄ ἡν τι νόσου, i. e. "anoint themselves with the fat which comes from a disorder in the kidneys." Something similar is done by dog-stealers to this day in England, and by housebreakers, when they know that a male dog is kept on the premises.

<sup>3</sup> Such seems to be the meaning of ἀθρόα here. One would, however,

preser àopà rà- "his large limbs."

A similar story has been told of a tiger in Bengal, that entered a house situated near a river, during an inundation, and lay down crouching in the corner of a room, until it was shot by a servant of the terrified proprietor.

they, taking no care of the goats, but of themselves, sat calling upon Jove the saviour. But the wild beast, after remaining during the storm through the night, and injuring none of the men or cattle, went away, having made use of the hut. And they placed up by this oak with strong roots this well-painted picture of the event to Jove, who is on the hill-top.

In a dark winter's night, while all around The furious hail-storm clatters on the ground, And every field is deep in drifted snow, And Boreas bids his bitterest tempests blow, A solitary lion, gaunt and grim, Ravenous with cold and numb'd in every limb, Stalks to a goat-herd's miserable shed, From the rude air to shield his storm-beat head. The astonish'd dwellers in the lowly spot With cries of stifled horror fill the cot; No more the numerous herds demand their care: 'Tis for themselves they pour the earnest prayer; And call on Jove the saviour, as they stand Together press'd, a pale and shuddering band. Meanwhile the lordly savage, safe and warm, Stays through the pelting of the wintry storm; Then calmly quits the whole affrighted horde, And leaves their meal untouch'd upon the board. J. H. M.

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When Timothy's house was on fire one night, The wretched old man almost died with the fright;

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In lieu of ευ, Jacobs reads correctly ol—

And little birds with warblings sweet and clear Salute thee, May, the loveliest of the year. Thee round the waves the tuneful Halcyons hail, On streams the swan, in woods the nightingale; Thee, too, the swallows, when from flight they rest, And on man's dwellings fix their clay-built nest. If earth rejoices, with new verdure gay, And shepherds pipe, and flocks exulting play, And sailors roam, and Bacchus leads his throng, And bees to toil, and bards awake to song; Shall the glad bard be mute in tuneful spring, And, warm with love and joy, forget to sing?

#### CXL. AGATHIAS.

She, who was formerly elated with her splendid form; she, who shook her plaited curls of hair, and walked proudly; she, who boasted greatly over my attentions to her, has become wrinkled with old age, and lost her former charms. Her bosom has gone down; her eyebrows have fallen; her face has wasted away; her lips mumble with the talk of an old woman. Gray hair I call the Nemesis of desire; for it judges according to law, and comes rather quickly upon haughty women.

She, who but late in beauty's flower was seen, Proud of her auburn curls and noble mien— Who froze my hopes and triumph'd in my fears, Now sheds her graces in the waste of years. Changed to unlovely is that breast of snow, And dimm'd her eye, and wrinkled is her brow; And querulous the voice by time repress'd, Whose artless music stole me from my rest. Age gives redress to love; and silvery hair And earlier wrinkles brand the haughty fair.

CXLI. THE SAME.

Br.

Of Nicostratus, another Aristotle, (and) equal to Plato, the talker of the quibbles of wisdom most high, a person made this inquiry on the subject of the soul: "How may one say of the soul, that it is mortal, or, on

the other hand, immortal? and must we call it body, or without body? and must it be ranked amongst things to be grasped by the mind, or laid hold materially? or is it both together?" When he had read over the books of Aristotle on things Sublime, and his work on the Soul, and, after poring over the sublimity of Plato in the Phædo, had meditated upon the whole truth and on every side, then wrapping his cloak round and stroking down his beard to the tips, he put forth his solution (of the inquiry). "If there be to the soul wholly a nature—for I really do not know—it is altogether mortal or immortal, of a solid substance, or immaterial. when you shall have passed over Acheron, you will know the truth there, as Plato does. Or if you like, imitate Cleombrotus the Ambraciote, and from the roof release your body (from life); and then you will know yourself, as being separated from the body, having left behind you that alone which you are seeking.

Nicostratus, that second Stagirite, Who sits, like Plato, perch'd on wisdom's height, A simple scholar thus address'd one day: "What is the soul, thou sage illumined, say— Mortal or deathless? substance or mere shade? Of reasoning sense, or naked feeling made? Or both alike? Resolve my doubts," he said. The sage his book of Meteors 'gan unroll, And Aristotle's treatise on the Soul, And Plato's Phædon to its source explored, Where truth from heaven's eternal fount is pour'd. Then waved his wand—applied it to his chin— And utter'd thus the oracle within: "If all the world be soul—and if 'tis so Or not, I must confess, I do not know-But if, I say, all nature spirit be, It must be mortal, or from death be free; Must be substantial; or, if not, mere shade; Of reasoning sense, or naked feeling made, Or both or neither. But, my friend," he said,

The sense requires ψυχῦ, in lieu of ψυχὴ—

"If more you wish to learn, to Hades go, And there, as much as Plato, soon you'll know. Or, if you choose, ascend the rampart's height, Mimic Cleombrotus, and plunge to night. Quit this encumbering vest of moisten'd clay; And then return, and teach me, as you may."

Br..

#### CXLII. THE SAME.

Bearing a ghost-like body, (and) kindred<sup>2</sup> to the invisible air, do not be so bold as to approach any one, lest, while he inspires, he takes you into his nostrils, you, who are much lighter than a breath of air. You cannot fear death. For there again without any change you will be in the same manner the ghost you were formerly.

So shadow-like a form you bear,
So near allied to shapeless air,
That with some reason you may fear,
When you salute, to draw too near,
Lest, if your friend be short of breath,
The dire approach may prove your death;
And that poor form, so light and thin,
Be at his nostrils taken in.
Yet, if with philosophic eye
You look, you need not fear to die;
For, if poetic tales be true,
No transformation waits for you.
You cannot, e'en at Pluto's bar,
Be more a phantom than you are.
BL.

# CXLIII. ANTIPATER OF THESSALONICA.

Day-break had gone by, Chrysilla, and long since the cock in the east had been heralding and bringing on the envious Aurora. Mayest thou perish, most envious of

<sup>2</sup> In lieu of σύμπνοον, the sense requires σύγγονον— Bland too translates "allied—"

<sup>&#</sup>x27;—1 "For the turn at the conclusion of the piece, I have no authority in the original," says Bland. For he was probably unable to see what Agathias was aiming at, whose meaning Jacobs was the first to unfold.

birds, who drivest me from home to many <sup>1</sup>conversations with youths. <sup>1</sup> Thou art grown old, Tithonus. For why hast thou driven away so early from bed thy partner Aurora?

Oh! hateful bird of morn, whose harsh alarms
Drive me thus early from Chrysilla's arms,
Forced from th' embrace, so newly tried, to fly
With bitter soul to cursed society.
Old age has sprinkled Tithon's brow with snow;
No more his veins in ruddy currents flow.
How cold his sense—his wither'd heart how dead—
Who drives so soon a goddess from his bed! J. H. M.

## CXLIV. BIANOR,

Thebes is the burial-place of the sons of Œdipus. But the all-destructive tomb perceives their warfare still living; nor has Hades subdued them; and they are fighting in Acheron; and even their burial is that of opponents, and it has proved fire to be hostile to fire. O unhappy children, who have laid hold of spears not to be put to rest.

In Thebes the sons of Œdipus are laid;
But not the tomb's all-desolating shade,
The deep forgetfulness of Pluto's gate,
Nor Acheron, can quench their deathless hate.
E'en hostile madness shakes the funeral pyres;
Against each other blaze their pointed fires.
Unhappy boys! for whom high Jove ordains
Eternal hatred's never-sleeping pains.

J. H. M.

3 The sense evidently requires ηλεγξεν, to be applied to the fire, not ηλεγξαν, to the foes.

<sup>1—1</sup> By this, says Jacobs, is meant the conversations carried on at the school of the poet; and he quotes very appositely from Ovid—"Tu (Aurora) pueros somno fraudas tradisque magistris—" and shortly afterwards—"Cum refugis (Tithonum), quia grandior ævo, Surgis ad invisas a sene mane rotas."

In lieu of ἐδαμάσσατο, where the middle voice is scarcely admissible, one would have expected ἐμάλασσέ τι—" softened down a little—"

Fill'd with water a goblet whence Bacchus had fled, And pour'd all the crystal contents on my head. So drench'd was my hair, three whole days it resisted All attempts of the barber to friz it or twist it. But the water—so whimsical, Love, are thy ways—While it put out my curls, set my heart in a blaze.

J. H. M.

### CLVII. PHILODEMUS.

Philinnium is little and a brunette; but with hair more curly than parsley, and with a skin softer than down; and in speaking has more of magical power than the cestus (of Venus), and grants me every favour, and is frequently sparing in asking for any thing. Such a Philinnium may I love until I find another, O golden Venus, more perfect.

My Helen is little and brown; but more tender
Than the cygnet's soft down or the plumage of doves;
And her form, like the ivy, is graceful and slender,
Like the ivy entwined round the tree that it loves.
Her voice—not thy cestus, O goddess of pleasure,
Can so melt with desire, or with ecstasy burn;
Her kindness unbounded, she gives without measure
To her languishing lover, and asks no return.
Such a girl is my Helen—then never, ah! never,
Let my amorous heart, mighty Venus, forget her;
Oh grant me to keep my sweet mistress for ever—
For ever—at least, till you send me a better. J. H. M.

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For ropes and for water he bawl'd, till half mad;
But no water was near, and no ropes to be had.
The fire grew hotter, and Tim still grew madder,
Till he thought of Dick's nose, and it served for a ladder.
J. H. M.

### CXLVIII. MARCUS ARGENTARIUS.

This is not love, if a person desires to possess her, who has a lovely form, through being persuaded by his intelligent eyes; but if, on seeing an ugly one, he is carried away by the goad of passion, and inflamed by a maddened mind. This is love; this a flame. For beautiful objects delight equally all those, who know how to judge of form.

#### IMITATED BY J. H. M.

Call it not a test of love
If sun-like beauty lights the flame;
Beauty every heart can move,
It delights the gods above,
And is to all the same.

But if thy fond doting eye
Has taught thy heart a different creed:
If for wrinkled age you sigh,
Or adore deformity,
Then love you must indeed.

## CXLIX. LUCILLIUS.

After placing, Heliodorus, before me a raw beef steak, and mixing <sup>2</sup>three (cups) of raw (stuff), some wonder of a liquor, <sup>2</sup> you immediately inundate me with epigrams. Now if I have done wrong <sup>3</sup>by eating of some ox of

The balance of the sentence requires & rig, not borig—

<sup>3—3</sup> The Greek is τρία κεράσας ωμοβοειότερα: where, from the mention of κεράσας, it is evident that τρία refers to some liquor. Hence one would have expected here, as translated, τρία—ωμά, λιβός τι τέρας—where ώμά is applied to the juice of the grape, as it is to the vine, in Theocritus, Id. v. 109, Μή μευ λωβάσησθετὰς άμπέλως ἐντὶ γὰρ ὡμαί—similar to "immitis uvæ" in Horace. On the loss of λιβός, see Hermann on Æsch. Eum. 56.

<sup>3-3</sup> In the words between the numerals there is an allusion, as remarked by critics, to Homer, Oô. M. 348, where Eurylochus exhorts his

Trinacria, I am willing (to die) once by swallowing a wave; but if the wave is far off, you are a strong man, and throw me into a well.

When Narva asks a friend to dine,
He gives a pint of tavern wine,
A musty loaf and stinking ham,
Then overwhelms with epigram.
A kinder fate Apollo gave,
Who whelm'd beneath the Tyrrhene wave
The impious rogues that stole his kine.
Oh, Narva, let their lot be mine.
Or, if no river's near your cell,
Show me at least your deepest well.

J. H. M.

#### CL. THE SAME.

When Magnus descended to Hades, Pluto in fear said, "He is come to raise up even the dead."

When Magnus sought the realms of night, Grim Pluto trembled for his right. "That fellow comes," he said, "'tis plain, To call my ghosts to life again." Bu

#### CLI. ONESTES.

In ascending Helicon, <sup>2</sup>if you have laboured greatly, <sup>3</sup> yet you have been satiated with the nectar drops of the fountain of Pegasus. So of wisdom the road <sup>3</sup> is up-hill; but if you arrive at the extreme end, you will have as a draught the favours of the Pierian Muses.

'Tis hard Parnassus to ascend;
But at the top there is a fount,
Shall well reward you at the end
For all the pains you took to mount.

comrades to kill the oxen of the sun, even though the act had been forbidden; for, says he, Βούλομ' ἄπαξ πρὸς κῦμα χανών ἀπὸ θυμὸν ὁλίσσαι Ἡ δηθὰ στρεύγεσθαι—

1—1 Since ἔνθεν ἄρας εἰς—violates the metre—for ἄρας is always a spondee—it is easy to elicit from thence εἶ σθεναρὸς κάς—as translated.

<sup>2—2</sup> The sense requires, as translated, μέγ' εἰ κάμες, not μέγαν κάμες—3 Wakefield correctly suggested πόρος, in lieu of πόνος. For the allusion is to Hesiod, Έργ. 265.

'Tis hard to reach the top of science;
But when arrived, securely breathe;
To pride and envy bid defiance,
Deaf to the storm that growls beneath.

BL.

## CLII. PALLADAS.

To all voice-dividing beings to die is a debt; nor is there a mortal, who knows whether he shall live to-morrow. On learning this clearly, man, enjoy yourself, possessing wine as the forgetfulness of death. Delight yourself too with the Paphian's favours, while dragging out your life of a day; but permit Fortune to superintend every thing else.

Dark are our fates; to-morrow's sun may peer From the flush'd east upon our funeral bier. Then seize the joys that wine and music give, Nor talk of death, while yet 'tis given to live. Soon shall each pulse be still, closed every eye, One little hour remains or ere we die.

BL

## CLIII. THE SAME.

On the departure of night we are born day after day, possessing of former life no longer any thing. Alienated from the existence of yesterday, to-day we begin the remainder of life. Do not then, old man, 'speak of yourself, as a person' of abundant years. For of what have passed away you have no share to-day.

Waking we burst, at each return of morn,
From death's dull fetters and again are born.
No longer ours the moments that have past;
To a new remnant of our lives we haste.
Call not the hours thine own, that made thee gray,
That left their wrinkles, and have fled away;
The past no more shall yield thee ill or good,
Gone to the silent times beyond the flood.

BL.

<sup>&#</sup>x27;—' The sense seems to require λίγε σ' ὄνθ' ἄτ' ἐτῶν, as translated, not λέγε σαυτὸν ἐτῶν—

## CLIV. THE SAME.

Every woman is a disgusting thing. But she has two good periods—one at marriage; the other at death.

All wives are bad; yet two blest hours they give; When first they wed; and when they cease to live. J. H. M.

### CLV. PAULUS SILENTIARIUS.

Thy wrinkles, Philinna, are to be preferred to the sap of all youth; and I desire to keep my hands rather around your breasts hanging heavily down with the nipples, than the erect bosom of a younger age. For thy autumn is superior to the spring of another; and thy winter is warmer than the summer of another.

For me thy wrinkles have more charms,
Dear Lydia, than a smoother face;
I'd rather fold thee in my arms,
Than younger, fairer nymphs embrace.
To me thy autumn is more sweet,
More precious, than their vernal rose;
Their summer warms not with a heat
So potent, as thy winter glows.

BL.

#### CLVI. THE SAME.

Yesterday did Hermonassa pour from a jug water upon me, while, after revels that love wine unmixed, I was weaving garlands around the doors of her dwelling; and she spoilt my hair, which with difficulty I plaited again on the third twilight. And yet I was inflamed still more by the water; for the jug had derived from her sweet lips a secret fire.

The voice of the song and the banquet was o'er, And I hung up my chaplet at Glycera's door, When the mischievous girl from a window above, Who look'd down and laugh'd at the off'ring of love, Fill'd with water a goblet whence Bacchus had fled, And pour'd all the crystal contents on my head. So drench'd was my hair, three whole days it resisted All attempts of the barber to friz it or twist it. But the water—so whimsical, Love, are thy ways—While it put out my curls, set my heart in a blaze.

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limbs, which are naturally flexible from the head to the tips of the toes. And equal with the river has contended art; by which a person has given to brass to possess limbs more flexible than water.

Plunged by the sculptor in a bath of flame,
Yet in his native bed the god appears;
The watery veil yet hangs o'er all his frame,
And every pore distils the crystal tears.
How great the victory of art, that gave
To brass the trembling moisture of the wave! J. H. M.

## CLIX. RUFINUS.

Melissias denies her love; and yet her body cries out, as if it had received a whole quiver of arrows; and unsteady is her gait, and unsteady the rush of her breathing; and hollow are the sinkings<sup>5</sup> of her eyelids, poisonstruck. But do ye, Desires, by your well-garlanded Cytherean mother (I swear), inflame the obstinate girl until she says—"I am on fire."

Why will Melissa, young and fair,
Still her virgin love deny?
When every motion, every air,
The passion of her soul declare,
And give her words the lie?
That panting breath, that broken sigh,

feigned to be made, evidently lies hid—υδατος γάνος άμφὶς ἔνεικεν— as translated.

1—1 Here again it is easy to see that from the unintelligible ὑγροφάτων one may elicit ὑγροφύτ ἢν, by the usual charge of  $\rho$  and  $\phi$ : while ἢν is requisite for the syntax, as soon as ἐκ is altered into ἀ ʹκ, as translated.

<sup>2</sup>—<sup>2</sup> For the sake of perspicuity συνεπήρικεν has been changed into

ใชอง ที่อเหยง—

<sup>3</sup>—<sup>3</sup> In α τις ο πεισας, the reading of MS. Vat., lies hid & τις ὁπάσσας —as translated; a correction to which Merrivale has led the way by his

version-" that gave "-

\*— Although κωμάζειν, Jacobs says, means here "incedere"—yet elsewhere it neither has nor could have such a meaning. How easy it would have been for him to alter χαλκὸν κωμάζειν ὕδατος ὑγρότερον into χαλκῷ κῶλ ἴσχειν ὕδατος ὑγρότερ ἢν—as translated.

<sup>5</sup> The sense evidently requires δύσιες, instead of βάσιες, which could

not be applied to the eyes.

And those limbs that trembling fail,
And that dark hollow round the eye—
The mark of Capid's archery,
Too plainly tell the tale.

J. H. M.

#### CLL STRATO.

I was on fire, when Theudis shone amongst other lads, as does the sun, when it rises after the stars; and hence I am on fire even now, when the down on the face has become thick. For the sun, though setting, is still equally a sun.

Oh how I loved, when, like the glorious sun
Firing the orient with a blaze of light,
Thy beauty every lesser star outshone!
Now o'er that beauty steals th' approach of night;
Yet, yet I love; though in the western sea
Half sunk, the day-star still is fair for me. J. H. M.

### CLXL. THE SAME.

Drink now and love, Damocrates; for we shall not drink for ever; nor for ever shall we be with young persons; and let us deck our heads with garlands and anoint ourselves with myrrh, before others bring them to (our) tombs. Now let the bones in me drink wine in abundance. Let Dencalion deluge them, when dead.

Drink now and love, my friend; for mirth and wise Cannot be always yours, nor always mine. With rosy garlands let us crown our head, Nor leave them to be scatter'd o'er the dead. Now let my bones the copious vintage lave; Deucalion's flood may float them in the grave. J. H. M.

## CLXII. UNCERTAIN. (98.)

Would that I had been a wind, and that thou advancing hadst bared thy bosom to the light, and hadst received me blowing on thee. Would that I had been a

<sup>1.</sup> In secri, which has buffled hitherto every critic, perhaps lies hid not re—as translated.

light-red rose, so that thou mightest have gratified me by taking me with thy hands (to place) me upon thy bosom of snow.

Oh! that I were some gentle air,
That, when the heats of summer glow,
And lay that panting bosom bare,
I might upon that bosom blow.
Oh! that I were yon blushing flower,
Which even now thy hands have press'd,
To live, though but for one short hour,
Upon the Elysium of thy breast.
J. H. M.

## CLXIII. UNCERTAIN. (65.)

- A. All hail, damsel. B. The same to you. A. Who is she advancing here? B. What's that to you? A. I do not ask without a reason. B. My mistress. A. May one hope? B. What do you wish? B. A night. A. Bring you any thing? A. Gold. B. Be of good heart; and give. A. Take it. B. You cannot (come).
  - A. Good day, my dear. B. The same to you.
  - A. That lovely lady—tell me, who?
  - B. What's that to you. A. I wish to know.
  - B. My mistress then; now let me go.
  - A. Stay-may I hope? B. Hope what? A. At night.
  - B. Perhaps. A. Here's money. B. Well, that's right.
  - A. I've only silver. B. What, no gold?
    - No, sir; my mistress can't be sold. J. H. M.

## CLXIV. UNCERTAIN. (382.)

## ON A LAUREL-TREE CUT DOWN BY A HATCHET.

Where had Phœbus gone, when Mars was connected with Daphné?

Ah! where was Phœbus, when the god of arms Dared to profane his Daphne's virgin charms? J. H. M.

<sup>1—1</sup> Such is what the sense requires, in Greek—καὶ δός. A.  $\lambda$ —not καὶ τόσον—which is perfectly unintelligible.

And those limbs that trembling fail,
And that dark hollow round the eye—
The mark of Cupid's archery,
Too plainly tell the tale.

J. H. M.

## CLX. STRATO.

I was on fire, when Theudis shone amongst other lads, as does the sun, when it rises after the stars; and hence I am on fire even now, when 'the down on the face' has become thick. For the sun, though setting, is still equally a sun.

Oh how I loved, when, like the glorious sun
Firing the orient with a blaze of light,
Thy beauty every lesser star outshone!
Now o'er that beauty steals th' approach of night;
Yet, yet I love; though in the western sea
Half sunk, the day-star still is fair for me. J. H. M.

## CLXI. THE SAME.

Drink now and love, Damocrates; for we shall not drink for ever; nor for ever shall we be with young persons; and let us deck our heads with garlands and anoint ourselves with myrrh, before others bring them to (our) tombs. Now let the bones in me drink wine in abundance. Let Deucalion deluge them, when dead.

Drink now and love, my friend; for mirth and wine Cannot be always yours, nor always mine.
With rosy garlands let us crown our head,
Nor leave them to be scatter'd o'er the dead.
Now let my bones the copious vintage lave;
Deucalion's flood may float them in the grave. J. H. M.

## CLXII. UNCERTAIN. (58.)

Would that I had been a wind, and that thou advancing hadst bared thy bosom to the light, and hadst received me blowing on thee. Would that I had been a

<sup>&#</sup>x27;—' In νυκτί, which has baffled hitherto every critic, perhaps lies hid no τι—as translated.

light-red rose, so that thou mightest have gratified me by taking me with thy hands (to place) me upon thy bosom of snow.

Oh! that I were some gentle air,
That, when the heats of summer glow,
And lay that panting bosom bare,
I might upon that bosom blow.
Oh! that I were yon blushing flower,
Which even now thy hands have press'd,
To live, though but for one short hour,
Upon the Elysium of thy breast.
J. H. M.

## CLXIII. UNCERTAIN. (65.)

- A. All hail, damsel. B. The same to you. A. Who is she advancing here? B. What's that to you? A. I do not ask without a reason. B. My mistress. A. May one hope? B. What do you wish? B. A night. A. Bring you any thing? A. Gold. B. Be of good heart; and give. A. Take it. B. You cannot (come).
  - A. Good day, my dear. B. The same to you.

A. That lovely lady—tell me, who?

B. What's that to you. A. I wish to know.

B. My mistress then; now let me go.

A. Stay—may I hope? B. Hope what? A. At night.
B. Perhaps. A. Here's money. B. Well, that's right.

A. I've only silver. B. What, no gold?

No, sir; my mistress can't be sold.

J. H. M.

## CLXIV. UNCERTAIN. (382.)

## ON A LAUREL-TREE CUT DOWN BY A HATCHET.

Where had Phœbus gone, when Mars was connected with Daphné?

Ah! where was Phœbus, when the god of arms Dared to profane his Daphné's virgin charms? J. H. M.

<sup>1—1</sup> Such is what the sense requires, in Greek—καὶ δός. A. ελ'—not καὶ τόσον—which is perfectly unintelligible.

## CLXV. UNCERTAIN. (444.)

Wine, and the bath, and the ardour relating to Venus, send one by a rather quick road to Hades.

The bath, obsequious beauty's smile,
Wine, fragrance, Music's heavenly breath,
Can but our hastening hours beguile,
And slope the path that leads to death.
BL.

## CLXVI. UNCERTAIN. (633.)

Do not bury the person who ought not to be buried; leave him to be a prey for dogs. Earth, the mother of all, does not receive a man who killed his mother.

O bury not the dead, but let him lie
A prey for dogs beneath th' unpitying sky.
Our common mother Earth would grieve to hide
The hateful body of the matricide.

F. H.

## CLXVII. UNCERTAIN. (637.)

When I am dead, let earth be mixed with fire. I care not. For my affairs are well.

Consign'd to dust, which whilom gave me birth, I care not what convulsions shake the earth. R. Bl.

When I am dead, let mix'd be fire and earth, I care not. What was mine has shown its worth. G. B.

THE END.

TO THE

## FIRST THREE SELECTIONS,

## I. E .- TO THE WESTMINSTER, ETON, AND EDWARDS'S.

The Index to the fourth, or "Miscellaneous Selections," is appended.

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